

PLEASANT MEMORIES.





PLEASANT MEMORIES
OF
PLEASANT LANDS.

BY
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“ In a strange land,
Kind things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home,
And in their place, grafting Good-will to All.”

ROGERS'S ITALY.

THIRD EDITION.

— • —

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TO THE

HON. S. G. GOODRICH,

WHOSE PEN HAS MADE HIM KNOWN IN MANY LANDS,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,

AS A PLEASANT MEMORY OF EARLY FRIENDSHIP,

BY THE AUTHOR.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

A NEW edition of "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands" having been called for, its Publishers think proper to say, that it has had not only the careful revision of the Author, but numerous additions from her Journal, which they think will not fail to increase its interest with the public, by whom it was received with such marked favor at its first appearance.

Boston, December, 20, 1855.

P R E F A C E .

A TRAVELLER in climes so generally visited, as those which have given subjects to the present volume, will find it difficult to say what has not been said before. By every celebrated stream or mountain, amid the ivy of every mouldering ruin, at the gate of every castle, palace and cathedral, he doubtless met other travellers, with their note-books; and what he saw and described, they also may see and describe, perchance with a more glowing pencil.

Yet if he must resign the prospect of finding untrodden paths, he may still fix upon some spots where it will be profitable both to muse and to record impressions; and if he forfeit all right of discovery, may at least retain the power of promoting pleasurable feelings. With such hopes the following pages have been drawn forth and modified from the notes of a Journal

regularly kept, during a tour which occupied the greater part of a year.

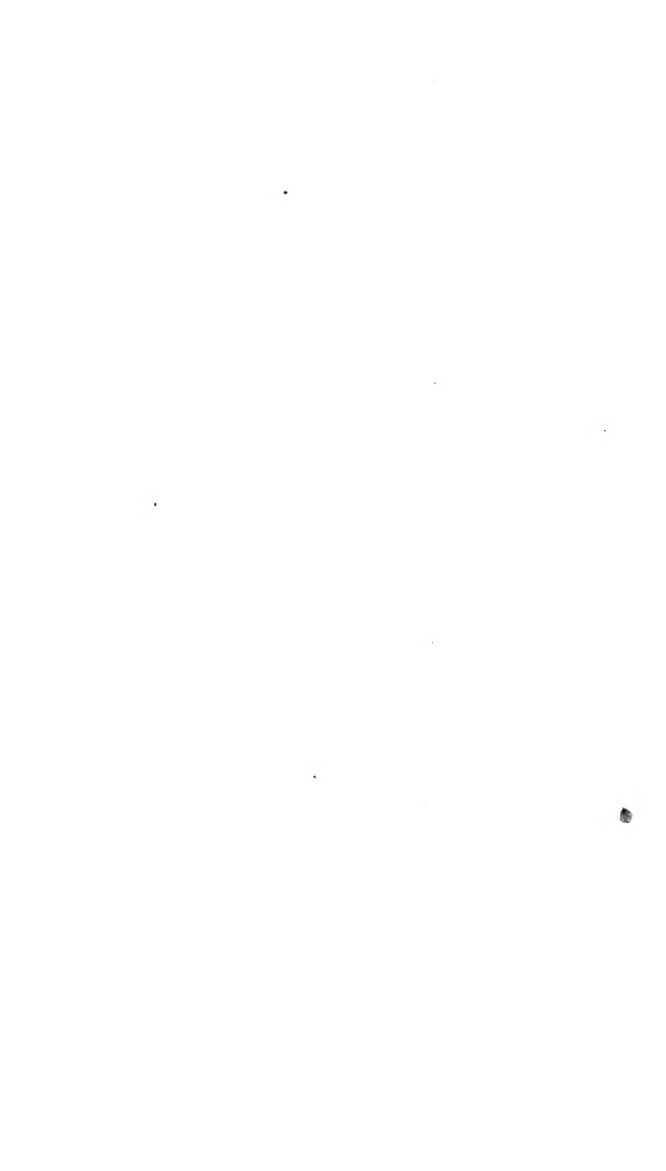
Their writer has not sought to dwell upon the dark shades of the countries that it was her privilege to visit. It might have been easy to fix the eye upon the blemishes that appertain to each, as it is to discern foibles in the most exalted character. Yet it is but a losing office to quit our own quiet fireside, and throw ourselves upon the stormy billows, for the sake of finding fault. This might be done with less fatigue and peril at home. She might doubtless have found a thorn here and there, but the rose was sweeter, and she preferred rather to press the flower, than to preserve the thorn. She might easily have gathered stinging nettles or brambles, but what she has avoided, multitudes who go the same road can find, and cull if they choose. So the lovers of poignancy may be gratified, from many sources, should they be compelled to pronounce this volume vapid and void of discrimination.

“When I have called the bad, *bad*,” says Goethe, “how much is gained by that? He who would work aright, had better busy himself to show forth and to do that which is good.” And, methinks, he who leaves his native land, to take note of foreign realms, and is brought again in safety to his own home and people, owes not only a great debt of gratitude to his Pre-

server, but a new service of charity to those whom He has made. It would seem that an obligation was laid on him not to use the knowledge thus acquired to embarrass and embroil God's creatures, but to throw a filament of love, though it were only as a spider's web, to strengthen the amity of the nations.

And now, dear reader, if any such there be, who shall have patiently plodded through these my pages, thou art, for this very kindness, as a brother or sister unto me. And as we have here communed together of pleasant things, without perchance having seen each other's faces in the flesh, may we be so blessed as to dwell together in that country where no stranger sorroweth, where no wanderer goeth forth from his home with tears, and "where there is no more sea."

L. H. S.



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PLEASANT MEMORIES

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THE FIRST THREE DAYS AT SEA.

OUT on the Sea!—out on the broad blue waters! How the surges leap and plunge, as they bear us along;—wild horses of the deep, each in haste to cast his burden upon another's back, toss his white mane, and away.

In early childhood, it was my favorite dream to look, some time or other, on the brave old island where our best books came from, and our nicest frocks,—where the Plantagenets strode, and the Tudors domineered, and the Tower was built, and the Gunpowder-plot foiled,—which our fathers called the Mother-Land, and took such pains to break loose from. And now, here we are, three days' sail toward her green shores.

Yet, when the time came to leave, and all things were ready, gladly would I have retracted. Even now, I wonder why I am here, with this great parting-pain tugging at my heart-strings like a vampire. Oh! if I had only known before, what I know now, about this home-sickness and sea-sickness.

Hour after hour I find myself saying, mentally, did not my good physician assure me that a voyage would cure this incipient bronchitis? Did not those who love me, and are wiser than I, advise me to come? Am I not included in a pleasant party? — with a lady whom I have long admired, her accomplished clerical son, whose mind enriches whatever it contemplates, and a still younger gentleman, the son of esteemed friends, travelling for improvement? Who, unattended by their own immediate family, might expect to combine more genial elements of protection, classic intercourse, or social delight?

Nevertheless, I persist in saying, that women who must needs take voyages, and visit foreign parts, had better do so before the strongest ties of the heart have bound them. Let them go as waifs, and all will be well enough. But to wait till the thrilling word of *Mother* has been breathed into their soul, and then get out of the reach of that melody, — over the “hollow-sounding, melancholy main,” — that is a mistake. *Out of the reach of that melody*, did I say? And where would that be? If they took the wings of the morning, and fled to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there would be that eternal whisper in the heart, of “*Mother! Mother!*”

And this bright morning, the third of August, is my daughter's birthday, — the day that first brought me the “great mother-love,” stronger than death. Sweet Mary! never before has my hand failed to spread for thee the pleasant gifts of this consecrated season. And

the youngest — the little brother at his school — who in the intensity of his loving, timid nature, could not lift his large violet eyes through their dewy fringes, when I bade him farewell!

Fade, visions, fade! Hence, memories that shake me like a reed. Soul! look abroad upon the mighty ocean, and up to the glorious sky where God reigneth. Trust in Him, and be content.

Three days at Sea! I little thought
'T would be so hard to say
Farewell to home and cherished ones,
And boldly launch away;
For from my childhood I had longed
Through classic climes to rove,
Where yellow Tiber proudly rolls,
Or Sappho sang of love,
Or where o'er Snowden's forehead gushed
The Cambrian harp, — but tears
That round my hearth-stone rained that morn,
Made dim the hope of years.

Three days! As long as he of old,
The recreant prophet, staid
In living casket, strangely sealed
Amid the sea-weed's shade;
He who from crime-stained Nineveh
Withheld the warning cry,
And in a ship of Tarshish dreamed
To 'scape the all-seeing Eye;

And then, beside his smitten gourd,
Spake out with murmuring breath,
To vindicate his bitter right
Of anger unto death.

“ *On the third day He rose !* ” *Who rose ?*

My spirit's strength and stay ;
Unto whose blessed skirts I'll cling
Till life is rent away.
It matters not, though death draw nigh
In curtained chamber fair,
Or on the deep, 'mid wrecking blasts,
If He be with us there.
Oh ! may my ransomed soul at last,
Time's storm-tried voyage o'er,
Sit down, like Mary, at His feet,
And listen evermore.

THE VISITANT.

A VISITANT! Who could have expected such an event? From calls we supposed ourselves plainly excused, and had not instructed a single billow to say, "Not at home."

No sail breaks the smooth line of the horizon. No pilot-boat rides the wave. Yet here, indeed, comes a guest. His feet rest among the shrouds. A lone, delicate land-bird!

Long and weary was the way he must have come to pay us his respects. Five hundred miles would scarcely bring us to the nearest point of Newfoundland, our next land-neighbor; and, from the home-shore which last we saw, we are nearly thrice that distance.

If the welcome of a guest bears any proportion to the pains he takes, or the space he traverses to reach us, yon panting traveller should be kindly made at home. A bright little English girl ran with a nice cage, begging it might be installed therein as her protégé! This was probably her view of presenting the freedom of the city in a gold box.

Similar messengers came forth, some two centuries since, to greet our exploring ancestors, as they drew

near this terra-incognita. Seventy days had the storm-tossed bark which bore Governor Winthrop and his people, ploughed the wave. As the misty line of the harbor of Salem gleamed on their view, "behold," said he, "there came forth to us, into our ship, a wild pigeon and another small bird, likewise a smell from the shore, like unto that of a garden."

Blessed land-breeze! and blessed heralds! The long-prisoned and not over-fed children crumbled their stale bread for those winged visitants. They clapped their little hands at the irised hues of the pigeon's glossy neck, as it turned its head from side to side, timidly regarding them.

But our winged herald partook of no banquet, nor accepted the hospitality of the proffered mansion. He was not even like the guest who tarrieth but a night. His business was to die. His wearied wing was exhausted — his head drooped, — he fell to rise no more. Like the Dove that surmounted the Deluge, he reached the Ark, but for him there was no Ararat.

The circumstance was not without its sadness. The monotony of our voyage had been varied by the advent of the little trembler, and its death was not a matter of indifference.

BIRD of the land! what dost thou here?

Lone wanderer o'er a trackless bound,
With nought but frowning skies above,
And wild, unfathomed seas around.

Amid the shrouds, with panting breast
And drooping head, I see thee stand,
While pleased the hardy sailor climbs
To clasp thee in his roughened hand.

Say, didst thou follow, league on league,
Our pointed mast, thine only guide,
When but a floating speck it seemed
On the broad bosom of the tide ?

Amid Newfoundland's misty bank
Hadst thou a nest, and nurslings fair ?
Or cam'st thou from New-England's vales ?
Speak ! speak ! what tidings dost thou bear ?

What news from native land and home ?
Press'd closely to thy panting side,
Hast thou some folded scroll of love,
Light courier o'er the dangerous tide ?

A bird of genius art thou ? say !
With impulse high thy spirit stirred,
Some region unexplored to gain,
And soar above the common herd ?

Burns in thy breast some kindling spark,
Like that which fired the glowing mind
Of the adventurous Genoese,
An undiscovered world to find ?

Whate'er thou art, how sad thy fate ;
With wasted strength the goal to spy,
Cling feebly to the flapping sail,
And at a stranger's feet to die.

For thee the widowed mate shall gaze
From leafy chamber curtained fair ;
And, wailing lays at evening's close,
Lament thy loss in deep despair.

Even thus, o'er life's unresting tide,
Chilled by the billow's beating spray,
Some adventitious prize to gain,
Ambition's votaries urge their way ;

Some eyrie on the Alpine cliff,
Some proud Mont-Blanc they fain would climb,
Snatch wreaths of laurel steeped in gore,
Or win from Fame a strain sublime ;

They lose of home the heartfelt joys,
The charm of seasons as they roll,
And stake, amid their blinding course,
The priceless birthright of the soul :

Years fleet, and still they struggle on,
Their dim eye rolls with fading fire,
Perchance the long-sought treasure grasp,
Taste the brief victory, and expire.

DIVINE WORSHIP ON THE DEEP.

OUR first Sabbath at sea was a troubled one. The elements were at variance, and ourselves ill at ease. But the next was as glorious as ocean and sky could make it. Long, swelling surges rose slowly, as if to listen, and then uttered a deep, farewell strain, as they yielded to successive terraces of foam. Methought they said, as if in grand chorus, "We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

Ocean put forth his great hands and touched the sky, as if teaching us where our thoughts should be on the day that the Creator hallowed. Forth also, he stood as a preacher, fearfully eloquent. Beneath him were the dead whom he had engulfed, sleeping in their unlettered tombs. Of them he spake to us, whom he still bore upon his bosom. Like the high-priest of old, he lifted his censer between the living and the dead.

Yet not to the sermon of the Sea were we restricted. Prayers, and sacred instructions were ours, in the tuneful utterance of man. The solemn supplica-

tions of the Litany, and especially the petition "That it may please Thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water," seemed to awaken a feeling response.

Our officiating clergyman was the Rev. John Williams, now Assistant Bishop of Connecticut, and his audience drawn from various nations and grades of society. Invalids, and those temporarily sick, were brought to the deck upon beds and sofas. All the sailors who could be spared from necessary duty, were present in their neatest costume, our captain always lending his influence to the services of religion.

A few of the passengers, who had trained themselves into a choir, at evening prayers in the cabin, lent us their choicest melodies. And there, on the open deck of that rushing vessel, thousands of miles from those dear ones, who had that morning, by "holy bell been knolled to church," we were with them in spirit before one common Father.

At the close of the services, a scientific singer poured forth, at our request, that sublime anthem: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Glorious words! which, whoever can utter from the heart, it shall be well with him, whether in life, or in death.

While peaceful o'er the placid deep, as waked the Sabbath-day,
With favoring breeze and swelling sails, a ship pursued
her way,

A gush of music strangely sweet came from her lonely
breast,

A holy voice of hymns that lull'd the wearied waves to
rest.

For there, upon that open deck, was held a solemn
rite,

The worship of old Ocean's king, the Lord of power
and might,

Who with a simple line of sand doth curb its tyrant
tide,

And by his "*Hitherto*," enchain and quell its fiercest
pride.

The earnest tones of humble prayer each listening spirit
stir,

And by the fair young babe knelt down the bronzed
mariner ;

On couch and mattress, rang'd around, the sick forgot
their grief,

And drank the healing lore of heaven, as dew the
thirsty leaf.

The thoughtful people of the Rhine, with Erin's off-
spring came,

And in our Saxon speech invoked the One Great
Father's name ;

And little children gathered near, blest in their guile-
less thought,

Hands folded close and lips apart, with sweet devotion
fraught.

Uplifted with the inspiring scene, the priestly heart
grew bold
To speak with eloquence of Him, who the Great Deep
controlled ;
And loftier seem'd his youthful brow, and more sublime
his voice,
To warn the sinner to repent, and bid the saint rejoice.

A secret spell was on the heart that bowed the proud-
est head ;
Above us, the eternal skies, — beneath, the mouldering
dead ;
The dead, who know no burial rite, save storm or bat-
tle-cry,
Close sepulchered in coral cells where dull sea-monsters
lie.

A blessed privilege it is, in God's own courts to
stand,
And hear the pealing organ swell and join the prayer-
ful band ;
Yet deeper doth the wanderer feel that One alone can
save,
Whose fleeting life hath floated forth like sea-weed o'er
the wave.

A blessed privilege it is to heed the Sabbath
chime,
And forth 'neath summer-foliage walk to keep the holy
time ;

Yet who hath all devoutly praised the Friend his breath
that kept,
Until the unpitying mountain-surge roam'd round him
while he slept?

Earth, the indulgent mother-nurse, with love her son
doth guide,
His safety, on her quiet breast, begets an inborn pride ;
But Ocean, like a king austere, doth mock his trusting
gaze,
And test the fabric of the faith, by which on Heaven
he stays.

Hark ! hark ! again a tuneful sound floats o'er the
watery plain,—
How passing sweet are Zion's songs amid the stranger-
main ;
We taught their praise to echoing winds along our
venturous way,
And to the billows as they toss'd in their tremendous
play.

“ I know that my Redeemer lives ! ” O Soul ! how
great thy bliss,
If in thine inmost casket dwells a gem so pure as
this.
Be patient 'neath the darkest cloud, be glad whate'er
betide ;
“ *I know that my Redeemer lives,* ” — what needs't thou
know beside ?

Throughout yon wide and lone expanse no living thing
is seen,
Save that the stormy petrel's wing doth fleck the blue
serene ;
But ministries of angel-thought, and hopes that blossom
free,
And tender memories, cluster round this Sabbath on the
Sea.

THE GERANIUM PLANT.

HOLD up thy head, thou timid voyager!

Vex'd by the storm-clouds as they darkly roll,
And by the fiercely tossing waves that stir

Thy slender root, and try thy gentle soul,—
Sad change from thy sweet garden, where the dew

Each morning glistened in thy grateful eye,
And where the roughest guest thy bosom knew

Were busy bee or gadding butterfly :

It grieves me sore to see thy beauties fade,

Wearing the plague-spot of the sickening spray,
And know what trouble I for thee have made ;

Yet still bear on, meek partner of my way,
For in thy life I hold the flowery chain
Of home and its delights,—here, on the lonely main.

Poor little companion ! tossed up and down, till thou art almost shaken out of thy scanty vase of earth, how sorry I am for thee. True sympathies there are between us, in this matter of pining heartache. I fear thou wilt be a martyr to the constancy with which thou hast followed me. Thou dost not like this never-rest-

ing sea. No. And thou meanest to die and leave me. I see that.

From thy quiet bed, in my own garden, amid many fair sisters, thou wert drawn forth by my little daughter, when I was about to leave, with the kind and thoughtful words, that "something green might look pleasant to me at sea." And so it did. Right pleasant hast thou been unto me, and sociable, — yea, eloquent. I little imagined the depth of communion there would be between us. For the home-spirit was in thine heart.

Sometimes, when night closed in heavily, with those deep sighs of the wind that betoken a coming storm, and the leaping ship seemed fain to seek a loophole to escape, or a depth to hide in, I have drawn closer unto thee, as if thou couldst comfort me. Or, at waking from such slumbers as the hoarse lullaby of the surge induces, and raising my head from the coffin-like berth, my eyes fell first upon thee, and I spake softly to thee as to a child. But I have marked thy delicate leaves grow sad, and fall away. Day by day I have numbered them, and mourned each faded one as a friend. Now, only a few remain, folding themselves around thy graceful bosom. My poor rose-geranium!

Thirteen days and nights had we been upon the deep, when awaking at the gray hour of dawn, I remembered it was the first anniversary of the death of my beloved father, and beckoned the solemn imagery of that scene to meet me over the waves. Like a living picture, every lineament gleamed forth ; his ven-

erable head, resting upon its white pillow ; the brightness of his beautiful hair, on which fourscore and seven winters had scattered no snows ; his heavy breathing, mingled with the gentle dropping of the summer-shower upon the vine-leaves at his casement, and the measured tick of the clock, through that lonely night, while bending over him, I hoped against hope, that the sudden illness might not be mortal, and that the form, which but the day before had moved with so vigorous a step, would yet rise up, and lean upon its staff, and come forth to bless me. The rain ceased, a circle of faint brightness foretold the rising of the sun ; those precious lips uttered again the sound of kind words, — the opening eyes told their message of saintly love, the lids fluttered and closed. There was no more breath.

Hark ! — a wail dispels this reverie of the heart. Another, and another — piercing and prolonged, beyond even that with which an only child mourns the last parent. It must be the wail of a mother. No other sorrow hath such a voice. Yet so abruptly it burst forth, amid deep and silent meditation, that for a moment memory was bewildered, and the things which had been, mingled their confused tissue with things that are.

Among our passengers, was a dignified and accomplished lady, returning with her husband, an officer, from a residence of several years in Canada, to England, their native land. They had with them three little daughters, and in the course of those conversations which beguile the tedium of sea-life, she had

sometimes spoken of the anxiety with which her aged mother waited to welcome those descendants, born in a foreign clime, whom of course she had never seen ; and so exquisite was their beauty, that it would not have been surprising, had a thrill of pride heightened the pleasure with which she painted the joy of such a meeting. The youngest was a babe of less than a year, and we, who often shared its playful wile, fancied that it had grown languid as if from some inherent disease. Yet its large black eyes still beamed with strange lustre, so that neither the parents nor nurse would allow that aught affected it, save what arose from the change of habits, incidental to the confinement of the ship. Yet, that night, the mother more uneasy than she was willing to allow, decided not to leave its cradle. In the saloon adjoining our state-room she took her place, and when we retired, the fair infant lay in troubled sleep. Yet even then the spoiler was nearer to it than that watchful mother, and ere the morning, he smote it in her arms. We found her clasping it closely to her bosom, as if fain to revivify it with her breath. Masses of glossy black hair, escaping from their confinement, fell over her shoulders, and drooped as a curtain over the marble features of the dead. Mingled with gasps of grief, that shook her like a reed, were exclamations of hope, — that hope, which clings and cleaves to the wounded heart, binding its fibres, wherever the blood-drop oozes, and striving like a pitying angel, to staunch where it may not heal. “ Constance, Constance ! look at me ! Oh, my dear

husband, she *will* live again. She has been sicker than this once, when you were away. Yes, yes, she will breathe again." Long she continued, thus assuaging her bitter sorrow, with this vanity of trust, and then we tenderly strove to loosen her convulsive grasp from the lifeless idol. After we had prevailed, and it was borne from her sight, we still heard, in the pauses of the soothing voice with which her husband sought to console her, the wild cry, "She *will* breathe again! I saw her sweet lips move, as they took her from me! My baby *will* live again!"

It was laid out on our sofa in the ladies' cabin, in a pure white robe, its brow surpassingly beautiful, and the deeply fringed lids but imperfectly closed over its large lustrous eyes. The black lace veil of the mother shaded its form and features, and through it was clearly visible the last green slip of my rose-geranium. It was my gift to the dead, and pressed into that little pulseless hand, not without a tear. This was the last office of that cherished plant, which had left its own home, in the quiet gardens of New-England, to do this service for faded innocence, and itself to die. Happy shall we be, if in the closing of our frail life, we, like this trembling voyager, leave behind a gleam of light and consolation, as the olive-leaf above the flood, or the dove whose last act was peace, ere it entered rejoicing into the ark, to be a wanderer no more.

APPROACH TO ENGLAND.

LAND ! Land ! — The sailor hears no sweeter sound !
And the tired voyager leaps up, to catch
Through lifted glass yon misty line, that marks
On the horizon's edge his destined goal.

Warm-hearted Erin, to the utmost verge
Of old Kinsale, dipping her snowy foot
In the cold surge, came forth, and held a light,
And breathed good wishes on our venturous way.
But then we lost her, and went groping on,
Day after day, fog-wrapt and full of fear,
O'er the vexed Channel, the resounding lead
Probing its depths, and he who ruled our bark
Sleepless, and marked with care for those who gave
Both life and fortune to his faithful charge.

Would that I loved thee, Ocean !

I had heard

Much of thy praise, in story and in song,
And oft by fancy lured, was half prepared
To worship thee. But 't is a weary life
To be a child of thine. Thou hast a smile

Of witching sweetness, yet thy moods are strange,
And thy caprices terrible.

Of these

I was forewarned, however, and complain
Less of thy frowns, than thine indulgences.
Thine everlasting rocking makes the soul
Peevish and sick, like an o'er cradled child ;
And thy protracted calmness lulls the mind
To dreamy idleness, stealing away
That industry in which is half our bliss.
Things from their nature and their proper use
Thou seem'st to turn. The book we fain would read
Leaps from our hand, or cheats the swimming sight.
The needle pricks our fingers, and the pen
Makes zigzag lines. If still we persevere
Against thy will, grasping with desperate zeal
Both pen and table, as the Jews of old
With one hand wrought upon their wall, and held
Their weapons with the other, down amain
By some unlucky lurch the inkstand comes,
Deluging things most precious. Last resort
Is conversation, and with quickened zeal
We turn to that, reduced again to say
The hundredth time, what we had said before.
Yet, if perchance some witticism, or tale,
Well hoarded up, we bring exulting forth,
No smile repays our toil, the listener yawns,
For thou dost dim perception, and enwrap
Attention in a trance, and memory drive
To the four winds.

Here sit a pair at chess,
Absorbed, of course, and there another group,
Who scarcely keep a show of life, to drag
Some other drowsy game. Still wiser those,
Who to the dull necessity of things
Yielding perforce, on sofa, or on chair,
Doze oyster-like.

I would not wish to be
Fastidious, or too difficult to please ;
Yet I've a fondness now and then to tread
On something firm, and not be always dashed
Against the wall when walking, nor in sleep
Tossed from the pillow to the state-room floor,
Aghast and ill at ease.

Yet these are freaks
Doubtless unworthy to be kept in mind ;
And we have much to thank thee for, O Deep !
And would not be ungrateful. Thou hast shown
Thy summer face, and poured thy bracing air
Salubrious round us, and called freely forth
Thy various actors on their tossing stage ;
The kingly whale, the porpoise in huge shoals
Disporting heavily, the rough sea-horse
Churning the foam, like ponderous elephant,
The dolphin, fainting in his rainbow shroud,
The white gull, sailing through the blue serene,
And the faint land-bird, as it quivering hung
Mid our wet shrouds, to die.

And when I've bowed
My soul to thee, thou hast not failed to breathe

A glorious thought therein, pointing to Him
Who counts thy thunder as an infant's sigh.
And when thy mountain-waves, with solemn night
Upon their crests, went rushing on, to do
The secret bidding of the Invisible,
Oft hath their terrible beauty waked a thrill
Of rapturous awe, as if a spirit spake
From their dark depths of God.

And thou didst spare
Our trembling vessel 'mid the breakers hoarse,
What time, by urgent winds propelled, she went
Down toward unpitying Bardsey's frightful reef.

What did I say? *Thou* spar'dst us !

No. His hand

Who heareth prayer sustained us, as we ran
O'er wreck-paved Cardigan such fearful course,
As turned the proudest pale.

And so, farewell !

I give thee thanks, but most of all rejoice
At our leave-taking.

Lo ! the pilot boat
Speeds like a dancing feather o'er the surge,
And the dim outline of the shore grows green,
Lifting its spires and turrets to the cloud.

O England, Mother-Land ! how oft my heart
In its young musings, hath gone out to thee
With filial love. For thou didst tell me tales
Of ancient times, and of the steel-clad knights,

Who battled for the truth, and of the lays
Of wandering minstrels, harping in thy halls,
Until I longed to see her face, whose voice
Could charm me so, even as the simple child,
Going to rest, asks for its mother's kiss.

Therefore have I come forth upon the wave, —
I, whose most dear and unambitious joy
Was, 'neath the low porch of my vine-clad home,
To twine, at early morn, such tender shoots
As the cool night put forth, or listening catch
The merry voices of my little ones
Lifting the blossoms from their turfy bed, —
I have come strangely forth upon the wave,
To take thee by the hand, before I die.

Show me the birthplace of those bards of old,
Whose music moved me, as a mighty wind
Doth bow the reed. Show me their marble tombs,
Whose varied wisdom taught the awe-struck world, —
Those giants of old time. Show me thy domes
And castellated towers, with ivy crowned,
The proud memorials of a buried race ;
Pour on my ear thy rich Cathedral hymn,
England, our mother, and to my far home
In the green West I will rejoicing turn,
Wearing thine image on my grateful heart.

Our voyage across the Atlantic had been eminently prosperous. From our departure from New York, August 1, 1840, we encountered no obstruction during the seventeen days that brought us to the Irish coast. Our good ship, the *Europe*, Captain Edward G. Marshall, surmounted the waves buoyantly, and often seemed to skim their surface, like a joyous bird. We almost imagined her to be conscious of the happiness she imparted, as, seated on the deck, in the glorious summer moonlight, we saw her sweeping through the crested billows, with a pleasant, rushing sound, right onward in the way she ought to go.

Methought, also, the deep bestirred itself, to exhibit its *dramatis personæ* in good condition for our amusement. Immense families of porpoises rolled and gambolled; other huge creatures, seeming to have hideous ears, leaped and plunged heavily; and a whale, with her cub, glided onward, her huge mass inflated with a mother's pride and pleasure, as she led her promising monster to his ocean-play. The sun came forth from his chambers and returned again in glorious majesty, and the evening phosphorescence, contrasted with the fleecy crest and the purple base of the waves, was intensely beautiful.

Thus were we cheated along our watery way, — and by making the most of the scenery without, and the resources within, experienced as little ennui as could be expected, and indulged in no anticipation of evil. But that terror of mariners awaited us in St. George's Channel, — a dense fog, upon an iron-bound coast. We

had joyfully seen the light in the head of old Kinsale ; afterwards the harbor of Cork, and the mountains of Dungannon revealed themselves, and were lost. Then, wrapped in a thick curtain, we went on fearfully, with continued soundings. A chill rain occasionally fell, — and the winds moaned and cried among the shrouds, like living creatures. The faithful and attentive captain, oppressed with a sense of his responsibility, scarcely took refreshment or repose. At midnight, on the 19th, we heard his voice cheerfully announcing that a bright light from Tuscar Rock was visible, that our course was right, and that all might retire to rest, free from anxiety.

As morning dawned, I lay waking, and listening to sounds that seemed near my ear and even upon my pillow. They were like water forcing its way among obstructions, or sometimes as if it were poured hissing upon heated stones. At length I spoke to the friend who shared my state-room, of a suppressed voice of eddies and whirlpools, like what is often heard in passing Hurl-Gate, when the tide is low. She thought me imaginative ; but on hearing that I had long been reasoning with myself, and yet the sounds remained, threw on her dressing-gown and ascended to the deck. The fog was still heavy, and all things appeared as usual. Soon the carpenter, being sent aloft to make some repairs, shouted, in a terrible voice, “breakers ! breakers !” The mist lifted its curtain a little, and lo ! a rock, sixty feet in height, against which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence, and

towards which we were propelled by wind and tide. At the first appalling glance, it would seem that we were scarcely a ship's length from it. In the agony of the moment, the captain, clasping his hands, exclaimed that all was lost. Still, under this weight of anguish, more for others than himself, he was enabled to give the most minute orders with entire presence of mind. They were promptly obeyed; the ship, as if instinct with intelligence, answered her helm, and sweeping rapidly around, escaped the jaws of destruction. Still we were long in troubled waters, and it was not for many hours, and until we had entirely passed Holyhead, that the captain took his eye from the glass, or quitted his post of observation. It would seem that, after he had retired to rest the previous night, the ship must have been imperfectly steered, and aided by the strong drifting of the tides in that region, was led out of her course towards Cardigan Bay, thus encountering the reef which is laid down on the charts as Bardsey's Isle.

The passengers, during this period of peril, were generally quiet, and offered no obstruction, through their own alarms, to the necessary evolutions on deck. One from the steerage, an Irishman, who had been thought, but a few days before, in the last stages of pulmonary disease, was seen, in the excitement of the moment, laboring among the ropes and blocks, as if in full health and vigor. It was fearful to see him, with a face of such mortal paleness, springing away from death in one form, to meet and resist him in another.

Every circumstance and personage connected with

that scene of danger, seem to adhere indelibly to recollection. A young girl came and sat down on the cabin floor, and said, in a low, tremulous tone, "I have loved my Saviour, but have not been faithful to Him as I ought;" and in that posture of humility awaited His will.

A mother, who since coming on board had taken the entire charge of an infant not a year old, retired with it in her arms to a sofa, when the expectation of death was the strongest upon us all. Her eyes were silently rivetted upon the nursling, with whom she might so soon go down beneath the deep waters. He returned that gaze with an almost equal intensity, and there they sat, uttering no sound, scarcely breathing, and pale as a group of sculptured marble.

In that strange communion was the mother imparting to her nursling her own speechless weight of agony, at parting with other beloved objects in their distant home? Or did the tender soul take upon itself a burden, which pressed from it a sudden ripeness of sympathy? Or was the intensity of prayer drawing the spirit of the child into that of the mother, until they were as one before God?

Strong lessons were learned at an hour like this. Ages of thought were compressed into a moment. The reach of an unbodied spirit, or some glimpse of the power, by which the deeds and motives of a whole life may be brought into view, at the scrutiny of the last judgment, seemed to reveal itself. Methought the affections, that so imperatively bind to earth, loosened

their links in that very extremity of peril ; and a strange courage sprang up, and the soul, driven to one, lone trust, took hold of the pierced hand of the Redeemer, and found it strong to save.

That night the prayer and sacred music, which regularly hallowed our hour of retirement, should have been more deeply surcharged with devout gratitude than ever ; snatched as we had been from the devouring flood, and from “the evil time, that snareth the sons of men, when it falleth suddenly upon them.”

LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL has the advantage of position as the giver of welcome to so many voyagers to a place of rest. Standing as she does, on a sort of isthmus between the Old and New World, her greeting hand is cordially grasped, and the first glimpse of her dark, green robes, warmly hailed.

In sailing up the Mersey, we were particularly struck by the deep shade of the verdure that surrounded us. To our American eyes, it seemed to have a tint of indigo. The tides in this river rise rapidly, and to the height of twenty feet. Hence, for the protection of commerce, has arisen the necessity of those Docks, whose magnitude astonishes every stranger.

Apart from these, the city, though not strikingly beautiful, possesses many objects of interest. Among these, are the New Cemetery, where we would fain have lingered much longer, had our bespoke time allowed. Our attentive captain, who accompanied us to the Custom-House, facilitating our business there, by his superior knowledge, was anxious that we should also visit the Bazaar and the Town-Hall. The latter has a grand staircase and a fine prospect from its

dome. Some of its apartments are adorned with portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of members of the royal family.

Opposite the Exchange, we were shown the celebrated bronze statue of Nelson. He is depicted in the death-struggle, — Fame and Victory holding over his head several crowns. The pedestal is surrounded by a group of colossal figures in chains, representing the various nations which he had either subjugated, or compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of Great Britain.

Among the illustrious dead, we turned, with admiring recollections, to Roscoe, who ennobled both the mercantile profession, and his native city, by elegant literature. It gave us pleasure to be introduced to some of his descendants, whose intellectual tastes and amiable feelings betokened affinity to the author of *Leo Tenth*, and *Lorenzo de Medici*.

By Mr. Gair, formerly from Boston, who, with his lady, showed us great politeness and hospitality, we were taken to attend divine worship in the chapel of the Blue Coat Hospital. Two hundred and fifty boys, and one hundred girls, were assembled there, in the neat uniforms of the Institution. To our surprise, the whole service was performed by them. A boy of very grave deportment read the liturgy with solemn intonation, and the others distinctly responded. Another officiated as organist, and all joined zealously in the singing. Catechisms and portions of Scripture were recited by a selection of the scholars, and the exercises conducted and closed decorously.

The building appropriated to the Institution is spacious, and perfectly neat. In one apartment are portraits of its benefactors, among whom are some who were once pensioners of its bounty. The advantages for an extended education are not so great here as in the establishment for the Blue Coat Boys in London, which has produced some literary men of note. The Liverpool beneficiaries are prepared for the practical walks of life, and become apprentices to artisans or tradesmen. Before leaving, we were invited to see the children taking their Sunday supper. Each had on a wooden plate a huge mass of bread, with a modicum of cheese, and by its side a small cup of ale; all of which elements they were discussing with a visible relish. Their appearance was healthful, and their deportment quiet, and in perfect subordination. How blessed is that benevolence, which rescues the young from ignorance and poverty, and inspires them with motives to become useful here, and happy hereafter. It is peculiarly honorable, in a commercial city, to devote time and attention to these departments of philanthropy.

Another high gratification awaited our first Sabbath in England, which was really the first day spent on her shores, — our arrival having been on the afternoon of Saturday. This gratification, never to be forgotten, was the service in the Church of the Blind. The music of these sightless worshippers surpasses description. They chant as in the cathedral service, accompanied by the organ, and sing anthems and other compositions with a soul-thrilling sweetness. Of course, all these

performances are acts of memory, which is doubtless rendered more retentive by the concentrativeness of thought that blindness promotes. The noble asylum for these sightless worshippers is well patronized. Their church is adorned with two large paintings, and a transparency; and was filled by a respectable audience. The seats for the objects of the Institution are in the gallery. Sweet and heaven-born is that Charity which, if she may not, like her Master, open the blind eye to the works of nature, pours upon the afflicted mind the light of knowledge, and lifts up the soul to the "clear shining of the Sun of Righteousness."

One day, the ocean's might to dare,
While the lone ship with rushing prow
Adventurous cuts her doubtful way,
With clouds above and waves below,

One day, the booming surge to hear,
Mid wrecking winds' impetuous roar,
And press the next with speechless joy
Our mother Albion's verdant shore,

To list her Sabbath's sacred chime,
To kneel amid her kneeling train,
Seems like the pageant of a dream
That weaves its mockery round the brain.

Yet thus it is. And here we stand
Within that consecrated dome,
Which true benevolence hath reared
To yield the sightless poor a home.

Yet, thus it is. How passing sweet,
Ye stricken blind, your chanted lays,
Those breathings of a chastened soul,
That turns its discipline to praise.

Yet think not, though in heart you mourn
The shrouded charms of hill and plain,
That all your lot withholds is loss,
Or all our boasted pleasures, gain.

Ye miss the sight of wan decay,
The wrinkle on the brow so dear,
The sunny ringlet changed to gray,
The flush of youth to sorrow's tear,

Ye miss the cold averted eye,
The scowl of passion's fierce control,
The leer of pride, the frown of hate,
The glance of scorn that stings the soul,

Ye miss the fading of the rose,
The lily drooping on its stalk,
The frosty blight, that autumn throws
O'er vine-wreathed bower and summer walk.

We see indeed the form, the smile,
The lip that gives affection's kiss ;
Yet thoughtless oft, or thankless grow,
Even from the fullness of our bliss.

We roam amid creation's wealth,
Vale, grove, and stream and flower-decked plain,
Yet heedless of their Maker's voice,
Become desultory and vain.

But musing contemplation seeks
Well pleased, your bosom's inmost cell,
And Memory lauds the thoughtful train,
Who guard her precious gold so well.

Then be not sad ; for Knowledge holds
High converse with the hermit-mind,
And tenderest Sympathy is yours,
And heaven-born Music loves the blind.

She loves and claims you for her own,
And strives melodiously to pay,
With rapturous thrill and dulcet tone,
For what stern Nature takes away.

Say, hath there not been partial praise
Dealt to that orb, whose skill refined
Collects the tints of earth and sky,
And paints their picture for the mind ?

While the reporter of the soul,
That patient friend since life was young,
That links reverberated sound,
Still toils unhonored and unsung?

The eye, with all its mystic lore,
Its sparkling glance, its varying dye,
From lover's lute and minstrel's strain
Hath drunk of old high eulogy ;

While in its clustering thicket hid,
The ear unchronicled remained,
Yet ever with the ruling mind
Close league and covenant maintained.

For what were eloquence, shouldst thou,
Harp of the soul, thine aid deny ?
And how would love's soft errand speed,
Shouldst thou forget his whispered sigh ?

And how must high devotion droop,
If all his glorious themes should be
Lost in thy labyrinthine maze,
Or misinterpreted by thee ?

Oh peaceful blind ! the wheels of life,
That with their dust-clouds dim the soul,
Ye see not their revolving strife,
But catch their music as they roll ;

Ye see not how the scythe of time
Cuts the young blossom ere it springs,
Yet may you trace with skill sublime
The heavenward movement of his wings.

Chant on ! chant on ! ye sightless choir ;
Still bow the heart to music's sway,
And fill the stranger's eye with tears,
As ye have done for us this day.

CHESTER.

QUEER, quaint, old Chester, — I had heard of thee
From one, who in his boyhood knew thee well,
And therefore did I scan, with earnest eye,
The castled turret, where he used to dwell,
And the fair walnut tree, whose branches bent
Their broad, embracing arms around the battlement.

His graphic words were like the painter's touch,
So true to life, that I could scarce persuade
Myself I had not seen thy face before,
Or round those ancient walls and ramparts strayed,
And often, as thy varied haunts I ken'd
Stretched out my hand to thee, as a familiar friend.

Grotesque and honest-hearted art thou, sure,
And so behind this very changeful day,
So fond of antique fashions, it would seem
Thou must have slept an age or two away.
The very streets are galleries, and I trow
Thy people all were born some hundred years ago.

Old Rome was once thy guest, beyond a doubt,
And many a keepsake to thy hand she gave,
Trinket, and rusted coin, and lettered stone,
Ere with her legions she recrossed the wave ;
And thou dost hoard her gifts with pride and care,
As erst the Gracchian dame displayed her jewels rare.

Here, 'neath thy dim Cathedral let us pause,
And list the echo of that sacred chime,
That, when the heathen darkness fled away,
Went up at Easter and at Christmas time,
Chants of His birth, who woke the angel-train,
And of that bursting tomb, where Death himself was
slain.

Ho ! Mercian Abbey, hast thou ne'er a tale
Of grim Wulpherius, with his warriors dread ?
Or of the veiled nuns at vigil pale,
Who owned the rule of Saxon Ethelfled ?
Did hopeless love in yon dark cloisters sigh ?
Or in thy dungeon vaults some sentenc'd victim die ?

And there mid graceful shades is Eaton Hall,
With princely gate and Gothic front of pride,
In modern beauty, though perchance we fain
Might choose with hoar antiquity to bide,
For she, with muffled brow and legend wild,
Knows well to charm the ear of Fancy's musing
child.

Baronial splendor decks yon gilded halls,
And here in niches cold are armed knights,
And costly paintings on the lofty walls,
And every charm that luxury delights,
And ample parks, and velvet lawns, where stray
The ruminating herd, or the white lambkins play.

But yet the flowers, that with their thousand eyes
Look timid up and nurse their infant gem,
To me are dearer than the gorgeous dome,
Or fretted arch, that overshadows them.
Methought their soft lips ask, all bright with dew,
The welfare of their friends, that in my country grew.

Yes, in my simple garden, far away
Beyond the ocean waves, that toss and roll,
Your gentle kindred drink the healthful ray,
Heaven's holy voice within their secret soul,
And the same words they speak, so pure and free,
Unto my loved ones there, that here ye say to me.

Chester, on the borders of the principality of Wales, exhibits peculiar features to an American eye. Its dwellings, with high, pointed roofs, and carved gables turned towards the street, throw a projecting story over the sidewalks, so that passengers move along as if in covered vestibules. This has an odd effect, for at first view the people in the streets seem to be in the houses, and those who are in the houses, in the streets. It

furnishes the only specimen of ancient fortification, extant in England, with the exception of Carlisle. The towers by which they were defended, were anciently placed at bow-shot distance, that they might afford aid to each other, as well as annoy the besieging enemy. Its walls are nearly two miles in circumference, and afford an agreeable promenade, varied by the windings of the River Dee.

Chester Castle, where a garrison is stationed, was to me a structure of absorbing interest, from having often heard it minutely described by my husband, who had spent some time there in his boyhood, with a relative who had married an English officer, — Capt. Edward Barron, at that time the commander of the fortress. Methought his voice, delineating the scenes and customs which had the most strongly impressed his young fancy, still mingled with the breeze that sighed around its dark time-worn battlements.

Chester was the first to introduce our party to what we had long desired to see, — the Cathedrals of the Mother-Land. Her own was less distinguished by splendor than most of those grand specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. Its length is stated at 350 feet, its breadth 76, and the altitude of its tower 127. It was erected in the fifteenth century, though its most ancient portion, originally an abbey, was founded 1160 years since, by Wulpherius, king of Mercia. The Danes destroyed it when they took possession of Chester, in 895 ; but it was afterwards restored, and placed under the government of Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred the

Great. Beneath its low-browed arches we were shown the tomb of Henry IV., of Germany, and some Roman relics. Among the latter was a stone, with an obscure Latin inscription, purporting that one thousand paces of the wall were built by the cohort, under Ocratius Maximinius. It is well known that the head-quarters of the twentieth Roman legion were at Chester, and that it is supposed to derive its name from *Castram*, a camp or military station. Many circumstances led me to explore, with peculiar interest, this antique and fortified town.

A ride of four miles beyond it brings you to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster. Its principal gate of entrance is said to have been erected at the expense of £10,000 ; and the grounds, which are seven miles in extent, are laid out in parks, interspersed with shrubbery, beautiful flowers, and tasteful porers' lodges. The mansion, a specimen of the modern Gothic, is seven hundred feet in length, and exhibits an imposing range of towers, pinnacles, and turrets. The interior has a costly display of paintings, statuary, sculpture, and gilding. The superb library, one hundred and thirty feet in length, divided into three compartments, was shown us, as were also the dining-room, state-chamber, and other richly furnished apartments. As it was the first baronial establishment our republican eyes had ever beheld, we regarded it with attention. There was much to admire, especially in the high state of cultivation that marked its environs ; yet the mind reverted with deeper sympathy to the time-

worn structures we had just quitted, and preferred to linger among the shadows of mouldering antiquity.

During our ride of ten miles from Chester to Eastham, where we took passage in a steamer for Liverpool, we had delightful views of the blossomed hedges and cottage-homes of England. And as whatever we see of surpassing excellence in a foreign country, we are naturally desirous of transplanting to our own, we could not avoid wishing that our agricultural friends at home, who are such models of industry and domestic virtue, would be more careful to surround their dwellings with comfortable and agreeable objects. Were they to build on a smaller scale, and spare the expense of large rooms, seldom to be used, and never to be warmed, for a fruit inclosure, or a walk of shrubbery, or a garden with flowers, would it not make their young people love home the better, and be happier there? What is lovely to the eye need be no hindrance to the "things that are of good report." It may be a help to them. If the farmer, instead of making war on all the forest-trees, as if they were Amorites and Jebusites, whom he had been commanded to exterminate, would save some of those majestic columns of the Maker's workmanship, and even indulge himself in the pleasure of planting others, on the borders of some sunny road, or sparkling fountain, he might hear the wearied traveller bless him. And if, instead of counting it lost time to beautify the home where he trains his little ones, he would in his leisure moments nurture a vine, or a rose-plant for them, and teach them to admire the bud open-

ing its infant eye, and the tendril reaching forth its clasping hands, he would find their characters refining under these sweet rural influences, and their hearts more ready to appreciate His goodness, who feedeth the lily on the moorlands, and maketh the “wilder-ness to blossom as the rose.”

On this excursion we had our first specimen of the dripping skies of good old England, —

For as we turned —
Our visit o’er — and on the public coach
Chose out the topmost seat, rejoicing much
At the fair prospect of the whitewash’d cots,
Hedge-guarded and rose-sprinkled, — all at once
Down came the rain.

It was an awkward thing
To meet such drenching streams, all pinioned close,
And perched on dizzy roof. To get inside,
With each bespoke cushion densely pack’d,
Was quite impossible. Nor did it seem
More feasible, with swaying arm to hold
The wet umbrellas, and adjust their seams
Like a torn tent-roof, and our place maintain
Upon that flying vehicle.

And so
Our party, cowering close, with drooping plumes,
Praised earnestly our own less watery skies,
Or, silent, mused, as women sometimes will,
Upon an injured wardrobe. I deplored
My well-saved cashmere shawl, a very sponge,

And brilliant ribbons ruin'd. Glad at heart,
Ten weary miles achiev'd, the boat we saw
Riding beside the pier.

But every change
Is not a benefit. The heavy storm
Drove to that single cabin, small and low,
More than it well could hold. There was a scene
Of strange discomfort ; forms that jostled hard
Against they knew not who, and jutting arms
Reduced from their sharp angle suddenly ;
Feet, that their neighbor's rights invaded ; force,
Used to no purpose, and complaints as vain ;
And fear of pickpockets, and gasping breath
That of impure and suffocating air
Told more than speech could utter.

There we stood,
Ready to faint, while on the narrow bench
That lin'd the wall, sat here and there a man,
Porter, or sturdy laborer, with square hands
And clumsy hobnailed shoes, who gave no place
To woman's weaker form. But, from a nook,
Struggling, as best he might, with sparkling eye,
And beard of richest auburn o'er his breast
Depending, came a Jewish stranger forth,
And gave his seat, and press'd it earnestly.

O son of Abraham ! thou hast better learn'd
Than these, thy brethren, of a higher faith,
The lesson by their own Apostle taught,
How to "be courteous." Now, my wearied limbs

Upon the seat so pleasantly reclin'd,
I fain would sing the praise of courtesy,
Such as it flourish'd in the olden time,
Spreading, chivalrously, its mantle down
For lady's foot, or soothing the morose
Into a good opinion of themselves,
And opening thus a loophole, whence good will
To others might peep through ; or, better still,
When link'd to Christian principle, it breathes
The law of kindness, and with winning grace
Doth make another's happiness its own.

KENDAL.

A PLEASANT home-feeling came over us at Kendal. There our own little party of four, brightened a rain-storm with agreeable talk, and kept, in a quiet way, the birthday of one of our number, at a comfortable retreat, bearing the name of the "Commercial Inn." Less splendid in its apartments than some of the similar establishments in populous cities, it comprised every material element of satisfaction for those who, wearied with a recent voyage, were happy to refresh their spirits in each others' society, and find something stable under their feet.

We again selected it for a habitation on our return from an excursion to the Lakes of Cumberland, promising to recommend it to our friends. Indeed, it would generally be safe to bestow high approval on the means and appliances for the traveller's accommodation in England. Fine roads, excellent coaches, coachmen and horses, the best possible arrangement of railways and cars, the fairest provisions for the table, scrupulous neatness in the dormitories, and the respectful attendance of intelligent servants, await him throughout his

course. If the price demanded is in proportion to the liberal benefits received, that is but justice. Those who freely partake, should be willing to accord the remuneration. If they are not, they will be very likely to become so, after a taste of the discomforts and delays of continental travel.

In wandering about Kendal we found the ruins of a castle, which was distinguished as the birthplace of Catharine Parr, and also an old church, of which a curious incident is related, during the civil wars in the times of Charles First. An adherent to the royal cause, by the name of Philipson, was on a visit to his brother who resided on the principal island of Winandermere. He had not long enjoyed this rural residence, ere information of his locality was spread abroad, and the house besieged by Parliamentary troops, under the command of Colonel Briggs. The arrival of unexpected succor caused that officer to deem it expedient to raise the siege and retire. But the rescued guest, in the warlike spirit of those days, determined on retaliation. Taking command of a troop of horse, he pursued the retreating forces to Kendal. There he demanded Colonel Briggs, and was told he had gone to meeting. Not staying to dismount, he spurred his steed through the gateway, and into the church. Great was the consternation of the worshippers, to hear the clatter of horses feet upon their pavement, and see the tall rider dash furiously through nave and chancel, sharply scrutinizing the face of every man, as he entered and returned. But this profana-

tion of the sacred edifice was in vain, — the object of his search not happening to be there.

Kendal, the eldest born of Westmoreland,
With its white homes, and cheerful poplar shades,
And graceful bridges o'er the winding Ken,
And happy children playing in the streets,
Came pleasantly upon us.

So we paused,
Leaving the echo of the tiresome wheels,
Rejoiced, amid those rustic haunts to roam,
And grassy lanes.

There was an ancient church,
Dark-browed, and Saxon-arched, and ivy-clad ;
And there amid its hallowed isles we trod,
Reading the mural tablets of the dead,
Or poring o'er the dimly-sculptured names
Upon its sunken pavement.

Next, we sought
Yon lonely castle, with its ruined towers,
Around whose base the tangled foliage, mixed
With shapeless stones, proclaimed no frequent foot
Intruder 'mid its desolate domain.
Yet here, the legend saith, thine infant eye
First saw the light, Catharine ! the latest spouse
Of the eighth Tudor's bluff and burly king.
Here did thy childhood share the joyous sports
That well it loved ? Or did they quaintly set
The stiff-starched ruff around thy slender neck,

Bidding thee stand upright, and not demean
Thy rank and dignity ?

Say, didst thou con
Thy horn-book lessons mid those dreary halls,
With their dark wainscot of old British oak ?
Or on the broidered arras deftly trace
Some tale of tourney and of regal pomp,
That touched perchance the incipient energy
Of young ambition to become a queen ?
If it were so, methinks that latent pride
Was well rebuked, perchance purged out entire
With euphrasy and rue.

How didst thou dare
To build thy nest where other birds had fallen
So fearfully ? If e'er the pictured scenes
Of earlier years stole to thy palace-home,
Pouring their quiet o'er its vexing cares, —
Some cottage girl, who watched her father's sheep,
Or peaceful peasant singing at his toil,
Meekly content, — came there no pang to chase
The fresh bloom from thy cheek ?

When in his sleep
The despot murmured sullenly and stern,
Didst thou not tremble, lest in dreams he saw
The axe and scaffold, and would madly wake
To blend thy fate with that of Ann Boleyn
And hapless Howard ?

True, thy pious soul
Had confidence in God, and this upheld
In all calamities, and gave thee power

To 'scape the snare ; but yet methinks 't were sad
For woman's timid love to unfold itself
Within a tyrant's breast, trusting its peace
To the dire thunderbolt.

And so farewell,
Last of the six that rashly spread their couch
In the strong lion's den.

My talk with thee
Doth add new pleasure to our quiet stroll
Amid the lowly train, who, free from thoughts
Of wild ambition, hold their noiseless way.

Then toward the traveller's home, as twilight drew
Her dusky mantle o'er the face of things,
We bent our steps, with many a gathered theme
For sweet discourse, till welcome evening brought
Refreshment and repose. To our fair board
The finny people of the Ken came up,
Tempting the palate in the varied forms
Of culinary art, while with the fruits
That ripen slow 'neath England's shaded skies
Were fresh-made cheeses from the creamy bowls,
Filled by the herds that ruminate all day,
In pastures richly green.

So, well content,
Beside the shaded lamp we lingering sate,
And spoke of home, and of the Power who shields
The weary traveller, and doth bid him sleep
Secure 'neath foreign skies, cheering his dream
With faces of his loved ones far away,

And sound of gentle gales that stir the vines
O'er his own door.

For thus he seems to hold
Existence in two hemispheres, and draw
From nightly visions mid his household joys
Fresh strength at morn to run his destined way,
God of the stranger! with new trust in thee.

THE DOVE'S NEST.

Too late ! too late ! Would that I might have earlier visited the Mother-Land, and added, if it were but one sight of the countenance and sound of the voice, to the image of that poet whose strains thrill my soul.

Yonder unpretending cottage, the *Dove's Nest*, on the banks of Winandermere, was the summer retreat of Mrs. Hemans, in 1830. She was struck with the retired beauty of its situation, while on a visit to Wordsworth, and delighted to ascertain that she could engage rooms in it for herself and her boys.

It was during this year, that she published her "Songs of the Affections." It would be interesting to know what portion of those pure gems of the heart sprang to light, or reached their highest polish amid the inspirations of that rural scenery. We imagined her seated in the alcove, which she has described as embowered amid the eglantine and rose, her sons — to whom a modern traveller has given the epithet of "young eagles" — freely pursuing their sports beneath her eye.

Wonderfully distinguished has that portion of the West of England been, by the residences of celebrated men. Beside Wordsworth and Southey, and Coleridge, that most eloquent of all talkers, — De Quincey, the talented author, and Dr. Arnold, who is becoming more and more endeared to the lovers of right education, have made it their abode; and Professor Wilson, turning from the “lights and shadows of Scottish life,” passes the vacations at his pleasant villa of Ellera. Such men have power to quicken lifeless nature with the soul of genius.

Westmoreland boasts bold mountains of some two or three thousand feet in height, — deep gorges of the loveliest green, and lakes of crystal. Driving, as we did, among them, in an open carriage, plunging suddenly into ravines, and emerging thence at an angle of forty-five degrees, requires strong nerves to harmonize high enjoyment with such headlong exercise. The beauty of Grassmere is inexpressible; but some of the cottages in its neighborhood would require a poet's enthusiasm to embellish or recommend their unfloored rudeness.

Winandermere, during our visit, was much wrapped in mist and cloud. Still, we had some glimpses of its beautiful expanse, which will be long remembered. Sails were in perpetual motion among its islets, and it has a dark background of distant mountains. Accustomed to hear it spoken of as the largest of English lakes, we were surprised to find it but ten miles in length, and so narrow, at some points, as to make the

entire circumference only twenty-three miles. Though slightly varied by protracted drought, or rain, it is subject to considerable agitation from wind and storm. It abounds with fine fish, and is a favorite resort for wild fowl and sportsmen, — the sharp report of the rifle often disturbing the solitary enthusiast.

Oh, sweet Winandermere ! how blest
Is he, who on thy marge may rest, —
Rear his light bower ; 'neath summer's ray,
Steal from the fever'd world away, —
And when cool twilight, meek and pale,
Spreads o'er thy face a deeper veil,
List to the ripple on the shore,
Or mark the lightly dripping oar,
Or sink to sleep, when eve shall cease,
With thee, and all mankind at peace.

The angler here, with trolling line,
Dreams on, from morn till day's decline, —
And when brown autumn sets its seal,
How sharply rings the hunter's steel ;
But I, with these no concert keep,
Nor aim to vex thy tranquil deep ;
Nor barbed hook, with pang and start,
Plunge in the finny victim's heart ;
Nor work their woe, who, roaming free,
Would dip the oary foot in thee.

Fair lakes my own dear land can boast,
From inland glade to ocean coast,
Through woven copse or thicket green,
Their blue eyes deeply fringed are seen;
On hillock's side they scoop a nest,
Like dew-drops nursed in lily's breast.
By Seneca, and lone St. Clair,
The mirrored maiden braids her hair,
And, guileless, to the searching sun,
Turns crystal-breasted Horricon.

Yet couldst thou see our mighty chain,
From red Algonquin to the main,
Those seas on seas, which, thundering, leap
O'er strong Niagara's mountain-steep,
And bid St. Lawrence hoarsely pour
Round Anticosti's trembling shore,
Thou, at their side, bright gem, wouldst be
Like timid brooklet to the sea,
And highest swoln and tempest-tost,
Still, as a noteless speck, be lost.

Still, o'er thy brow deep memories glide,
And spirit-voices stir thy tide,
For thou of her art pleased to tell,
Queen of the lyre, who loved thee well,
And in the Dove's Nest by thy side,
Sought from the gazing throng to hide

The laurel o'er her casement darkening,
The rose-tree for her footstep harkening ;
I see her ! though in dust she sleeps ;
I hear her ! though no lyre she sweeps ;
And, for her sake, so fondly dear,
I bless thee, sweet Winandermere.

WORDSWORTH AND SOUTHEY.

O VALE of Grassmere ! tranquil, and shut out
From all the strife that shakes a jarring world,
How quietly thy village roofs are bowered
In the cool verdure, while thy graceful spire
Guardeth the ashes of the noble dead,
And, like a fixed and solemn sentinel,
Holm-Crag looks down on all.

And thy pure lake,
Spreading its waveless breast of azure out
'Tween thee and us, — pencil, nor lip of man
May fitly show its loveliness. The soul
Doth hoard it as a gem, and, fancy-led,
Explore its curving shores, its lonely isle,
That, like an emerald clasped in crystal, sleeps.

Ho, stern Helvellyn ! with thy savage cliffs
And dark ravines, where the rash traveller's foot
Too oft hath wandered far and ne'er returned,
Why dost thou press so close yon margin green ?
Like border-chieftain, seeking for his bride
Some cottage-maiden. Prince among the hills,

That each upon his feudal seat maintains
Strict sovereignty, hast thou a tale of love
For gentle Grassmere, that thou thus dost droop
Thy plumed helmet o'er her, and peruse,
With such a searching gaze, her placid brow?

She listeneth coyly, and her guileless depths
Are troubled at a tender thought from thee.
And yet, methinks some speech of love should dwell
In scenes so beautiful. For not in vain,
Nor with a feeble voice, doth He, who spread
Such glorious charms, bespeak man's kindliness
For all whom He hath made, bidding the heart
Grasp every creature with a warm embrace
Of brotherhood.

Lo ! what fantastic forms,
In sudden change are traced upon the sky.
The sun doth subdivide himself, and shine
On either side of an elongate cloud,
Which, like an alligator huge and thin,
Piercest his disk. And then an ostrich seems
Strangely to perch upon a wreath of foam,
And gaze disdainful on the kingly orb,
That lay o'erspent and weary. But he roused
Up as a giant, and the welkin glowed
With rushing splendor, while his puny foes
Vanished in air. Old England's oaks outstretched
Their mighty arms, and took that cloudless glance
Into their bosoms, as a precious thing
To be remembered long.

And so we turned,
And through romantic glades pursued our way,
Where Rydal-Water spends its thundering force,
And through the dark gorge makes a double plunge
Abruptly beautiful. Thicket, and rock,
And ancient summer-house, and sheeted foam,
All exquisitely blent, while deafening sound
Of torrents, battling with their ruffian foes,
Filled the admiring gaze with awe, and wrought
A dim forgetfulness of all beside.

Thee, too, I found within thy sylvan dell,
Whose music thrilled my heart, when life was new,
Wordsworth ! mid cliff and stream and cultured rose,
In love with Nature's self, and she with thee.
Thy ready hand, that from the landscape culled
Its long familiar charms, rock, tree, and spire,
With kindness half paternal, leading on
My stranger footsteps through the garden walk,
Mid shrubs and flowers that from thy planting grew ;
The group of dear ones gathering round thy board,
She, the first friend, still as in youth beloved,
The daughter, sweet companion, — sons mature,
And favorite grandchild, with his treasured phrase,
The evening lamp, that o'er thy silver locks
And ample brow fell fitfully, and touched
Thy lifted eye with earnestness of thought,
Are with me as a picture, ne'er to fade,
Till death shall darken all material things.

An excursion to Grassmere and Helvellyn, the Falls of Rydal-Water, Stock-Gill-Force, and other points of interest in the vicinity of Ambleside, communicated great pleasure to our party ; but at our return we found it had been purchased by the loss of a call from the poet Wordsworth. Though I had more earnestly desired to see him than almost any distinguished writer, whom from early life had been admired, it was with a degree of diffidence, amounting almost to trepidation, that I accepted the invitation to his house, which had been left at the inn. As I approached his lovely and unpretending habitation, embowered with ivy and roses, I felt that to go into the presence of Europe's loftiest crowned head, would not cost so much effort, as to approach and endeavor to converse with a king in the realm of mind. But the kindness of his reception and that of his family, and the uncere-monious manner in which they make a guest feel as one of them, removed the reserve and uneasiness of a stranger's heart.

Wordsworth is past seventy years of age, and has the same full, expanded brow, which we see in his busts and engravings. His conversation has that simplicity and richness for which we are prepared by his writings. He led me around his grounds, pointing out the improvements which he had made during the last thirty years, and the trees, hedges, and shrubbery which had been planted under his direction. Snatches of the gorgeous scenery of lake and mountain were visible from different points ; and one of the walks

terminated with the near view of a chapel built by his neighbor, the Lady Elizabeth Le Fleming, on whose domain are both the upper and lower falls of Rydal-Water. In this beautiful combination of woods, cliffs, and waters, and solemn temple pointing to the skies, we see the germ of many of his thrilling descriptions; for his habit is to compose in the open air. He loves the glorious scenery of his native region, and is evidently pleased when others admire it.

His household consists of a wife, sister, two sons, and a daughter. The eldest of the sons is married, and, with a group of five children, resides under the same roof, giving to the family a pleasant, patriarchal aspect. A fine boy, of five years, who bears the name of his grandfather, and bids fair to possess somewhat of his breadth of brow, is evidently quite a favorite. Among his bright sayings was the question, whether "*the Ocean was not the Christian-name of the Sea?*" It was delightful to see so eminent a poet, thus pursuing the calm tenor of a happy life, surrounded by all those domestic affections and charities, which his pure lays have done so much to cherish in the hearts of others.

Wordsworth seems habitually pensive, almost to impassiveness. Yet once I noticed in him some approach to naiveté. We were all seated at the table, conversing, after the tea-equipage had been removed. It was a round table, with a closely fitting cover of India-rubber, on which a wreath of rich flowers had been painted.

"I wonder what sort of a table this is," said he. "It keeps its own secrets. I never had a chance to look at it."

Some little reply was made by Mrs. Wordsworth, when, turning to me, he asked, "Is it not a natural curiosity in me to wish to look upon this table, once in my life? I am determined to see it now."

With some difficulty, he disengaged the adhesive envelope, and spreading out his thin hands upon the board, exclaimed, with satisfaction, —

"There! I've got a sight of it at last. It is a mahogany table, and a very good one too."

This playfulness, set off by the solemnity of his manner, seemed to delight his household, and was possibly an episode of rare occurrence. The ripening of this personal acquaintance into epistolary intercourse and friendship, was truly gratifying to me, as was also his benignant approval of the annexed simple greeting, on the first recurrence of his birthday, after my return home.

High-thoughted Bard of Rydal's sounding tide,
Whose stricken lyre, across the ocean blue,
Doth stir our forests in their unshorn pride,
And sweetly steal the woodman's cabin through,

Thy day of birth, here, on Columbia's shore,
The sons of song in faithful memory keep;
White-pinioned sea-birds brought the record o'er
The tossing billows of the boisterous deep,—

So now, — the hour that first with light inspired
An eye that deep in Nature's heart doth look,
Comes with the power of deathless genius fired,
To stamp with signet-ring our household book :

Oh, Bard of tuneful soul ! may health be thine,
And ever-cloudless peace illumine thy day's decline.

It was during my visit to Wordsworth, that I first received intelligence of the melancholy declension of health and intellect which had befallen Southey. With reluctance I resigned my intention of going to Keswick, having been extremely desirous to see him, and being provided with letters of introduction from mutual friends. How mournful, that such a rayless cloud should envelop that genius which has so long thrown a bridge of light and beauty across the Atlantic. Sometimes I have thought his prolific and versatile powers well symbolized in one of his own descriptive passages : —

“ The stream's perpetual flow,
That with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples, and threadlike motions infinite,
Forever varying, and yet still the same,
Like Time towards Eternity, glides on.”

A letter from the successor of his beloved Edith, mentions, feelingly, the state of unconsciousness that overshadows him, and says : “ In the blackness of this darkness we still live, and shall pass from under it,

only through the portals of the grave." She is well known to the reading public, by her former name of Caroline Bowles, as the author of the "Pauper's Death-Bed," with other pathetic and elegant effusions. Her conjugal love faithfully ministers to this severe visitation of one of the most gifted and indefatigable minds which has adorned our age.

I thought to see thee in thy lake-girt home,
Thou of creative soul ! I thought with thee
Amid thy mountain solitudes to roam,
And hear the voice, whose echoes wild and free

Had strangely thrilled me, when my life was new,
With old romantic tales of wondrous lore ;
But ah ! they told me that thy mind withdrew
Into its mystic cell, — nor evermore

Sate on the lip in fond familiar word ;
Nor through the speaking eye *her* love repaid,
Whose heart for thee with ceaseless care is stirred :
That mute at Greta-Hall, on willow-shade,
Thy sweet harp hung : — They told me, and I wept,
As on my pilgrim way o'er England's vales I kept.

CARLISLE.

OUR ride from Ambleside to Carlisle, by the way of Kendal, was amid those quiet rains with which the English skies so often refresh the traveller. But soon after our arrival, the sun broke forth, revealing a landscape of much beauty. This region, distinguished by border warfare, gives occasionally a sanguine tinge to the ancient chronicles. It seems also to have had its share in the more sacred festivities of the olden time, as we gather from one of the ballads preserved in Percy's Reliques : —

“ In Carlisle dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of passing might,
And there maintained his ‘ *Table Round*,’
Begirt by many a knight,
And there he kept his Christmas,
With mirth and great delight.”

Our first walk was to the Castle. A most glorious sunset saw we from its heights. On its parapets, where the cannon are mounted, is a large, fine old dial, with the following forcible inscription in letters of gold :

“Hours, or ages, are nothing to the Eternal ; but as for man, they fix his changeless doom for weal or for woe.”

This structure, which we spent a considerable time in examining, claims Edward the Third as its founder. It gave shelter, for a night, to his unfortunate grandson, Richard the Second, while on his humiliating journey in the custody of his usurping and vindictive cousin, afterwards Henry the Fourth. Here, also, Fergus MacIvor endured imprisonment, and was led forth to execution. They profess to show the print of his hand, in stone of rather a soft texture, which lines the walls of his cell.

Other mournful recollections of the “sighing of the prisoner,” connect this edifice with Mary of Scotland. We visited the remains of the turret where she was immured, when, after the disastrous battle of Langside, she threw herself on the generosity of her royal cousin of England. In a secluded promenade, skirted by a moat, she was permitted to take daily exercise, under the guardianship of sentinels. Two ash trees marked its extreme limit. They were said to have been planted by her own hand. They attained such a size, as to rank among the largest trees of Cumberland, and the antiquarian cannot but regret that they should have been cut down for some architectural improvement. A bouquet of carnations, from this queenly treadmill, was presented us, which retained much of their freshness and fragrance even after we reached the realm of which she once wore the troubled crown. The guide from whom we obtained them, pointed

out to us a narrow-mouthed well, ninety feet in depth, which he said, "without doubt, was dug by His Majesty, Julius Cæsar."

It was at Carlisle that we attended, for the first time, the Sabbath cathedral service of the Mother-Land. To us, it was solemn and impressive. An anthem, from Psalm 55th, "Hear my prayer," was most touchingly performed by two chanting boys, with the rich tones of a majestic organ. The interest with which we viewed the congregation, was heightened by the appearance of a large number of neatly dressed, and decorously behaved charity-children, and also, to us, the novel circumstance of a military feature in the audience. A garrison from the Castle, of three hundred soldiers, entered in full uniform, with subdued martial music, and joined reverently in the service. Methought, Mars was kneeling at the feet of Christ, as the responses burst forth clearly from the lips of this portion of the "church militant." The Dean gave a good discourse from that comprehensive passage of St. Peter, "Through sanctification of the Spirit, with obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Christ."

How graceful, 'mid their garniture of green,
Gleam out thy roofs, Carlisle! — thy castled towers
Symmetrical, — thy fair Cathedral dome
In solitary majesty, — thy bridge
Spanning the Eden, where the angler sits
Patient so long, and seems to count the sheep,

Sprinkled like snow-flakes o'er luxuriant vales.
— Lo ! Time doth hang upon thy misty heights
Legends of warlike and of festal deeds,
Symbols of old renown, — the fearful beak
Of Rome's victorious eagle, — Pictish spear, —
King Arthur's wassail cup, — the battle-axe
Of the fierce Danish sea-kings, — Highland targe,
And Scottish claymore, in confusion blent
With England's cloth-yard arrow. Yea, each helm
And dinted cuirass, hath its stirring tale :
Yet there thou sitt'st as meekly innocent
As though thine eager lip had never quaff'd
Hot streams of kindred blood.

Art pleased to hear
No more of border feuds ? Art glad to cast
Thy frontier annal, with its crimson stains,
Down at the feet of the united realms,
Who, arm in arm, survey their joint domain ?
So may the God of love bless them and thee.

Sweet flowers thou pressest in our stranger-hands,
Rich, red carnations, from "*Queen Mary's walk* :"
But unto her forsaken heart, thy gifts
Were only bitter weeds, and rankling thorns,
Such as the captive plucks. Methinks we hear
Her mournful weeping, as she turns away,
With none to pity.

Many a brilliant change
In those delightful landscapes, cheered the eye,
As onward o'er the fringed banks of Clyde

We sought the barren hills and crystal streams
Of Caledonia ; poor, perchance, in gold,
But rich in deathless song.

Swift rolled the Esk,
Where the impetuous young Lord Lochinvar
Stayed not for ford, but plunging, braved its wrath,
And rushed in conquering arrogance to claim
The bride of Netherby.

Up rose in light,
Branksom's lyre-honor'd tower ; the pleasant homes
Of Teviotdale, fast by the River Tweed ;
And then, like throned queen, the attic robes
Of beautiful Edina.

Yet, we spake
Oft-times of thee, Carlisle ! for thy sweet smile,
And the deep cadence of thy chanted hymn
That taught our Sabbath of the choir of heaven,
Went with us, as we journeyed. So we said
Once more, "farewell ! and peace be with thee still."

HOLYROOD.

ON our arrival at Edinburgh, we found accommodations, successively, at two of the principal hotels, which had been commended to us by English friends. But we were eventually induced to try the plan of taking lodgings. These we were so fortunate as to obtain in a delightful house on Prince's Street, opposite the Castle, owned by a pleasant lady, recently left a widow, and willing thus to aid a restricted income. Here we had, on the second story, what the Scotch call a "whole flat," comprising parlor, dining-room, and three neatly furnished dormitories. Every evening we gave a written bill of fare for the next day, to our kind hostess, who was faithful in carrying out our wishes in the minutest particular. Seated around our comfortable board, and enjoying quiet conversation, correspondence or reading, when wearied with out-door explorations, we were able to cherish more of the home-feeling than is wont to be found in a land of strangers. It was also gratifying to perceive that our domestic arrangements were remarkably consistent with economy, and entirely satisfactory to our attentive and

gentle-mannered landlady, in whose welfare we felt interest and sympathy.

One of the advantages of our location was its proximity to Holyrood, giving us facilities for frequently visiting its environs. That edifice, whose aspect is far from imposing, was originally an abbey, founded in 1128, by David the First, of Scotland. The ancient legend says, that while hunting, and separated from his train, he was attacked and overthrown by a wild stag, and rescued from impending death by the sudden appearance of an arm from a dark cloud, holding a luminous cross, which so frightened the furious animal, that he fled away into the depths of the forest. The monarch determined to erect a religious house on the very spot of his deliverance, and to call it Holyrood, or Holy Cross. It might be proper to supply a strong reason for the selection of so obscure a site, but scarcely necessary to invent a miracle for so common an occurrence as the erection of an ecclesiastical edifice by king David, since it is well known that fifteen owe their origin to him; among which are the fine abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, Kelso and Jedburgh, with the cathedrals of Glasgow and Aberdeen. The gratitude of the monastic orders, whom he patronized, conferred on him the title of Saint; but the heavy expenses thus incurred, imposed many burdens upon his realm, and caused James the Sixth, not inappositely, to style him "a saur saint to the crown."

The first view of Holyrood is in strong contrast with the splendid buildings and classic columns of the Cal-

ton-Hill. After admiring the monuments of Dugald Stewart, and Nelson, and the fine edifice for the High School, you look down at the extremity of the Canon-gate upon the old palace, that, seated at the foot of Salisbury Crag, nurses, in comparative desolation, the memories of the past. Its chapel, floored with tombstones, and open to the winds of heaven, admonishes human power and pride of their alliance with vanity.

Through an iron grate we saw, in a damp, miserable vault, the bones of some of the kings of Scotland; among them those of Henry Darnley, without even the covering of that "little charity of earth," which the homeless beggar finds. In another part of the royal chapel, unmarked by any inscription, are the remains of the lovely young Queen Magdalen, daughter of Francis the First of France, who survived but a short time her marriage with James the Fifth. In the same vicinity, sleep two infant princes, by the name of Arthur; one the son of him who fell at Flodden Field, the other a brother of Mary of Scotland. Scarcely a single monument, deserving of notice as a work of art, is to be found at Holyrood, except that of Viscount Bellhaven, a privy-councillor of Charles the First, who died in 1639. He is commemorated by a statue of Parian marble, which is in singular contrast with the rough black walls of the ruinous tower, where it is placed. It has a diffuse and elaborate inscription, setting forth that "Nature supplied his mind by wisdom, for what was wanting in his education; that he would easily get angry, and as easily, even while speaking, grow calm; and that he

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enjoyed the sweetest society in his only wife, Nicholas Murray, daughter of the Baron of Abercairney, who died in eighteen months after her marriage."

The grave of Rizzio is pointed out under one of the passages to a piazza, covered with a flat stone. Over the mantel-piece of the narrow closet, where from his last fatal supper he was torn forth by the conspirators, is a portrait said to be of him. Its authenticity is exceedingly doubtful; yet it has been honored by one of the beautiful effusions of Mrs. Hemans, written during her visit to Holyrood, in 1829.

"They haunt me still, those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;
The soul of music, that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams;
Life, spirit, life immortal and divine
Is there, and yet how dark a death was thine."

In the gallery at Holyrood, which is 150 feet long, and plain even to meanness, are the portraits of one hundred and eleven Scottish monarchs, the greater part of which must, of course, be creations of fancy. Some of the more distinguished chieftains are interspersed with them. In the line of the Stuarts, we remarked the smallness and delicacy of the hands, which historians have mentioned as a marked feature of that unfortunate house. The only female among this formidable assemblage of crowned heads, is Mary of Scotland. This, her ancestral palace, teems with her relics; and, however questionable is the identity of some of them,

they are usually examined with interest by visitants. The antique cicerone, to whom this department appertained, and whose voice had grown hoarse and hollow by painful recitations in these damp apartments, still threw herself into an oratorical attitude, and bestowed an extra emphasis, when any favorite article was to be exhibited, such as "*Queen Mairry's work-box ! Queen Mairry's candelabra !*" The latter utensil, it seems, she brought with her from France. Probably some tender associations, known only to herself, clustered around it ; for she was observed often to fix her eyes mournfully upon it, as a relic of happier days. In her apartments, we were shown the stone on which she knelt at her coronation ; the embroidered double chair, or throne, on which she and Darnley sat after their marriage ; the state-bed, ready to perish, and despoiled of many a mouldering fragment by antiquarian voracity ; her dressing-case, marvellously destitute of necessary materials ; and the round, flat basket, in which the first suit of clothes for her only infant were laid. These articles, and many others of a similar nature, brought her palpably before us, and awakened our sympathies. There was a rudeness, an absolute want of comfort about all her appointments, which touched us with pity, and led us back to the turbulent and half civilized men by whom she was surrounded, and from whom she had little reason to expect forbearance as a woman, or obedience as a queen. The closet, to which we were shown the secret staircase where the assassins entered, seems scarcely of sufficient dimen-

sions to allow the persons, who are said to have been assembled there, the simplest accommodations for a repast ; especially if Darnley was of so gigantic proportions as the armor, still preserved there and asserted to be his, testifies. Poor Mary, notwithstanding her errors, and the mistakes into which she was driven by the fierce spirit of her evil times, is now remembered throughout her realm, with a sympathy and warmth of appreciation, which failed to cheer her sufferings during life. Almost constantly you meet with memorials of her. In the Castle of Edinburgh, you have pointed out to you a miserable, dark room, about eight feet square, where her son, James the Sixth, was born ; in the Parthenon, among the gatherings of the Antiquarian Society, you are shown the cup from which she used to feed her infant prince, and the long white kid gloves, strongly embroidered with black, which she was said to have worn upon the scaffold ; and in the dining-hall at Abbotsford, you start at a most distressing portrait of her, her head in a charger, taken the day after her execution. Near the Cathedral of Peterborough, where her body was interred, the following striking inscription was once put up in Latin. It was almost immediately removed, and the writer never discovered, and we are indebted to Camden for its preservation.

“ Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter of a king, kinswoman and next heir to the Queen of England, adorned with royal virtues and a noble spirit, having often, but in vain, implored to have the rights of a prince done

unto her, is, by a barbarous and tyrannical cruelty, cut off. And by one and the same infamous judgment, both Mary of Scotland is punished with death, and all kings now living are made liable to the same. A strange and uncouth kind of grave is this, wherein the living are included with the dead ; for we know that with her ashes the majesty of all kings and princes lie here depressed and violated. But because this regal secret doth admonish all kings of their duty, Traveller ! I shall say no more."

In the modern portion of Holyrood is a pleasant suite of apartments, which were occupied by Charles the Tenth of France, when he found refuge in Scotland from his misfortunes at home. They have ornamented ceilings, and are hung with tapestry.

The Duke of Hamilton, who is keeper of the palace, has apartments there, as has also the Marquis of Breadalbane. Those of the latter are decorated with a large collection of family portraits, among which is a fine one, by Vandyke, of Lady Isabella Rich, holding a lute, on which instrument, we are informed by the poet Waller, she had attained great excellence.

We found ourselves attracted to make repeated visits to Holyrood, and never on those occasions omitted its roofless chapel, so rich in recollections. It required, however, a strong effort of imagination to array it in the royal splendor with which the nuptials of Queen Mary were there solemnized ; and, seventy years afterwards, the coronation of her grandson, Charles the First. The processions, the ringing of bells, the gay tapestry

streaming from the windows of the city; the rich costumes of the barons, bishops, and other nobility; the king, in his robes of crimson velvet, attending devoutly to the sacred services of the day, receiving the oaths of allegiance, or scattering, through his almoner, broad gold pieces among the people, are detailed with minuteness and delight by the Scottish chroniclers of that period. "Because this was the most glorious and magnifque coronatione that ever was seine in this kingdom," says Sir James Balfour, "and the first king of Greate Britain that ever was crowned in Scotland, to behold these triumphs and ceremonies, many strangers of grate quality resorted hither from divers countries."

Who can muse at Holyrood without retracing the disastrous fortunes of the house of Stuart, whose images seem to glide from among the ruined arches, where they once held dominion. James the First was a prisoner through the whole of his early life, and died under the assassin's steel. James the Second was destroyed by the bursting of one of his own cannon at the siege of Roxburgh. James the Third was defeated in battle by rebels headed by his own son, and afterwards assassinated. James the Fourth fell, with the flower of his army, at Flodden Field, and failed even of the rites of sepulture. James the Fifth died of grief, in the prime of life, at the moment of the birth of his daughter, who, after twenty years of imprisonment in England, was condemned to the scaffold. James the First of England, though apparently more fortunate than his ances-

tors, was menaced by conspiracy, suffered the loss of his eldest son, and saw his daughter a crownless queen. Charles the First had his head struck off in front of his own palace. Charles the Second was compelled to fly from his country, and after twelve years' banishment returned to an inglorious reign. James the Second abdicated his throne, lost three kingdoms, died an exile, and was the last of his race who inhabited the palace of Holyrood.

Old Holyrood ! Edina's pride,
Where erst, in regal state arrayed,
The mitred abbots told their beads,
And chanted 'neath thy hallowed shade ;

And nobles, in thy palace courts,
Revel, and dance, and pageant led,
And trump to tilt and tourney called,
And royal hands the banquet spread ;

A lingering beauty still is thine,
Though age on age have o'er thee rolled,
Since good king David reared thy walls,
With turrets proud and tracery bold.

And still the Norman's pointed arch
Its interlacing blends sublime
With Gothic columns' clustered strength,
Where foliage starts and roses climb.

High o'er thy head rude Arthur's Seat
And Salisbury Crag in ledges rise,
Where love the hurtling winds to shriek
Wild chorus to the wintry skies.

The roofless chapel, stained with years,
And paved with tombstones damp and low,
Yon gloomy vault, whose grated doors
The bones of prince and chieftain show

Unburied, while from pictured hall,
In armor decked, or antique crown,
A strange interminable line
Of Scotia's kings look grimly down,

Yet with bold touch hath Fancy wrought,
And ranged her airy region wide,
The features and the form to give,
Where History scarce a name supplied.

Methinks o'er every mouldering wall,
Around each arch and buttress twine,
Like rustling banner's dreamy fold,
The chequered fate of Stuart's line.

First of that race, whose early years
Dragged slowly on in captive's cell ;
And he, who at the cannon's mouth
In the dire siege of Roxburgh fell ;

And he who felt the assassin's steel,
Though erst with sharper anguish tried
From rebel son and traitor chief ; —
Before my sight they seem to glide.

He, too, at Flodden Field who died,
The belt of iron round his breast,
Held his last frantic orgies here,
And rushed to battle's dreamless rest.

And Margaret's son, and Mary's sire,
Methinks I see him, wrapped in gloom,
Glance coldly on the babe, whose birth
Just marked the portal of his tomb :

“ An heir to Scotia's throne, Oh king !
A daughter fair ! ” the herald said ; —
No smile he gave, no hand he raised,
They touched his forehead — *he was dead.*

And he, the anointing oil who bore
Of Albion on his princely head,
Yet basely, near his palace-door,
Upon the sable scaffold bled,

In youthful days, when skies were bright,
And nought the coming doom betrayed,
The crown upon his temples placed
In yonder chapel's sacred shade.

But most, of Scotia's fairest flower
Old Holyrood with mournful grace
Doth every withered petal hoard,
And dwell on each recorded trace.

I 've stood upon the castled height,
Where green Carlisle its turrets rears,
And mused on Mary's grated cell,
Her smitten hopes, her captive tears,

When from Lochleven's dreary fosse,
From Langside's transient gleam of bliss,
She threw herself on queenly faith,
On kindred blood, — for this ! for this !

I 've marked along the stagnant moat,
Her stinted walk mid soldiers grim,
Or, listening, caught the burst of woe
That mingled with her vesper-hymn ;

Or 'neath the shades of Fotheringay,
In vision seen the faded eye,
The step subdued, the prayer devout,
The sentenced victim led to die.

But simpler relics, fond and few,
That in this palace-chamber lie,
Of woman's lot, and woman's care,
Touch tenderer chords of sympathy ;

The arras, with its storied lore,
By her own busy needle wrought,
The couch, where oft her throbbing brow
For sweet oblivion vainly sought ;

The basket, once with infant robes
So rich, her own serene employ,
While o'er each lovely feature glowed
A mother's yet untasted joy ;

The candelabra's fretted shaft,
Beside whose flickering midnight flame
In sad communion still she bent
With genial France, from whence it came ;

Those sunny skies, those hearts refined,
The wreaths that Love around her threw,
The homage of a kneeling realm,
The misery of her last adieu !

Ah ! were her errors all resolved
To their first elemental fount,
Must not her dark and evil times
Share deeply in the dire amount ?

We may not say ; we only know
Their record is with One on high,
Who ne'er the unuttered motive scans
With partial or vindictive eye.

Yon secret stairs, yon closet nook,
The swords that through the arras gleam,
Rude Darnley's ill-dissembled joy,
Lost Rizzio's shrill, despairing scream,

The chapel, decked for marriage rite,
The royal bride, with flushing cheek,
Triumphant Bothwell's hateful glance,
Alas ! alas ! what words they speak !

Dread gift of Beauty ! who can tell
The ills and perils round thee strown,
When warm affections fire the heart,
And Fortune gives the dangerous throne,

And Power's intoxicating cup,
And Flattery's wile the conscience tame,
And strong Temptation spreads its snare,
And scowling Hatred wakes to blame ?

Yet, since each trembling shade of guilt
None, save the eternal Judge, may know,
O'er erring hearts, by misery crushed,
Let pity's softening tear-drop flow.

HAWTHORNDEN.

THIS classic retreat is the site of a modern edifice, occupied, at the time we visited it, by Sir Francis Drummond Walker. The rock on which the rear wall of the mansion is built, descends abruptly more than a hundred feet to an abyss, or narrow passage, where the Esk forces its way. Mingled with the refinements of a modern residence are the broken arches and moss-grown relics of the ancient structure, rudely but strongly fortified.

Cut in the wall of the caverns to which you descend, are a number of compartments in the honeycomb form, which bear the name of "King Robert Bruce's Library." We had heard of the lesson he received from a spider; but did not know before that he had any affinity for the bee. His warrior's life probably made him more familiar with the use of the sting, than the honey of sweet meditation. His formidable sword was exhibited at the entrance of this curious hive.

Amid that labyrinth of subterranean dens, the Covenanters, in the days of "Old Mortality," sought refuge. Thence, also, during the contests of Bruce and Baliol,

issued Sir Alexander Ramsay, performing memorable exploits.

But the principal charm of this remarkable scenery is its association with the poet Drummond, its early master. He was in the habit of composing his verses in a romantic nook, scooped out of the face of the cliff, hidden by hawthorn, and not very accessible to the foot of the uninitiated. Here he secured that prize, so dear to the children of the muse, — freedom from the fear of interruption.

Drummond was a rare combination of the poet and the country gentleman. With him, “high-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy,” — to borrow Sir Philip Sydney’s beautiful words, — did not overpower the practical part of his nature, or the amiable sensibilities of domestic life. One of the first poems that gave him celebrity was a feeling effusion on the death of the young prince Henry, son of that Scottish James who ascended the English throne after the death of Elizabeth. The music of his sonnets seemed to linger amid his favorite shades, and we could almost fancy we heard him saying, —

“I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In Time’s great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses’ heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty’s like the purple flower,
Which finds its birth and death in one brief waning hour.”

At this sylvan retreat he entertained King Charles First, on his visit to Edinburgh. Here, also, many years afterwards, he received a different guest, — the renowned dramatist, Ben Johnson, who performed a pedestrian journey from London, to pass a few weeks under his roof. Their first interview was beneath the spreading branches of a venerable oak. Drummond advancing to meet him, exclaimed, with the warmth of Scottish hospitality,

“ Welcome, welcome, royal Ben : ”

to which the poet-laureate promptly replied, —

“ Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden.”

This characteristic greeting and rejoinder, are engraved as the motto of a ring, given me by a loved and now departed friend. What enhances its value, as well as its adaptation, is the insertion, as a signet, of a highly polished Scottish pebble, found at the root of this very oak that sanctioned, by its protecting shade, the meeting of these choice spirits. I wore it on my finger during my visit to this spot. Methought it had a talismanic power, and that the spirit of the poet still lingered among the scenery he so much loved. Its wonderfully romantic character, the wild rocks, the bold river, the secluded walks, the glens, the caves, the historical tree, the curtaining ivy, the musing garden-seats, the eloquent flowers, constituted a charm never to be forgotten.

From Hawthornden, we took it upon us to walk to Roslin-Castle, a distance of more than two miles. The broken nature of the ground made it a laborious effort, and we arrived, thoroughly wearied, at the ancient abode of the "lordly line of high St. Clair." It is a fine ruin, and the chapel has an antiquity of more than five centuries. The Earl of Roslin is at present superintending repairs upon it; and we saw some exquisite carvings, and also designs from scripture, sculptured in stone of a soft material. We were presented with some gooseberries, ripening in the garden, which were uncommonly large, but destitute of the flavor which our own warmer skies produce. But amid the vestiges and legends of baronial splendor, our talk was still of Hawthornden.

Though Scotia hath a thousand scenes
To strike the traveller's eye,
Clear-bosomed lakes, and leaping streams,
And mountains bleak and high;
Yet when he seeks his native clime
And ingle-side again,
'T would be a pity, had he missed
To visit Hawthornden.

Down, down, precipitous and rude,
The rocks abruptly go,
While through their deep and narrow gorge
Foams on the Esk below;

Yet though it plunges strong and bold,
 Its murmurs meet the ear,
Like fretful childhood's weak complaint,
 Half smothered in its fear.

There's plenty, in my own dear land,
 Of cave and wild cascade,
And all my early years were spent
 In such romantic glade ;
And I could featly climb the cliff,
 Or forest roam and fen ;
But I 've been puzzled here among
 These rocks of Hawthornden.

Here, too, are labyrinthine paths
 To caverns dark and low,
Wherein, they say, king Robert Bruce
 Found refuge from his foe ;
And still amid their relics old
 His stalwart sword they keep,
Which telleth tales of cloven heads
 And gashes, dire and deep :

While, sculptured in the yielding stone
 Full many a niche they show,
Where erst his library he stored,
 (The guide-boy told us so.)
Slight need had he of books, I trow,
 Mid hordes of savage men,
And precious little time to read
 At leagured Hawthornden.

Loud pealing from those caverns drear,
In old disastrous times,
The Covenanter's nightly hymn
Upraised its startling chimes ;
Here, too, they stoutly stood at bay,
Or, frowning, sped along,
To meet the high-born cavalier
In conflict fierce and strong.

And here 's the hawthorn-broidered nook,
Where Drummond, not in vain,
Awaited his inspiring muse,
And wooed her dulcet strain.
And there 's the oak, beneath whose shade
He welcomed tuneful Ben,
And still the memory of their words
Is nursed in Hawthornden.

Flowers ! flowers ! how thick and rich they grow,
Along the garden fair,
And sprinkle on the dewy sod
Their gifts of fragrance rare.
Methinks from many a heather bell
Peeps forth some fairy lance,
And then a tiny foot protrudes,
All ready for the dance ;

Methinks 'neath yon broad laurel leaf
They hold their revels light,
Imprinting with a noiseless step
The mossy carpet bright ;

And then their ringing laughter steals
From some sequestered glen,
A fitting place for fays to sport
Is pleasant Hawthornden.

'T were sweet indeed to linger here,
And list the streamlet's sound,
And see poetic fancies spring
Up, like the flowers around;
Up, as the creeping ivy wreathes
Its green and gadding spray,
And from the gay and heartless crowd
Steal evermore away.

Yes, sweet, if life were but a dream,
And we, on charmed ground,
Were free to choose at pleasure's call,
And not to judgment bound.
But Duty spreads a different path,
And we her call must ken ;
And so a kind and long farewell
To classic Hawthornden.

GLASGOW.

AN episode from the Athens of Scotland, to its commercial capital, furnished an agreeable variety for observation and remembrance. The intervening space of forty miles, traversed in the stage-coach, was not particularly interesting. It was sprinkled, here and there with villages; among which, the Kirk of Shorts, on the borders of a bleak moor, had a dreary aspect, and Airdrie, with its throng of iron furnaces, exhibited indubitable marks of active industry.

Glasgow, though not peculiarly picturesque, spreads out on the banks of the Clyde some finely variegated landscapes. It is the first city in Scotland, as it regards population, manufacturing energy, and the spirit of enterprize. The wealth of its merchants allows them to live in a style of princely liberality, but among the lower classes are indications of extreme poverty.

Its massy and venerable Cathedral is admired by all strangers, and boasts an antiquity of between seven and eight hundred years. The far-famed Hunterian Museum, and beautiful Botanic Garden, ought never to escape the notice of visitants. The public grounds

are adorned by many imposing statues. Among the great men thus distinguished, are Nelson, Pitt, and Wellington; Walter Scott, on his doric column of eighty feet; in the immediate vicinity, James Watt, the improver of the steam-engine; and Sir John Moore, whose elegiac tribute by Wolfe will longer perpetuate his memory than the monumental marble.

The University of Glasgow is a noble institution. Its foundation was laid about the middle of the fifteenth century, by a bequest of four acres of land, and some tenements, by the house of Hamilton. Its spacious halls were rendered more interesting to us by being thrown open for the important purposes of the great "British Association for the Advancement of Science," whose annual meeting had been appointed in this city. Hundreds of distinguished men, from different lands, were thus convened, and it was delightful to hear them presenting, day after day, in the respective section-rooms, the result of their discoveries, or unfolding their theories with earnest and varying eloquence. Here, also, we saw, for the first time, a gathering of the nobility of Scotland, and occasionally heard speeches from the Marquis of Bredalbane, the President of the Society; from Lord Sandon, Lord Mount-eagle, and others. The collateral interests of morality and benevolence were not overlooked by science, in this her proud festival; and on the subject of pauperism, and the best modes of affording it permanent relief, Dr. Chalmers repeatedly spoke with his characteristic fulness and power. He has none of the grace-

fulness of the practised orator, and his countenance is heavy, until irradiated by his subject. Then mind triumphs over matter, and makes the broad Scotch a pliant vehicle to eloquent thought. He recommended the principle of calling forth the energies of the poor for their own amelioration, without the application of any disturbing force ; that they should be assisted to elevate themselves, rather than be at once paralyzed and degraded, by casting their households on that stinted bounty whose root is taxation. To enforce his theory, he went into many details of great minuteness and simplicity, advising, among other things, the keeping of simple sewing-schools by ladies, two hours of two days in the week, for the indigent female children in their neighborhood ; and frequent visits, on the part of philanthropists and Christians, to the abodes of ignorance and vice, that the kindly sympathies thus mutually awakened, might be enlisted in the great work of reformation. He was opposed by the classic Alison, who admitted the beauty of his theory, but, by arguments drawn from the fallen nature of man, and the artificial structure of society, denied its feasibility.

Among the objects of interest in Glasgow, to those who realize the importance of a right education to a manufacturing community, is the Normal Seminary. Its design is to train teachers, by bringing them in continual contact with the young mind, according to the requisitions of what would seem a correct and efficient system. Multitudes of children are gathered in a large building, judiciously divided into class-rooms,

galleries, and other accommodations for study and exercise, — among which are five play-grounds, with suitable apparatus. Here the teachers freely mingle with their pupils, carefully superintending their modes of intercourse and the development of their dispositions and affections, in what they expressively call the “uncovered school-room.” I was delighted with their bright countenances, and the promptness and naiveté which marked the replies of some of the youngest classes, to the questions of their teachers. The infant department comprises all under six years of age, and the juvenile, all from six to fourteen. There is also a school of industry for girls from ten years old and upwards, where the various uses of the needle, so inseparably connected with domestic comfort, are admirably taught. Moral, physical, and religious culture are strenuously combined with the intellectual, in the system here established, and a spirit of happiness and order seemed to reign, unmarked by the severity of discipline. The Rev. Mr. Cunningham, formerly a professor in one of the Colleges of the United States, is the respected Rector of the Institution; and it owes much to the munificent patronage of David Stow, Esq., author of a volume entitled “The Training System,” which contains an exposition of the plan here pursued, and valuable hints on elementary education in general.

The teachers, who have issued from this Normal Seminary, will have the opportunity of widely exemplifying its system; for they are found not only in different counties of Scotland, England, and Ireland,

but in the West Indies, British America, and the far regions of Australia. Who can compute the benefit that may result from their labors, each in his own separate circle lighting the lamp of knowledge, and scattering the seeds of heaven? Or who fully estimate the value of those charities, which aid in rightly educating the unformed mind, except that Being who gave it immortality?

Among the clergymen whom we heard in Glasgow, was Mr. Robert Montgomery, the poet, sometimes mistaken for Mr. James Montgomery, to whom he is not related; and Mr. McMorland, who, on the subject of Heaven's discipline, and its intended good, spake like one who had himself borne that test.

His text was Revelations 3d and 19th:—"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent."

Afflictive dispensations are not always viewed in accordance with their design. There is an obduracy which resists both. One of the prophets speaks of those who "set their faces as a flint." But when the sorrow that presses out the bitter tears from the heart, comes upon us, and we inquire, why is this from God's mercy? behold, a letter in His handwriting, which solves the doubt,— "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten."

Christian! dost thou suffer from sickness? from bereavement? from domestic evils? from disappointment of cherished hopes? or from the attainment of those hopes, and the discovery that they are but van-

ity? Canst thou not meet them as proofs of sonship, — tests of the filial spirit, — marks of the wisdom of a Father, whose frowns are but the graver countenance of love?

Look into thy conduct; scrutinize its motives; search after the intended lesson; ask, “What wilt thou have me to do?” “Be zealous and repent;” for if one arrow is not enough, He hath a full quiver. If one plague fails of its effect, there are ten more. If one wave sufficeth not, thou mayest be made to walk “under the cloud, and through the sea,” until thy soul shall say, in utter prostration, “all thy billows have gone over me, — I have sinned; *what shall I do*, O Thou Preserver of men?”

Something like the foregoing, was said, but it loses the earnest manner of the speaker.

The society of Glasgow illustrates the truest warmth of Scottish hospitality. An unusual number of distinguished personages were gathered within its precincts at this time. Among these, it was pleasant to meet Dr. Dick, the serene, scientific philosopher; Rev. Dr. Duncan, author of “Philosophy of the Seasons,” and other works, and his wife — the mother and writer of the Memoir of Mary Lundie Duncan — beautiful, like her lamented daughter, both in person and mind. Through the untiring attention of John Hotson, Esq., and his lady, we were taken to see whatever was most desirable in the city, and, among others, to that deeply interesting spot, The Necropolis. It is situated on a bold eminence of some two hundred feet, whose base is

washed by a stream, and spanned by a graceful structure appropriately called the "Bridge of Sighs." On its apex is a lofty column, surmounted by a colossal statue of John Knox, and visible to a great distance. It was erected before the spot was consecrated to the purposes of general sepulture.

It was a bright morning when we walked there, and the sun rested pleasantly upon the homes of the dead, the turrets of the grand old cathedral in its vicinity, and the noble city stretching itself beneath. That portion of the cemetery appropriated to the Jews was deeply buried in shades, and had an air of solemnity bordering on desolation. Over the entrance was inscribed, "I heard a voice from Ramah ; lamentation, mourning, and woe ; Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not."

On the shaft of a column, which is finished in imitation of Absalom's Pillar in the King's Dale at Jerusalem, are the stanzas from Byron's Hebrew Melodies, commencing,

" Oh, weep for those, who wept by Babel's stream."

How adapted to the dispersion and sorrow of the chosen, yet scattered people, is the close of that pathetic effusion :

" Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
Where shall ye flee away and be at rest ?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind his country, Israel but a grave."

On the opposite side of the column is the magnificent poetry of their own prophets. "There is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again unto their own border. How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven to the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger. But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

Come o'er the Bridge of Sighs, some twilight hour,
When dimly gleams the fair Cathedral-tower,
And lingering daybeams faintly serve to show
The tombstones mouldering round its base below ;
— Come o'er that bridge with me, and musing think
What untold pangs have marked this streamlet's brink,
What bitter tears distilled from hearts of woe,
Since first its arches spanned the flood below.
Here hath the mother from her bleeding breast
Laid the young darling of her soul to rest ;
Here the lorn child resigned the parent stay,
To walk, despairing, on its orphan way ;
Here the riven heart that fond companion brought
By years cemented with its inmost thought ;
Here the sad throng in long procession crept,
To bear the sage, for whom a nation wept,

Or deep in dust the reverend pastor lay,
Whose pure example taught to Heaven the way.

Approach through winding paths yon terrace high,
Whose statued column strikes the traveller's eye,
Or rove from cell to cell, whose marble door
The inhospitable tenants ope no more,
Or on their tablets read the labored trace,
That asks remembrance from a dying race,
Or mark the flowers, whose lips with fragrance flow,—
The sweetest tribute to the loved below.

Poor child of Judah, exiled and oppressed,
How wrapped in shades thy lowly spot of rest!
Type of thy fate, for whom no sunbeam falls
In peace and power, on Zion's sacred walls;
But by strange streams thy silent harp is hung,
And captive numbers tremble on thy tongue.
Dark is yon gate, through which thy mourners pass
To hide their idols 'neath the matted grass,
And sad the dirge, no Saviour's name that knows
To gild with glorious hope their last repose.
Oh! turn thine eye from Sinai's summit red,
Our Elder Sister, fly its thunders dread;
List to the lay that flowed o'er Bethlehem's plain,
When star and angel warned the shepherd train;
Thou lov'st our Father's Book, — its seers believe,
To thy torn breast the Holy Cross receive,

Bind to the frowning Law the Gospel sweet,
And cast thy burdens at Messiah's feet.

But whether this secluded haunt we tread,
Where Caledonia shrouds her cherished dead,
Or where the Turk funereal cypress rears,
Or the poor Cambrian plants his vale of tears,
Or search Mount Auburn's consecrated glades,
Mid lakes and groves and labyrinthine shades,
Or Laurel Hill, where silver Schuylkill flows,
Quiescent guarding while its guests repose,
Or near the Lehigh's rippling margin roam,
Where the Moravian finds his dead a home,
In lowly grave, by clustering plants o'ergrown,
That half conceals its horizontal stone,
One voice, one language, speaks each sacred scene,
Sepulchral vault, or simpler mound of green,
One voice, one language, breathes with changeless
power,
Graved on the stone, or trembling in the flower.

That voice is love for the pale clay, that shrined
And fondly lodged the never-dying mind,
Toiled for its welfare, with its burdens bent,
Wept o'er its woes, and at its bidding went,
Thrilled at its joys, with zeal obeyed its will,
And 'neath the stifling clod remembers still.
Though on the winds its severed atoms fly,
It hoards the promise of the Archangel's cry,

Though slain, trusts on, though buried, hopes to rise,
In ashes fans a fire that never dies,
And with the resurrection's dawning light
Shall burst its bonds, revivify, unite,
Rush to its long lost friend, with stainless grace,
And dwell forever in its pure embrace.

LOCH LOMOND.

WHILE down the lake's translucent tide
With gently curving course we glide,
Its silver ripples, faint and few,
Alternate blend with belts of blue,
As fleecy clouds, on pinions white,
Careering fleck the welkin bright.

But lo ! Ben Lomond's awful crown
Through shrouding mists looks dimly down ;
For though, perchance, his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His haughty bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below.

Close-woven shades, with varying grace,
And crag and cavern mark his base,
And trees, whose naked roots protrude
From bed of rock and lichens rude ;
And where, 'mid dizzier cliffs are seen
Entangled thickets sparsely green,
Methinks I trace, in outline drear,
Old Fingal with his shadowy spear,

His gray locks streaming to the gale,
And followed by his squadrons pale.

Yes, slender aid from Fancy's glass
It needs, as round these shores we pass,
Mid glen and thicket dark, to scan
The wild MacGregor's stormy clan,
Emerging, at their chieftain's call,
To foray or to festival ;
While nodding plumes and tartans bright
Gleam wildly o'er each glancing height.

But as the spectral vapors rolled
Away in vestments dropped with gold,
The healthier face of summer sky,
With the shrill bagpipe's melody,
Recall, o'er distant ocean's foam,
The fondly treasured scenes of home ;
And thoughts, on angel-pinions driven,
Drop in the heart the seeds of heaven,
Those winged seeds, whose fruit sublime
Decays not with decaying time.

The loving child, the favorite theme
Of morning hour or midnight dream,
The tender friend so lowly laid
Mid our own church-yard's mournful shade,
The smitten babe, who never more
Must sport around its father's door,
Return they not, as phantoms glide,
And silent seat them at our side ?

Like Highland maiden, sweetly fair,
The snood and rosebud in her hair,
Yon emerald isles, how calm they sleep
On the pure bosom of the deep ;
How bright they throw, with waking eye,
Their lone charms on the passer-by ;
The willow with its drooping stem,
The thistle's hyacinthine gem,
The feathery fern, the graceful deer,
Quick starting as the strand we near,
While, with closed wing and scream subdued,
The Osprays nurse their kingly brood.

High words of praise, the pulse that stir,
Burst from each joyous voyager ;
And Scotia's streams and mountains hoar,
The wildness of her sterile shore,
Her broken caverns, that prolong
The echoes of her minstrel song,
Methinks might catch the enthusiast-tone,
That breathes amid these waters lone.
Even I, from fair Columbia's shore,
Whose lakes a mightier tribute pour,
And bind with everlasting chain
The unshorn forest to the main ;
Superior's surge, like ocean proud,
That leaps to lave the vexing cloud ;
Huron, that rolls with gathering frown
A world of waters darkly down ;

And Erie, shuddering on his throne
At strong Niagara's earthquake tone ;
And bold Ontario, charged to keep
The barrier 'tween them and the deep,
 Who oft in sounds of wrath and fear,
And dark with cloud-wreathed diadem,
 Interpreteth to Ocean's ear
Their language, and his will to them ;
I, reared amid that western vale,
Where nature works on broader scale,
Still with admiring thought and free,
Loch Lomond, love to gaze on thee,
Reluctant from thy beauties part,
And bless thee with a stranger's heart.

CORRA LINN.

THOU 'RT beautiful, sweet Corra Linn,
In thy sequestered place,
Thy plunge on plunge mid wreathing foam
Abrupt, yet full of grace,
Down, down, with bold and breathless speed,
Into thy rock-sown bed,
Bright sunbeams on thy glancing robes,
Rude crags above thy head.

Thy misty dew is on the trees,
And forth with gladness meet,
They reach the infant leaf and bud,
To take thy baptism sweet.
No Clydesdale spears are flashing high,
In foray wide and rude,
But Corra's time-rocked castle sleeps
In peaceful solitude.

What wouldst thou think, sweet Corra Linn,
Shouldst thou Niagara spy,

That mighty monarch of the West
With terror in his eye ?
Thou 'dst fear him on his Ocean-throne,
Like lion in his lair,
Meek, snooded maiden, dowered with all
That father Clyde can spare.

For thou might'st perch, like hooded bird,
Upon his giant hand,
Nor 'mid his world of waters wake
A ripple on his strand.
He'd drink thee up, sweet Corra Linn,
And thou, to crown the sip,
Would scarce a wheen of bubbles make
Upon his monstrous lip.

Thy voice, that bids the foliage quake
Around thy crystal brim,
Would quaver, like the cricket's chirp,
Mid his hoarse thunder-hymn.
For, like a thing that scorns the earth,
He rears his awful crest,
And takes the rainbow from the skies,
And folds it round his breast.

Thou 'rt passing fair, sweet Corra Linn,
And he, who sees thee leap
Into the bosom of the flood,
Might o'er thy beauty weep.

But lone Niagara still doth speak
Of God, both night and day,
And force from each terrestrial thought
The gazer's soul away.

EDINBURGH.

THE beauty of Edinburgh, in itself, and in its environs, and the intellectual atmosphere that enwraps it, are eulogized by all. We entered it with high anticipations, yet they were more than realized. Every day revealed something new, and supplied an unwearied strength to visit and to admire.

It seems, more than other cities, to fasten on the imagination, from the nature of its scenery, the strange events which History has embodied here, and the high native genius which has immortalized all. The contrast between the Old and New Town is most striking; one so fresh, bold, and beautiful, the other with its dark, stifling wynds and closes, its gloomy, twelve-storied houses, quaking to their very foundations at their own loftiness, the abode of mysterious legends, or spectral imagery. To pass from the classic domes on Calton Hill, or the princely mansions in Moray Place, and look into the abysses of the Cowgate and Canon-gate, just when the earliest glimmering lamps begin to make visible their filth, poverty, and misery, is like a sudden rush from the Elysian fields to the dominions of Pluto.

The past stands forth with peculiar distinctness in Edinburgh. It has been so well defined by her historians, that it mingles with the current of passing things. You can scarcely disentangle, from the web of the present, the associations that throng around you, while standing on the radiated spot in the pavement where the "old cross of Dun-Edin" once reared itself; walking in the purlieus of the Grass-Market, so often saturate with noble blood; or musing amid the corridors and carved ceilings of the Old Parliament-House, you pause at the trap-door, which from the "lock-up-house," eighty feet beneath, gave entrance to the haggard prisoners into the criminal court, and imagine the tide of agonizing emotions, which from age to age that narrow space has witnessed. A similar dreaminess and absorption in the past, steal over you, when, in the rock-ribbed Castle, you gaze on the ancient regalia, so bright, yet now so obsolete; or while exploring the Register-Office, with its strong stone arches, enter the circular room, with its richly carved and sky-lighted dome, where repose, in state, the many massy volumes of Scotland's annals; or see, in other apartments, the decrees and signatures of her kings, for seven hundred years; the illuminated folio, where the articles of Union, in the reign of Queen Anne, were inscribed; and the repository of the crests, autographs, and seals of the ancient nobles and Highland chieftains, many of whose hands were less familiar with the pen than with the good claymore. In the archives of the Antiquarian Society, which are kept in a noble build-

ing, on the plan of the Parthenon, there seems a sort of blending of antique with modern recollections, as you examine coats of mail, warriors' boots of amazing weight and capacity,—the terrible two-handed sword,—the cumbrous and cruel instrument of death, strangely called "The Maiden,"—the pulpit of John Knox, and the joint-stool hurled by Jane Geddes at the head of the Dean of Peterborough, who, she said, was "preaching popery in her lugs," when he essayed to read the Liturgy, commanded to be used in the churches by Charles the First.

I have hinted that an unusual perseverance animated us in our explorations of Edinburgh. We seemed neither to feel fatigue, nor to fear satiety. The acme of a traveller's zeal came over us there. It was like a first love, rendered more unquenchable by the restraints and apprehensions of the voyage, from which we had recently escaped. The magnificent prospect from Arthur's Seat, the cold trickling waters of St. Anthony's fountain, the rugged cairn of Nichol Muskat, and the birthplace of the magician who described it, the sweet scenery of Randolph's cliff, the squares, the statues, the drives in the suburbs, the noble University, the princely libraries, the model schools, the hospitals, the churches, even the shops of the lapidaries, where the Scottish pebble is made to take its place among gems, the club-rooms, in whose luxurious arrangement men may sometimes overlook the humbler "blink of their ain fireside," the publishing houses, from whence the influence of genius and learning hath gone

forth over Europe and the world; these and many other localities, which the time would fail to specify, were visited with eagerness, either on their own account, or because they appertained to this modern Athens.

It was interesting to visit the establishments of Blackwood, the Edinburgh Magazine, and the brothers Chambers, from whence intellectual light has so long radiated to our own side of the Atlantic; and also to see, at Cadell's, many manuscript works of Walter Scott, which had been there published, neatly bound, and sheltered under glass cases, and written with such surprising correctness, that for a succession of pages scarcely a single erasure or alteration would occur.

As our visit to Edinburgh took place during a vacation in the University, we were deprived of the privilege of seeing several distinguished personages, who were absent from the city. Still, we were sensible of no deficiency, for every day brought its fulness of satisfaction. Here we were first initiated into the pleasure of the Scottish social breakfasts. They are managed with great ease, yet sufficiently significant of attention to the stranger-guest; and, avoiding the formality and expenditure both of time and money attendant on dinner-parties, better subserve the purposes of friendly intercourse. Sometimes they were preceded by the morning religious services of the family. On one such occasion, at the house of a venerable clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Innes, in a few brief remarks on the chapter which speaks of the loss of the soul, intro-

duced two forcible quotations, the closing one of which was from Robert Hall : "How bitter to think and to feel, when thought and feeling are agony, — to shrink from the relentless tempest, and find all shelter hopeless ; how fearful to have committed a mistake which is both infinite and irreparable, — a mistake which it will take an eternity to deplore, an eternity to comprehend."

At St. John's Chapel, we heard, with pleasure, the Dean of Edinburgh, and admired a large window of stained glass, in whose gorgeous colors the twelve apostles were depicted. But to particularize the objects that delighted us would require a separate volume. Scotland illustrates in this, her favorite city, both her intellectual riches and the frankness with which she receives the stranger into her heart of hearts.

Towards me, the last named amiable feeling was deepened, by sudden illness, into Christian sympathy. An affection of the throat, almost amounting to croup, was occasioned by climbing Salisbury's Cliff, in a wind strong enough to have swept less material objects into the Frith of Forth. The care, the nursing-kindness then so tenderly exercised for me, can never be forgotten. Nor was it without surprise, that I, who had pertinaciously maintained a sort of concealed homesickness amid all outward delights, found my eyes blinded with tears, at bidding farewell to Edinburgh.

Fair Queen of Caledon, thou sitt'st
Majestic and alone,

The strong arm of the rugged sea
A girdle round thee thrown,
The gorgeous thistle in thy hand,
That drinks the sunny ray,
While graceful on the northern breeze
Thine unbound tresses play.

In casket of the massy rock,
Within yon castled height,
Thou lay'st thy rich regalia by,
Dear to thy heart, and bright,
And clasping Albion's proffered hand,
A tear-drop in thine een,
All nobly by her side doth stand,
Though crownless, yet a queen.

I said thou bad'st in castled nook
Thy loved regalia rest,
And changed it for the olive branch,
That shadoweth brow and breast,
For this no more in contest rude,
Or challenge mad with haste,
Or savage shock of border wars,
Thy sons their blood shall waste ;

No more, as erst, stern watch and ward
Upon yon hill-tops hold,
Where now the shepherd's voice at eve
Doth warn his flocks afold,

But freely pour a glowing soul
To thrill the tuneful lyre,
And mark on Calton's beauteous brow
Athenian domes aspire ;

And thou, with kindly guiding hand,
May'st help the pilgrim wight,
Who breathless climbs to seek a seat
On Arthur's towering height,
Or taste from old St. Antoine's well
Cold water sparkling free,
Or o'er that ruined chapel pore,
Queen Margaret gave to thee.

St. Giles, like time-tried sentinel,
Uplifts his cross on high,
And stirs his ancient might to guard
Thy pristine majesty ;
And Learning reareth massive walls
Thy fairest haunts among,
While, as a charmed child, the world
Doth list thy magic song.

Yet settling o'er thy brow I see
A tinge of mournful thought,
For Autumn blights the heather-flower,
That generous Summer brought ;
And though I seek a greener clime,
Where flowers are fair to see,

Still, still, sweet Queen of Caledon,
My spirit turns to thee.

There may, indeed, be richer realms,
Where pride and splendor roll,
But thou art skilled to soothe the pang
That rives the stranger's soul ;
There may, perchance, be those who say
Thy mountain-land is drear,
Yet thou hast still the wealth that wins
The stranger's grateful tear :

And when, my weary wanderings o'er,
I seek my native land,
And by mine ingle-side once more
Do clasp the kindred hand,
And when my listening children ask
For tales of land and sea,
Their hands a wreath of love shall twine,
Edina, dear, for thee.

MELROSE AND ABBOTSFORD.

THE village of Melrose nestles at the foot of the protecting Eildon Hills. It has little power to interest the traveller, save through its famous old Abbey. In this it is impossible to be disappointed, whether it is seen by the "pale moonlight," or not. The style of its architecture, its clustered columns, its niches filled with statues, its exquisite carvings, from whence the leaflets, flowers, and fruits stand out with great boldness and a delicate truth to nature, prove that the ornamental parts must have been executed several centuries later than its erection under David the First. Every visitant must admire, on the capital of a column, from whence the roof which it once supported has mouldered away, a carved hand, in exceedingly bold relief, clasping a garland of roses. It was pleasant to see, in a partially enclosed courtyard, a few sheep cropping the herbage that crept up among the stones and between the fragments of fallen pillars. It reminded us of the flocks that some tourist has described, as feeding so quietly amid the ruins of the circus of Caracalla, at Rome.

Our guide through Melrose was Mr. John Bower, quite an original character, and somewhat of an artist, who interspersed his services with anecdotes, to which his broad Scotch dialect imparted additional interest. He is the same person whom Washington Irving characterizes as "the showman of Melrose. He was loud in his praises of the affability of Sir Walter Scott, giving life to his narrations by using the present tense. 'He'll come here sometimes,' said he, 'with great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is hearing his voice calling out Johnny! Johnny Bower! and when I go out, I'm sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and laugh wi' me, just like an auld wife, and to think that of a man that has sich an awfu' knowledge o' history.'"

Johnny Bower spoke with enthusiasm of his favorite hero, and requested us to sit on the stone seat, where he used to rest, when fatigued with walking about on his lame limb, to exhibit the favorite abbey to his numerous guests. "It was all a trick," said he, "the getting him to be buried at Dryburgh. This was the place. Everybody knows that he cam here sax times and mair to his ance visiting the Dryburgh ruin."

On pointing out the marble slab, which covers the dust of Alexander the Second, some remark was made about the period of his accession, to which Johnny Bower, as he called himself, responded in two lines from Marmion:—

"A clerk might tell what years have flown
Since Alexander filled the throne."

Large portions of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" were familiar to him, which he recited when any surrounding object recalled them. Directing our attention to a rough, red stone in the wall, on which were the words, "Here lye the race of the house of Year," or Carr, the present Dukes of Roxburgh, he told us that our "great countryman, Washington Irving, said, 'there was a haill sarmon on the vanity of pomp in that single line.'" After his agency as our guide had terminated, we were invited to his apartments, where we saw his wife, and a variety of drawings and casts from Melrose, several of which he had himself executed; and were pleased to have an opportunity of purchasing of him some engravings.

When we visited Abbotsford, it was rich with a profusion of roses and ripening fruits. Embosomed in shades, it presents an irregular assemblage of turret, parapet and balcony. The principal hall is hung with armor, and the emblazoned shields of border chieftains. It is about forty feet in length, and paved with black and white marble. It leads to a room of smaller dimensions, called the armory, where are multitudes of antique implements of destruction, and curiosities from various climes. Scott's antiquarian tastes are inwrought with the structure of the building. Here and there is a pannel, richly carved from the oak of Holyrood, or the old palace of Dunfermline. We were also shown a chimneypiece from Melrose, and told that there was a roof from Roslin Chapel, and a gate from Linlithgow. In the drawing-room, dining-room, and breakfast par-

lor, are many pictures, and gifts from persons of distinction. There are also an ebony writing-desk presented by George the Third, chairs by George the Fourth and the Pope, and ornaments in Italian marble by Lord Byron.

The magnificence of the library strikes every eye. It is sixty feet by fifty, and contains more than twenty thousand volumes, beautifully arranged. It has a bold projecting window, commanding a lovely view of rural scenery and the classic Tweed. Shakspeare's bust, and one of Scott, by Chantry, and a full-length portrait of his eldest son, in military costume, are among the ornaments of this noble apartment. It is a pleasing instance of the filial piety of this only surviving son, that every article throughout the mansion remains, by his orders, in exactly the same situation in which it was left by his father. The books, the antiquarian relics, all retain the places given them by him, and the last suit of clothes that he wore is preserved under a glass case in his closet.

But it was in the smaller room, used as a study, that one most feelingly realizes the truth, that

“ Hushed is the harp, the minstrel gone ! ”

Lighted by a single window, its furniture is extremely simple. I think there was but one chair in it, beside that which he was accustomed to occupy. Here was the working-spot, where, dismissing all extraneous objects, he bent his mind to its mighty tasks.

We were told that the lamp over the mantel-piece, by which he wrote, he was in the habit of lighting himself. It was still partially filled with oil. But the eye that drew light from it, and threw the mental ray to distant regions, is shrouded in the darkness of the grave.

It was in this apartment that, after his mind had received its fatal shock from disease, he made his last ineffectual effort to write. The sad scene can never be as well described, as in the words of Lockhart.

“He repeated his desire so earnestly to be taken to his own room, that we could not refuse. His daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order. I then moved him through the hall into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, ‘Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.’ Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it. But they refused their office, and it dropped upon the paper. He sunk back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks. But composing himself by and by, he motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. After a little while he dropt into a slumber. On his awaking, Laidlaw said to me, ‘Sir Walter has had a little repose.’ ‘No, Willie,’ he replied, ‘no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.’”

After walking about the grounds of Abbotsford, we found, in a small, smoky hut, the widow of Purdie, so long Scott's forester, and confidential servant. She told us stories of the laird, with zeal and pleasure. Her wrinkled face lighted up as she spoke of the days of his prosperity, when his house overflowed with guests. She dwelt, mournfully, upon his kind farewell at her door, when he left for his continental tour, and the sad change in his appearance after his return. We were the more pleased to listen to her tales, and see her honest sympathy, from having just been annoyed by a different demeanor in the person appointed to show the apartments at Abbotsford. We had been forewarned by Johnny Bower that we should be waited upon by an English woman, who felt little interest in Sir Walter, whom she had never seen, and who would try to hurry us through our researches. "But ne'er ye mind thaut," said he, "staund firm." Yet we did not find it quite so easy to "*staund firm*," driven as we were from room to room, our questions answered in a most laconic style, and the explanations that we desired, denied. The cause of this singular want of attention might have been the discovery of another party upon the grounds, whose expected fee she was probably impatient to add to our own. It is surely desirable that a spot like Abbotsford, one of the "Mecca-shrines" of Scotland, should be exhibited to pilgrims either by a native of its clime, or at least by one not deficient in the common courtesy of a guide.

A picture of Tom Purdie, the faithful servant, hangs in the dining-room at Abbotsford, in the vicinity of dukes and princes. Near the Abbey of Melrose is his grave and monument, with this inscription, from the pen of his beloved master :

In grateful remembrance
of the faithful and attached services
of twenty-two years,
and in sorrow for the loss of a humble, but sincere friend,
this stone was erected by
Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford.

Here lies the body of Thomas Purdie,
Wood-Forester, at Abbotsford,
who died 29th of October, 1829, aged sixty-two years.

“Thou hast been faithful over a few things;
I will make thee ruler over many things.”
Matt. xxv. 21.

Dryburgh is among the most beautiful of the ancient abbeys of Scotland. The effect of its ruins is heightened by their standing forth in solitary prominence, amidst a charming landscape. The Tweed sweeps around them like a crescent, and the lofty back-ground is shrouded in rich foliage, where the oak, the beech, and the mournful yew predominate. Among other

noble and striking points of the structure, the windows are conspicuous. One large one, in the southern part of the transept, divided by four mullions, rises to a lofty height, and is seen majestically in the distance; another, of a circular form, in the western gable of what was formerly the refectory, with the dark foliage waving through it, is singularly picturesque.

Several stone coffins, or sarcophagi, of apparently great antiquity, have been discovered in these precincts, and are shown with their venerable coating of green moss and mould. In the place appropriated to the burial of the Erskines, or Earls of Mar, we observed an inscription bearing date in 1168, and another commemorating the youngest of the thirty-three children of Ralph Erskine. In the chapter-house, which resembles a spacious cellar, we were surprised by a vast assemblage of figures and busts, in plaster of Paris. They seemed a deputation from every age and clime. We could scarcely have anticipated, in a ruinous vault of Teviotdale, thus to meet Socrates and Cicero and Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare and Locke and Brutus, the Abbot of Melrose, with his pastoral staff, John Knox, Charles Fox and the Ettrick Shepherd, Count Rumford and Benjamin Franklin and Watt of Birmingham, a strangely assorted and goodly company.

But the visitant of Dryburgh goes first and last to the grave, where, on September 26, 1832, Sir Walter Scott was laid with the Haliburtons, his maternal ancestors. Around it are gathered many of the objects that in life he loved. Luxuriant vines, with their

clasping tendrils, — the overhanging ivy, — the melancholy cypress, — the mellow song of birds, — the distant voice of Tweed, — Gothic arches with their solemn shadow, and kindred dust reposing near, hallow the poet's tomb.

Master of Abbotsford !

Magician strange and strong !
Whose voice of power is heard
By an admiring throng,
From court to peasant's cot, —
We come, but thou art gone,
We speak, thou answerest not, —
Thy work is done.

Thou slumberest with the noble dead,
In Dryburgh's solemn pile,
Amid the peer and warrior bold,
And mitred abbots stern and old,
Who sleep in sculptured aisle,
While Scotia's skies, with azure gleaming,
Are through the oriel window streaming,
Where ivied mosses creep ;
And clothed in symmetry sublime,
The moss-clad towers that mock at time,
Their mouldering legends keep.

And yet, methinks, Melrose had spread
Above her honor'd minstrel's head,

Most fitting couch of holy rest,
And fondest lulled him on her breast,
Where burst his first, most ardent song,
Tweed's murmuring tides and depths along,
While the young moonbeams quivering faint
O'er mural tablet sculptured quaint,
 Reveal a lordly race, —
And knots of roses richly wrought,
And tracery light as poet's thought,
 The clustered columns grace.
There good king David's rugged mien
Fast by his faithful spouse is seen,
 And 'neath the stony floor
Lie chiefs of Douglas' haughty breast,
Contented now to take their rest,
 And rule their kings no more.
There, if we heed thy witching strain,
The fearless knight of Deloraine
Achieved his purpose, strange and bold,
At rifled tomb and midnight cold ;
And there amid the roofless wall,
Where blended shower and sunlight fall,
With stealthy step and half afraid,
Still crops the lamb the scanty blade ;
While near is seen the seat of stone,
 Whereon thou oft wouldst rest
When thou hadst tower and transept shown
 To many a grateful guest,
And voices still of friendly tone
 Speak out, and call thee blest.

'T was but a mournful sight to see
Trim Abbotsford so gay,
The rose-trees flaunting there so bold,
The ripening fruits in rind of gold,
And thou, their lord, away.
There stood the lamp, with oil unspent,
O'er which thy thoughtful brow was bent,
When erst with magic skill
Unearthly beings heard thy call,
And buried ages thronged the hall,
Obedient to thy will.
This fair domain was all thine own,
From towering rock to threshold stone ;
Yet didst thou lavish pay
The coin that caused life's wheels to stop,
The heart's blood oozing, drop by drop,
Through the tired brain away ?

I said thy lamp unspent was there,
Thy books arranged in order fair,
But none of all thy kindred race
Found in those lordly halls a place.
Thine only son in foreign lands
Led bravely on his martial bands,
And stranger lips, unmoved and cold,
The legends of thy mansion told, —
They lauded glittering brand and spear,
And costly gift from prince and peer,
And broad claymore, with silver dight,

And hunting-horn of border knight,
What were such gauds to me ?
More dear had been one single word,
From those whose veins thy blood had stirred
To Scotia's accents free.

Yet one there was in humble cell,
One poor retainer, lone and old,
Who of thy youth remembered well,
And many a treasured story told ;
While pride upon her wrinkled face
Mixed strangely with the trickling tear,
As memory from its choicest place
Brought forth, in wildly varied trace,
Thy boyhood's gambols dear ;
Or pointed out, with withered hand,
Where erst thy garden-seat did stand,
When thou, returned from travel vain,
Wrapped in thy plaid, and pale with pain,
Didst gaze with vacant eye,
For stern disease had drained the fount
Of mental vision dry.

Ah ! what avails with giant power
To wrest the trophies of an hour ;
One moment write with flashing eye
Our name on castled turrets high,
And yield, the next, a broken trust,
To earth, to ashes, and to dust.

Master of Abbotsford

No more thou art !

But prouder trace and mightier word,
Than palace-dome or arch sublime
Have ever won from wrecking time,

Do keep thy record in the heart.

Thou, who with tireless hand didst sweep
Away the damps of ages deep,
And fire with wild baronial strain
The harp of chivalry again,
And bid its long-forgotten swell
Thrill through the soul, farewell ! farewell !

Thou, who didst make from shore to shore
Bleak Caledonia's mountains hoar,
Her clear lakes bosomed in their shade,
Her sheepfolds scattered o'er the glade,
Her rills with music leaping down,
The perfume of her heather brown,
Familiar, as their native glen,
To differing tribes of distant men,
Patriot and bard ! Edina's care
Shall keep thine image fresh and fair,
Embalming to remotest time
The Shakspeare of her tuneful clime.

HUNTLEY-BURN.

HUNTLEY-BURN is a romantic stream issuing from a small lake, or tarn, on the estate at Abbotsford, and running a course of the wildest beauty, during which it falls over a steep bank into a natural basin, overhung with the mountain ash. It passes through a spot called the Rhymer's Glen, where, according to tradition, "Tam the Rhymour" used to hold intercourse with the Fairy Queen. It is in the vicinity of some of the plantings of Sir Walter Scott, and a place where he loved to wander by himself and with his guests. It was also still more endeared to him by the neighboring residence of the Ferguson family, with whom his own were in habits of delightful intimacy. To their hospitable roof he used to resort, when wearied with an irruption of visitants, or that vapid flattery, with which the heartless thought to compensate for their intrusions on his valuable time, which he occasionally complained to his friends was "pecked away by teaspoonfuls."

Mention is made of the death of one of the young ladies of the family at Huntley-Burn, in a touching

tribute of Lockhart to his departed wife, in the third volume of that interesting memorial of her father, which his powerful pen has completed for posterity.

“She, whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight of all our social meetings, — she, to whose love I owed my own place in them — Scott’s eldest daughter, — the one of all his children, who in countenance, mind, and manners most resembled him, and who indeed was as like him in all things, as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life, — she too is no more ; and the very hour that saw her laid in her grave, her dearest friend, Margaret Ferguson, breathed her last also.”

This fair cascade of Huntley-Burn was to me more interesting, from bearing the name of my paternal ancestors, who were of Scottish descent ; and its wild glen and romantic scenery inspired pleasant musings, and cherished recollections.

Imp of the Cauldshiel’s shaded tarn,
Whence hast thou such a sparkling eye ?
Such pleasant voice, thy tales to tell ?
Such foot of silver dancing by ?

Like merry child of sombre sire,
Thou charm’st the glen with playful wile,
’Till the dark boughs that o’er thee droop,
Imbibe the magic of thy smile.

Thou wert of him a favor'd sprite,
Who left to Abbotsford a name ;
And to each zone of earth bequeathed
Some planted scion of his fame :

Thou brought'st him fancy's food at twilight dim,
And now to us dost give memorials sweet of him.

SHEEP AMONG THE CHEVIOTS.

THE Cheviots, which are represented in some of the ancient ballads, as green with waving woods, seem now to be a chain of bald hills, much devoted to the pasturage of flocks. Around their base the little circular cotes or folds are scattered. In some parts of this region, the sheep are celebrated for the productiveness of their fleece, and discussions respecting their different races and comparative merits, are earnestly pursued by the neighboring farmers.

Sir Walter Scott, soon after removing to his rural residence at Ashestiel, writes: "For more than a month my head has been fairly tenanted by ideas, neither literary nor poetical. Long sheep and short sheep, and such kind of matters, have made a perfect sheepfold of my understanding." The Ettrick shepherd relates an apposite anecdote of one of his interviews with him in 1801. "During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran much on the different breeds of sheep. The original black-faced Forest breed being always called the *short sheep*, and the Cheviot race the *long sheep*, disputes at that period ran very high

about the practicable profits of each. Scott, who had come into our remote district only to collect fragments of legendary lore, was bored with everlasting discussion about long and short sheep. At length, putting on a serious, calculating face, he asked Mr. Walter Bryden, "How long must a sheep actually measure, to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?" He, not perceiving the quiz, fell to answer with great simplicity, 'It 's the woo' (wool) it 's the woo' that makes the difference. The lang sheep ha'e the short woo', and the short sheep ha'e the lang woo' ; and these are only jist kind o' names we gie 'em.' Scott found it impossible to preserve his gravity, and this incident is skilfully wrought into his story of the 'Black Dwarf.'"

We sometimes observed the flocks to stop grazing, and regard passing travellers with fixed attention. Whether they gazed from idle curiosity, or from that love of knowledge which is common to their Scottish masters, or were a peculiarly contemplative species of sheep,—or, whether their rather scanty fare might not keep their mental perceptions in greater activity, we failed perfectly to understand.

Graze on, graze on, there comes no sound
Of border-warfare here,
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe, or spear,
No belted knight in armor bright,
With glance of kindled ire,

Doth change the sports of Chevy-Chase
To conflict stern and dire.

Ye wist not that ye press the spot,
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches, in his pride,
The "chiefest harts to slay ;"
And where the stout Earl Douglas rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With "fifteen hundred Scottish spears,"
To stay the invaders' deed.

Ye wist not, that ye press the spot
Where, with his eagle eye,
King James, and all his gallant train,
To Flodden Field swept by.*
The queen was weeping in her bower,
Amid her maids that day,
And on her cradled nursling's face
Those tears like pearl-drops lay.

For madly 'gainst her native realm
Her royal husband went,
And led his flower of chivalry
As to a tournament ;

* The great battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9, 1513, between Henry VIII. and James IV. of Scotland,—the latter having married Margaret, sister of the English king, and daughter of Henry VII.

He led them on, in power and pride,
But ere the fray was o'er,
They on the blood-stained heather slept,
And he returned no more.

Graze on, graze on, there's many a rill
Bright-sparkling through the glade,
Where ye may freely slake your thirst,
With none to make afraid ;
There's many a wandering stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Distains its crystal tide :

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feuds
That made their noblest bleed,
And, like two friends, around whose hearts
Some dire estrangement run,
Love all the better for the past,
And sit them down as one.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

HERE we are, once more in England. Some of the parting glimpses of Scottish scenery were beautiful, — as “blessings brighten when they take their flight.” Of this order, were the Abbey and Castle of Kelso, which revealed themselves in an imposing manner, not easily to be forgotten.

But truly, this hotel of the “Queen’s Head,” at Newcastle, has many comforts, peculiarly English. Opening out of the parlor, is the nicest recess, with a carved ceiling, lighted by two windows, where is a writing-table, and every imaginable convenience for entrapping thought into intercourse with the pen. My little ones must have a greeting from this pleasant haunt.

Feeling the slight chill of an October morning, we ordered a fire in the adjoining room, when the servant, plunging a heated poker into the well-filled grate, ignited it instantly. Not being acquainted with the combustible quality of the coal in this region, we were surprised at the rapidity of the operation. The collieries here are extensively wrought, and boats, covering

the Tyne, are loaded with their products, which, both in excellence and abundance, are remarkable. This fine river, about eight or ten miles above its confluence with the German Ocean, bears, on its north bank, Newcastle, and on its south, Gateshead, which being united by bridges, form an aggregate population of more than 100,000. Beside the staple trade in coal, there are manufactories of iron, glass, and lead. A busy and thriving place, is this Northumbrian city. Portions of it are extremely well built, though strong contrasts exist between the old and modern divisions. The churches of All Saints and St. Nicholas are grand structures, and the spire of the last very lofty and beautiful.

Newcastle, it is well known, was an ancient Roman station. The Emperor Adrian spanned the Tyne by a stone bridge, as early as 120; and soon after connected, by earthen rampart, the line of forts which had been erected, forty years before, by Julius Agricolaë. Vestiges are still visible of the wall with which Severus, in 207, strengthened the fortifications of Adrian; and of a still more stupendous one erected by the combined action of Rome and Britain, to repel their persevering and incursive neighbors, the Scots and Picts.

Our entrance to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was during the shades of evening. Lights flickered here and there among the environs, gliding and disappearing, as if Will-of-the-Wisp was dancing among the coal-beds. At length we discovered those mystic torches marked an encampment of gipsies. Occasional spots of more

sustained brilliance, revealed preparations for their nightly repast. Children, with wild elf-locks, appeared and vanished. One or two of the young females, who came more distinctly within the range of our vision, exhibited striking features, and some of those graceful movements which Nature teaches.

The number of this singular people is not great in England, though it is difficult correctly to compute it, from their roving and scarcely tangible modes of existence. The men are sometimes seen vigorously laboring among the hay-makers and hop-gatherers, in the counties of Surry and Kent.

Henry the Eighth, during whose reign the gipsies first appeared in Great Britain, enacted severe laws against them as vagrants, which were enforced by Elizabeth and Anne. In Scotland, they were in early times treated with more mildness, and the gude-wife, who gave them a night's hospitality, was often pleased to find that they remembered her afterwards by some slight gift, perhaps a horn spoon for her child. In the construction of this article, and of simple baskets, they are skilful, and likewise officiate as tinkers and rude musicians. Pilfering and palmistry are said to be indigenous among them; yet, like our aboriginal Americans, they have some strong traits of character, susceptibilities both of revenge and of gratitude. Though their race have been for ages regarded with contempt or indifference, there have always been individuals to extend to them pity or kindness, and within the last twenty or thirty years, a few Christian philanthropists

have been desirous to enlighten their ignorance, and ameliorate their condition. Among them, Mr. Hoyland, of the Society of Friends, has been persevering in this mission of mercy. He has visited their encampments, and sought to gain influence over them for good. A grayhaired woman of more than eighty years of age, told him she had many children, and nearly fifty grandchildren, not one of whom had ever been taught to read. He embodied the result of his observations in a volume published in 1816, which contains much interesting information, and is itself a monument of that true benevolence, which, in the despised homeless wanderers among the highways and hedges, recognizes the possessors of an immortal soul.

Gipsy ! see, with fading light,
How the camp-fire blazes bright,
Where thy roving people steal
Gladly to their evening meal.
Tawny urchins, torn and bare,
And the wrinkled crone is there,
Who pretends, with scowling eye
Into fate's decrees to pry,
And the credulous to show
Golden fortunes, free from woe.

Why, beneath the hedge-row lone,
Sit'st thou on that broken stone,
Heedless of the whoop and call
To their merry festival ?

Masses rich of raven hair
Curtain o'er thy forehead rare,
Thou 'lt be missed amid their glee,
Wherefore stay'st thou ?

Ah ! I see

On a babe thy dark eye resting,
Closely in thy bosom nesting,
And 't is sweeter far I know,
Than at proudest feast to glow,
Full contentment to dispense
Thus to helpless innocence.

Doth the presence of thy child
Make thy flashing glance so mild ?
Thou, who with thy vagrant race
Reared mid tricks and follies base,
Ne'er hast seen a heavenly ray
Guiding toward the better way ?
Feel'st thou now some latent thrill,
Sorrowing o'er a life of ill ?
Some incitement pure and good,
Dim, and faintly understood ?
Stranger ! 't is the prompting high
Of a mother's ministry,
Yield to that transforming love,
May it lead thy soul above.

Dost thou muse with downcast eye
On thine infant's destiny ?
Alien birth, and comrades vile,
Harsh control, or hateful wile,

Till thy prescient heart forlorn
Sickens at its lot of scorn ?
One there is, to whom is known
All a mother's secret moan,
He, who heard the bitter sigh
Of that lone one's agony,
When the water-drop was spent,
And no spreading branch or tent
Sheltered from the burning sky,
Where she laid her son to die.

See ! an angel near her stand,
And a fountain's silver track
Murmuring mid the desert sand
Call from death her darling back.
Oh ! to Him who still doth deign
Pity for their outcast pain,
Whom proud man with haughty eye
Scarce regards, and passes by ;
Who amid the tempest-shock
Roots the wild vine on the rock,
And protects the bud to bless
The untrodden wilderness,
Lift thine eye with tear-drops dim,
Cast thy bosom's fear on Him.
He who heeds the ravens' cry
In their hopeless misery,
Deigns to feed them when they pine,
Cares He not for thee and thine ?

Gipsy Mother! lone and drear,
Sad I am to leave thee here,
For the strong and sacred tie
Of thy young maternity
Links thee unto all who share
In its comfort or its care,
All who on their yearning breast
Lull the nursling to its rest,
And though poor and low thou art,
Makes thee sister in their heart.

Gipsy Mother! strangely fair,
God be with thee in thy care.

YORK AND ITS MINSTER.

ON our route to York, about sixteen miles from Newcastle, we had opportunity to admire the rich meadows of Durham sleeping in the embrace of the Weare, and the lofty eminence crowned by its magnificent cathedral and castle. The towering oaks of Darlington attracted our attention, as did also Hermitage-Castle, Thirlby-House, embosomed amid noble trees, and other edifices and townships, of which a traveller's haste permitted only a cursory examination.

After crossing the Trent, which divides the county of Durham from Yorkshire, we observed a high state of tillage and fine breeds of cattle, with farm-houses of brick, roofed with red tile, — far less picturesque than the whitewashed cottage, with its embrasure of roses. The city of York is situated in a rich vale, of a peninsular form, between the rivers Ouse and Fosse, and equidistant from the capital cities of Scotland and England. It is fortified, and tradition says, that Agricola labored upon its walls. However this may be, it was early distinguished by the Romans, during their dynasty in Britain. The Emperor Adrian made it his

residence as early as the year 134, and it was the camp, the court, and the tomb of Severus. Here, about 272, Constantine the Great was born, and here, in the imperial palace, his son, Constantius, died. The footsteps of old Rome, upon this spot, are attested by altars, inscriptions, seals, and sepulchral vessels, which have been from age to age exhumed. Not more than thirty years since, some workmen, in digging the foundation of a house, struck, four feet below the surface, on a vault of stone, strongly arched with Roman bricks. It contained a coffin, enclosing a slender human skeleton, with the teeth entire, supposed to be a female of rank, who had lain there at least one thousand four hundred years. Near her head was a small glass lachrymatory, and not far from her place of repose was found an urn containing ashes and calcined bones of another body. Still more recently, the remains of a tessellated pavement, with other relics of great antiquity, have been found and presented to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. Our own antiquarian tastes were easily and simply gratified, by finding, in various repositories, during our walks, slight utensils, such as boxes, vases, inkstands, and candlesticks, wrought and neatly polished from the charred beams of the venerable Minster.

It is impossible to explore the city of York, without reverting to the scenes which History has so indelibly traced, as almost to give them living existence among the objects that surround us. Imagination rekindles, on the neighboring hills, the fires of the funeral

pile of Severus, or recalls the tumult of the sanguinary battles of Towton and Marston Moor, fought in the vicinity, one of which terminated the fierce wars of the Roses, and the other, through the imprudence of Prince Rupert, crushed the hopes of the Royalists.

We fancy that we listen to the chimes of the first Christmas, as it was here celebrated by Prince Arthur, or gather traits of its more splendid observance, under Henry the Third or Edward the Second, from the pages of the old Chroniclers. Still following the annals of war, we perceive the blood of Scot, Pict, and Dane, Roman, Saxon, and Norman, mingling beneath these walls. Sack and siege darken the picture. William the Conqueror, flushed with success and domination, held his armies for six months before these walls, until famine compelled capitulation, and then satiated his vengeful cruelty by the slaughter of the nobility and gentry, and the devastation of the whole country between York and Durham.

In the wars under Charles the First, a siege by the Parliamentary forces was endured for several months, which some of the present inhabitants are fond of saying would have been longer withstood, had not Fairfax pointed a battery of cannon against the venerable cathedral, and threatened to destroy that glory of their ancestors.

We may now hope, with regard to York, that the days of its warfare and mourning are ended ; and the traveller is gratified to find the turmoil of the battle-field exchanged for the Christian cares of the Hospital,

the Dispensary, the Retreat for the Insane, the Institution for the education of the Blind, the Charity Schools, and the twenty parish churches that diversify its bounds.

It seems impossible to be disappointed in York Minster, however high may have been previous expectations. When you first gain a view of this mountain of ecclesiastical architecture, or, at entering, cast your eye through a vista of five hundred and twenty-four feet, or from the tessellated marble pavement gaze through column and arch up to the ribbed and fretted dome, ninety-nine feet above you, or catch the light of a thousand wreathed and trembling rainbows, through gloriously refulgent windows, you are lost in wonder and astonishment. Its different parts, nave, transept, choir, chapter-house, and crypt, with the rich decorations of screen, statue, tracery, and monument, where sleep the illustrious dead, require many surveys, and repay all with the fulness of admiration. The original erection on this site is of great antiquity, and the present edifice, though more than one hundred and fifty years in building, displays, amid variety of taste and style, great unity of design. It has loftily withstood the attacks of time and the depredations of war, but some portions have been considerably injured by recent conflagration, and are now in the process of repair. The magnificent swell of the organ, and the majesty and sweetness of the chants, especially during the Sabbath worship, seemed unearthly. Twice, on every weekday, the service of prayer and praise ascends

from this venerable cathedral, and it is a touching thought, that its great heart of stone keeps alive that incense to Jehovah, which too often grows dim and cold on the altar of the living soul.

I stood within a Minster of old time,
Ornate and mighty. Like a mount it reared
Its massy front, with pinnacle and tower,
Augustly beautiful. The morning sun
Through noblest windows of refulgent stain,
Mullioned, and wrought with leafy tracery,
Threw o'er the pavement many a gorgeous group
Of cherubim and seraphim and saint,
And long-robed patriarch, kneeling low in prayer,
While, as his golden finger changed the ray,
Fresh floods of brilliance poured on all around.
— O'er the long vista the delighted eye
Bewildered, roved, — transept, and nave, and choir,
And screen elaborate, and column proud,
And vaulted roof that seemed another sky.

— Methinks I hear a murmur, that 't is vain
To note mine etchings of an older world,
Since all their vague impressions fall as short
Of abbey or cathedral, as the wing
Of the dull beetle, that would scale their heights.
— It may be so. I 'm sure 't is loss of time,
For me to speak of pediment and tower,
Saxon or Norman, and debate with warmth,

Whether the chevron-work, and foliage knots
Are of the third or second Gothic school ;
The builder knows, — perchance, the school-boy too.
But poets' cobweb line hath ever failed
To measure these aright, and set them forth
With Euclid's skill. Go see them for yourselves.
Yet can we people every vacant niche,
And mend the headless statue, and restore
The rusted relics of a buried age,
And spread the velvet pall the moth did eat
All fresh and lustrous o'er the ancient dead.
So be ye patient with us, and not ask
The admeasurement of transept or of nave,
But let us perch, like bird, where'er we choose,
And weave our fleeting song, as best we may.

Fain would I tell you, what a world of sound
Came from that pealing organ, when its soul,
Mixed with the chanter's breath, bade arch and aisle
Reëcho with celestial melody.
Its mighty tide bore off the weeds of care
And sands of vanity, and made the words,
Such common words as man doth speak to man,
All tame and trifling to the immortal soul.
I would not say devotion may not be
As heartfelt, in the humblest village church
That flecks the green ; but yet, it seemeth fit,
That those, who thus, from age to age, have been
Unresting heralds of the Eternal Name,

Should deck themselves in princely garniture,
As Heaven's ambassadors.

To Him who bade
The broad-winged cherubs beautify the Ark
That taught His worship to the wilderness,
And mitred Aaron stand in priestly robes,
And Zion's temple wear its crown of rays,
Like a king's daughter, thou, majestic pile,
Dost show thy reverence by thy glorious garb,
And, with a solemn tone, require of man
Unceasingly, that incense of the heart,
Which he doth owe to God. And when he drops
Thy lesson in the grave, and fades away,
With what unwrinkled patience dost thou teach
Each new-born race Jehoval's awful name,
And press upon their infant lips His praise.

— Again we came, and on the Sabbath-day,
And marked, amid the throng of worshippers,
A poor old man, bent low with years of toil.
His garb was humble, and his lowly seat
Fast by the reader in the sacred desk,
Because, methought, his ear was dull to sound.
It seemed as if his travel had been sore,
Along the barren wilds of poverty,
But yet that, mid its flint-stones, he had found
That pearl of price, which the rich merchantman
Too oft o'erlooketh on his prosperous way.
Meekly he bowed, nor cast a wandering glance
Toward kingly scutcheon, or emblazoned arms

Of prince and peer, but listened earnestly,
As for his life, to what the King of kings
Commanded or forbade. When solemnly
The deep responsive litany invoked
Aid and deliverance by the agony
And cross of Christ, his trembling hands he raised,
Horny, and brown with labor, while a tear
Crept slowly down its furrowed path. Old man !
Thou hast within thee that which shall survive
This temple's wreck, and if aright I read
Our Master's spirit in thy moistened eye,
That which shall wear a crown, when earthly thrones
Have name no more.

And then we knelt us down
Around the altar, in that hallow'd feast
Which Jesus, in his dark betrayal-night,
Enjoined on his disciples. There we took
The broken bread and cup, remembering Him
In all his lowliness, in all his love,
Who sought the straying sheep.

So lift thy crook,
Shepherd Divine ! that we may follow thee
Where'er thou wilt to lead, nor miss thy fold,
When the slant beams of life's declining day
Call home the wanderers to eternal rest.

BIRMINGHAM AND SHEFFIELD.

BIRMINGHAM occupies a central position, with an elevated and pleasant site. It exhibits more than a hundred fine churches; among which, the ancient one of St. Martin's, with its towering spire, is conspicuous. Among its lions is a spacious town-hall, which we were so fortunate as to see brilliantly lighted, and filled with an immense audience, assembled to aid the cause of missions. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the advocates of this cause, as well as by some who had once gone forth as laborers in foreign zones, among the benighted pagans.

Birmingham is eminently a practical, working region. It has distinguished itself by those inventions and improvements in machinery, which diminish the labor of man, and promote his civilization. Our limited time allowed us to examine but few of its manufactories. Among these, we were much interested in an extensive one of plate-glass, belonging to the Messieurs Chance. Its proprietors, to whom we were indebted for other polite attentions, patiently explained to us the process of preparing that exquisite material, blowing it

into a cylindrical form, and giving it, with emery, its last perfect polish. We saw, also, the progress of operations in bronze, and silver, and papier maché; and could scarcely believe that those highly ornamented articles, in the repository of the latter, — screens, tables, cabinets, &c., inlaid with pearl, and radiant with the richest hues of the pencil, — could possibly have sprung from so rude an element as coarse, brown paste-board.

To Sheffield, the kindred spirit of Birmingham, we turned, as by natural affinity. It is about equidistant from the eastern and western oceans, and two hundred and fifty miles from our favorite Edina. It is strongly picturesque, with its abrupt declivities, intervening spaces of bright verdure, metallic and mineral riches, and private residences of decided elegance.

We were kindly taken by the Messieurs Sanderson to their celebrated establishment for making and refining steel, and saw it poured, in its liquid state, from flame-hot crucibles, with the most brilliant scintillations. Through their attention, we were also shown the various processes of silver-plating; and also the fair botanic garden and conservatory, which afforded sensible relief from the heat and mystery of metallic exhibitions. Afterwards we visited the show-rooms of Rogers and Sons, and among their almost endless variety of cutlery, silver, and ivory, saw under a glass case the knife with one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight blades, so often marvelled at by travellers. The prospects from the heights around Sheffield are variegated

and beautiful. Yet more interesting than any combination of hill and dale, inasmuch as mind must ever hold superiority over matter, was an interview with the poet Montgomery, who came to call on us at our hotel. He is small of stature, with an amiable countenance, and agreeable, gentlemanly manners. His conversation is unassuming, though occasionally enlivened by a vein of pleasantry. Some of the company happening to remark, that they were not aware of his having been born in Scotland, he replied that he had left it in his early years, adding, with naiveté, "You know Dr. Johnson has said, there is hope of a Scotchman if you catch him young."

We left Birmingham and Sheffield with warm feelings of gratitude for the kindness which had marked our stay in both places, and which will always mingle with our recollections of their scenery.

"T is something to be called
The "toy-shop of a continent," by one
Whose voice was fame. And yet a name like this
Hath not been lightly earned. Hard hammerings
And fierce ore-meltings, mid a heat that threatens
To vitrify the stones, have wrought it out
On the world's anvil.

Ponderous enginery,
And sparkling smithies, and a pallid throng,
Who toil, and drink, and die, do service here,

And countless are the forms their force creates ;
From the dire weapon sworn to deeds of blood,
That sweeps, with sharp report, man's life away,
To the slight box from whence the spinster takes
Her creature-comfort, or the slighter orb
Of treble-gilt, which the pleased school-boy finds
On his new suit, counting the shining rows
With latent vanity.

Well pleased, I marked
This strange creativeness, because I knew
That Birmingham had stretched an iron hand
Across the Atlantic wave, and grappled close
My country in that league of amity
Which commerce loves. And whatsoe'er shall bind
Those lands in unity, is dear to me,
Whether the links be metal, or the threads
Of silky filament by genius thrown
From clime to clime, or those which science knits
In firmer mesh, as erst the sorceress wove
The strong man's locks.

Here, too, were fabrics rich
That taste might covet, — cabinet and screen,
Table and tray, with pearly shell inlaid,
And bright with tints of landscape or of flower.
Here glass in crystal elegance essayed
To emulate the diamond, and we saw
The flaming fount from whence its glories came,
And how the glowing cylinder expands
Into those broad and polished plates, that deck
The abodes of princes.

Many a curious thing
Was shown us too at Sheffield, — ornaments,
And thousand-bladed knives, and fairy tools
For ladies fingers, when the thread they lead
Through finest lawn ; and silver richly chased,
To make the festal board so beautiful,
That, unawares, the tempted matron's hand
Invades her husband's purse.

But as for me,
Though the whole art was patiently explained,
From the first piling of the earthy ore,
In its dark ovens, to its pouring forth
With brilliant scintillations, in the form
Of liquid steel ; or its last lustrous face,
And finest net-work ; yet I'm fain to say
The manufacturing interest would find
In me a poor interpreter. I doubt
My own capacity to comprehend
Such transmutations, and confess, with shame,
Their processes do strike my simple mind
Like necromancy. And I felt no joy
Among the crucibles and cutlery,
Compared to that, which on the breezy heights
Met me at every change, or mid the walks
Of the botanic garden, freshly sprang
From every flower.

There was a quiet lodge
From whence peered forth, as guardian of the place,
A mighty dog, of true St. Bernard's breed,
With such a forehead as phrenologists

Might stoop to analyze. Well pleased to change
His slippery footing 'mid the Alpine cliffs,
And midnight conflicts with the avalanche,
He dozed among the birds who nestle here,
All prodigal of song, and laid no claim,
Though lion-like in strength, to the renown
Of that bad Cerberus, who gnashed and growled
At the Hesperides.

But Sheffield, sure,
Hath more to boast, than plants whose greenness fades,
Or riches of the mine. She pointed out
The sweet Moravian poet, he who saw
Through Fancy's glass, the "World before the Flood,"
And told its doings to our grosser ear,
And oft had given Devotion's lip the words
She sought but could not find. High praise is his
Who bends his talents to their noblest ends,
And ne'er disjoins them from the Maker's praise: —
Such praise is thine, Montgomery, meek in heart,
And full of Christian love.

We said farewell
Reluctantly to those, who, like tried friends,
Though newly seen, had marked each fleeting hour
With deeds of kindness; and as through the scenes
Of glorious beauty, hill and dale and tower,
Swept on our light postchaise, of them we spake
Such words as glowing gratitude inspires.

There stood a cottage, near a spreading moor,
Just where its heathery blackness melts away

Into a mellower hue. Fast by its side
Nestled the wheat-stock, firmly bound and shaped
Even like another roof-tree, witnessing
Fair harvest and good husbandry. Some sheep
Roamed eastward o'er the common, nibbling close
The scanty blade, while toward the setting sun
A hillock stretched, o'ershadowed by a growth
Of newly planted trees. 'T would seem the abode
Of rural plenty and content. Yet here
A desolate sorrow dwelt ; such as doth wring
Plain honest hearts, when what had long been twined
With every fibre is dissected out.

Beneath the shelter of those lowly eaves
An only daughter made the parents glad
With her unfolding beauties. Day by day
She gathered sweetness on her lonely stem, —
The lily of the moorlands. They, with thoughts
Upon their humble tasks, how best to save
Their little gains, or make that little more,
Scarce knew that she was beautiful ; yet felt
Strange thrall upon their spirits when she spoke
So musical, or from some storied page
Beguiled their evening hour.

And when the sire
Descanted long, as farmers often will,
Upon the promise of his crops, and how
The neighbors envied that his corn should be
Higher than theirs, and how the man who hoped
Surely to thrive, must leave his bed betimes, —

Or of her golden cheese the mother told, —
She, with a filial and serene regard,
Would seem to listen, — her young heart away
Mid other things.

For in her lonely room,
She had companions that they knew not of, —
Books, that reveal the sources of the soul,
Deep meditations, high imaginings ;
And, meekly, when the cottage lamp was out,
She sat communing with them, while the moon
Looked through her narrow casement fitfully.
Hence grew her brow so spiritual, and her cheek
Pale with the purity of thought, that gleamed
Around her from above.

The rustic youth,
Nursed at the ploughshare, wondering eyed her charms,
Or of her aspen gracefulness of form
Spoke slightly. Yet, when they saw the fields
Her father tilled, well clad with ripening grain,
And knew he had no other heir beside,
They, with unwonted wealth of Sunday clothes,
And huge, red nosegays flaunting in their hands,
Were fain to woo her. And they marvelled much
How the sweet fairy, with such quiet air
Of mild indifference, and with truthful words
Kind, yet determinate, withdrew herself
To chosen solitude, intent to keep
A maiden's freedom.

But in lonely walks,
What time the early violets richly blend

Their trembling colors with the vernal green,
A student boy, who dwelt among the hills,
Taught her of love. There rose an ancient tree,
The glory of their humble garden's bound,
Around whose rough circumference of trunk
A garden-seat was wreathed; and there they sat,
Watching gray-vested twilight, as she bore
Such gifts of tender, and half-uttered thought
As lovers prize. When the thin-blossomed furze
Gave out its autumn sweetness, and the walls
Of that low cot, with the red-berried ash
Kindled in pride, they parted; he to toil
Amid his college tasks, and she to weep.
— The precious scrolls, that with his ardent heart
So faithfully were tinged, unceasing sought
Her hand, and o'er their varied lines to pore
Amid his absence, was her chief delight.

— At length they came not. She with sleepless eye,
And lip that every morn more bloodless grew,
Demanded them in vain. And then the tongue
Of a hoarse gossip told her, he was *dead*:
Drowned in the deep, and dead!

Her young heart died
Away at those dread sounds. Her upraised eye
Grew large and wild, and never closed again.
“Hark! hark! he calleth, I must hence away,”
She murmured oft, but faint and fainter still,
Nor other word she spake.

And so she died.

And now that lonely cottage on the moor
Hath no sweet visitant of earthly hope,
To cheer its toiling inmates. Habit-led,
They sow, and reap, and spread the daily board,
And steep their bread in tears.

God grant them grace
To take this chastisement, like those who win
A more enduring mansion, from the blast
That leaveth house and home so desolate.

CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL.

OUR morning ride, in a postchaise, from Sheffield, through Edenson and the adjacent region to Chatsworth, under a pure autumnal sky, was intensely beautiful. We were scarcely prepared for the display of taste and magnificence that burst upon us at the last-named princely establishment of the Duke of Devonshire. It seemed a hollow square of nearly two hundred feet, boldly terraced, and was approached over gradually rising grounds. From an eminence towards the east, the old Hunting Tower held forth a streaming flag, as an announcement that the master of this unrivalled mansion was at home. Immediately after entering the central gate, by the porter's lodge, we paused to admire a fine weeping ash, whose rich, dark foliage, drooping to the ground, forms within its circumference an arch of exceeding beauty. It was removed hither from Derby, about ten years since, at an expense of £1,000 ; and though it had attained the age of forty years ere its transplantation, flourishes unchanged in its new home. Large flocks and herds luxuriate in the pastures, and deer, so fat as to forfeit a portion of

their fleetness, embellish the parks. The grounds of Chatsworth cover an area of eleven miles, diversified by lawns, plantations, and pleasure-grounds. The spot called the Italian Gardens, is adorned with statues, and vases, and a rich stone balustrade, fronting the Derwent.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of this splendid establishment. Dazzled as the eye may be with its internal decorations, I could not but consider the conservatory as its chief glory. It extends several hundred feet, its lofty roof resting on iron pillars, and entirely covered with large plates of glass, furnishing a spacious carriage-drive through plants and flowers from every region of the earth. Some of these are of surpassing beauty, and all refreshed by waters artificially distributed, and cheered by a perpetual summer, as if a second Paradise fostered their bloom.

In the sculpture-gallery at Chatsworth, among noble forms, and groups apparently instinct with life, we were attracted by the statue of a young spinning-girl, from the chisel of a German artist. She is called the Filatrice, and stands in a simple and graceful attitude upon the fragment of a granite column, brought from the Roman forum. Extensive collections of paintings, engravings, and other works of art, enrich this residence, as they do also that at Chiswick, another seat of this tasteful and liberal nobleman, where, among other antique specimens of sculpture, are three statues from Adrian's villa at Rome.

It is well to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall in

the same day. The contrast of their features deepens the impression which each leaves on the mind. The overwhelming splendor of one prepares you to relish and to reverence the silent, mournful majesty of the other. You pass as from a Roman triumph, to Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage.

This touching relic of the olden time occupies an elevation, overshadowed by large trees, from whence it looks down upon the fair valley and bright waters of the Wye. Its most ancient portions date back nine hundred years, into the Saxon dynasty. William, the Norman, who was liberal in parcelling out the good things of the conquered realm among his own relatives and adherents, gave it to his natural son, Peveril. Thence, by marriage, it passed to the Vernons, and again, in the same manner, to the house of Manners, who now hold the dukedom of Rutland. In exploring its deserted halls, it is easy to scan three distinct styles of architecture, which as clearly define three differing states of social and domestic manners. The tall gray Eagle Tower, with its round loopholes and prison-like apartments, recalls those days of despotism and danger, when castellated buildings were fortresses of defence against the Danish pirate, or the roaming outlaw. This period extended from the close of the Saxon dynasty, through the reigns of some of the Plantagenets, while the Peverils and Avenels bore rule at Haddon Hall. Huge fire-places, immense larders, chopping-blocks on which a whole ox might be laid, heavy oak tables, and the old wicket, through which every stranger received,

if he desired, a trencher of substantial food and a cup of ale, mark the succeeding era of rude feasting and free hospitality. The third epoch brought in the more lofty ceilings, richly gilt, the halls panelled with oak, the carved cornices, and the bay windows, decorated with armorial bearings.

The state bed-room at Haddon Hall is still adorned with ancient hangings of Gobelines. Their subjects seem to be taken from the imagery of Æsop's Fables. The bed is surmounted by a canopy of green silk velvet, fourteen feet in height, and lined with thick, white satin. Its embroidered curtains were wrought by the needle of the Lady Eleanor, wife of Sir Robert Manners, and are a commendable trophy of her industry. But the hands of pilferers have been so busy in abstracting shreds and fragments of this rich, antique couch, that it has been found necessary to protect it by an enclosure, something like the railing erected around the bed of Mary of Scotland, in the old Holyrood palace.

The various improvements made by the houses of Vernon and Manners may be plainly traced. The first of these obtained possession of this time-honored structure in the time of Henry the Sixth, and the latter, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. So liberal was the housekeeping of Haddon, that one hundred and forty servants were employed and maintained there by the first duke of Rutland, in the time of Queen Anne. Now all is silence and loneliness within its bounds. Two hundred years have elapsed since it was inhab-

ited. But the late Duchess of Rutland, having been much attached to its scenery, was solicitous that it should be kept in good preservation, as a specimen of other days. Her wishes have been scrupulously obeyed, and thus the antiquarian taste, and the reflecting mind, continue to find high gratification from a visit to this deserted mansion.

I've heard the humid skies did ever weep
In merry England, and a blink of joy
From their blue eyes was like a pearl of price.
Mine own, indeed, are sunnier, yet at times
There comes a day so exquisitely fair,
That with its radiance and its rarity
It makes the senses giddy.

Such an one

Illumined Chatsworth, when we saw it first,
Set like a gem against the hanging woods
That formed its background. Herds of graceful deer,
Pampered, perchance, until they half forgot
Their native fleetness, o'er the ample parks
Roamed at their pleasure. From the tower that crests
The eastern hill, a floating banner swayed
With the light breezes, while a drooping ash,
Of foliage rich, stood lonely near the gates,
Like the presiding genius of the place,
Uniquely beautiful. Their silver jet
The sparkling fountains o'er the freshened lawns
Threw fitfully, and gleaming here and there,

The tenant-statues with their marble life
Peopled the shades.

But, wondering most, we marked
A princely labyrinth of plants and flowers,
All palace-lodged, and breathing forth their sweets
On an undying summer's balmy breast.
And well might wealth expend itself for you,
Flowers, glorious flowers! that dwelt in Eden's bound,
Yet sinned not, fell not, and whose silent speech
Is of a better Paradise, where ye,
Catching the essence of the deathless soul,
Shall never fade.

Throughout the noble pile
Pictures and spars and vases, and the show
Of alabaster, porphyry, and gold,
Blend with a lavishness that ne'er offends
The eye of taste. Had I the skill to tell
Featly of halls, that like Arabia's dream
O'erflow with all that Fancy can devise,
To strike, to charm, to dazzle, and delight,
Here were full scope. But I have dwelt too long
Within a simple forest-land, to know
The fitting terms for such magnificence.
So, from the painted ceilings, and the light
Of costly mirrors, 't was relief to seek
The shaded gallery of sculptured forms,
And taste the luxury of musing thought.

Spin on, most beautiful !

There's none to mock

Thy humble labors here. Gay Cupid clasps
The unscathed butterfly, sweet Hebe smiles,
Latona, mid her children, cries to Jove,
Achilles mourns his wound, Endymion sleeps,
The Mother of Napoleon wears the grace
Canova gave, and proud Borghesa rears
Her head in majesty, yet none despise
Thy lowly toil.

Even thus it was of old,
That woman's hand, amid the elements
Of patient industry, and household good,
Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread
From the slight distaff, or in skilful loom
Weaving rich tissues, or with varied tints
Of bright embroidery, pleased to decorate
The mantle of her lord. And it was well;
For in such sheltered and congenial sphere
Content with duty dwelt.

Yet few there were,
Sweet Filatrice, who in their homely task
Found such retreat or goodly company,
To dignify their toils. And we, who roam
Mid all this grand enchantment, proud saloon,
And solemn chapel, with its voice of God,
Or lose ourselves amid the wildering maze
Of plants and buds and blossoms, uttering forth
Mute eloquence to Him, are pleased to lay
Our slight memorial at thy snowy feet.

Now, on to Haddon Hall. The postern low,
And threshold, worn with tread of many feet,

Receive us silently. How grim and gray
Yon tall, steep fortalice above us towers !
Its narrow apertures, like arrow-slits,
Jealous of heaven's sweet air, its dreary rooms
Floored with rough stones, its uncouth passages
Cut in thick walls, bespeak those iron times
Of despotism, when o'er the mountain-surge
Rode the fierce sea-king, and the robber hedged
The chieftain in his moat.

A freer style

Of architecture, clearly as a chart,
Defines the isthmus of that middle state,
After the Conquest, when the Saxon kernes
With their elf-locks receded. Coarsely mixed,
Norman with Gothic, stretch the low-browed halls,
Their open rafters brown with curling smoke.
Hearthstone and larder, as for giant race,
Tell of rude, festal doings, when in state
The stalwart baron, seated on the dais,
Serf and retainer fitly ranged around,
Gave hospitality at Christmas-tide ; —
The roasted ox, the boar, with holly crowned,
And mighty venison pasty, proudly borne
'Tween a stout brace of ancient serving-men.
The elements of rude and gentle times
Were ill concocted then, and struggling held
Each other in suspension, or prevailed
Alternately. " Barbaric pearl and gold "
Were roughly set ; and cumbrous arras hid
The iron-hasped and loosely-bolted doors.
Broad-branching antlers of the stag were then

The choicest pictures, and the power to quaff
Immense potations from the wassail-bowl
Envied accomplishment.

But Haddon tells
Still of another age, and suits itself
To their more courtly manners. Carvings rich,
And gilded cornices, and chambers hung
With tapestry of France, and shapely grate
Instead of chimney vast, and fair recess
Of oriel window, mark the advancing steps
Of comfort and refinement.

Here moved on,
In stately minuet, lords with doublet slashed,
And ladies rustling in the stiff brocade ;
And there, the deep-mouthed hounds the chase pursued,
The maiden ruling well her palfrey white,
With knight and squire attendant.

Hear we not
Even now their prancing steeds ?
'T is passing strange !
Dwell death and life in mystic company ?
Do hands invisible, of spectres pale
Tend these young plants, and bind yon straggling boughs
In beautiful obedience ?

— Come they back,
From their old mouldering vaults, when none are near,
And with their spirit-eyes inspect the flowers
That once they loved ? Toil they in shadowy ranks
Mid these deserted bowers, then flit away ?

They seem but just to have set the goblet down,
As for a moment, yet return no more.

The chair, the board, the couch of state are here,
And we, the intrusive step are fain to check,
As though we pressed upon their privacy.

Whose privacy? *The dead?* A riddle all!

Yea, — we ourselves are riddles.

While we cling

Still to our crumbling hold, so soon to fall
And be forgotten, in that yawning gulph
That whelms all past, all present, all to come,
Oh, grant us wisdom, Father of the Soul,
To win a changeless heritage with thee.

MATLOCK.

OUR visit to Matlock was one of unmixed satisfaction. We had not been instructed to expect the romantic prospect that burst upon us, almost cheating us into the belief that we had wandered into one of the wild villages of Switzerland. Our descent from the postchaise was simultaneous with taking a seat upon some well-bred donkeys, which, with their necks decorated with blue ribbands, were standing under the windows of our hotel upon the green. The excitement of thus traversing the mountain-heights, and the odd appearance of our cavalcade, so grotesquely mounted, each steed occasionally urged onward by the voice or staff of the guides, afforded us much amusement. Afterwards our walks and purchases among the shops, where the rich Derbyshire spars are presented in an endless variety of articles for ornament and utility, the enchanting prospects that met us at every turn, and the bright sunny skies that cheered us during our whole stay in Matlock, made our time there glide away as a fairy dream.

One of our entertainments was to climb a steep hill,

and entering an aperture, on its brow, explore a mine three thousand feet in length, and gradually descending to four hundred beneath the surface. A less laborious and more agreeable recreation was to visit the groves and heights of Willersly Castle. Bold masses of rock mingle with the foliage of lofty trees, and the richest velvet turf creeps to their very base. The prospect in the rear of the castle is one of the most delightful that we saw in Derbyshire. The pleasure-grounds, gardens, and hot-houses, with their fine productive graperies and pineries, were more interesting to us Americans, from the circumstance that the founder of this goodly mansion, the late Sir Richard Arkwright, was the architect of his own fortune. He was the youngest of thirteen children of a poor man in Preston, in the county of Lancashire. By native vigor of mind and great perseverance, he overcame the difficulties and discouragements of his humble station. After much opposition, he succeeded in establishing here the first cotton-mill on improved principles. The benefit thus conferred on his country was felt and acknowledged, and in this same neighborhood the industrious and faithful mechanic, having received the honor of knighthood, commenced, at the age of fifty, the erection of the fine edifice bearing the name of Willersly Castle. Moved by that piety which formed a part of his character, he endowed and began to build a beautiful stone chapel in the vicinity of the castle. Dying before its completion, it was finished by his son, whom he left one of the richest commoners in Eng-

land. The charity schools connected with it, and which number several hundred scholars, are also kept up entirely at his expense ; and it gave us pleasure to find that the ladies of the family took personal interest in them. The elevation of industry and merit from obscurity, and their union with an active benevolence and piety, which we have so often been permitted to see in our own dear land, seemed, if possible, to become a still more beautiful lesson, amid the aspiring rocks and romantic glens of Derbyshire.

It would be most ungrateful not to speak,
Matlock ! of thee. Thy dwellings mid the cliffs,
Like a Swiss village, or the hanging nest
Of the wild bird, — thy fairy glens scooped out
From the deep jaws of mountain fastnesses, —
Thy pure, pure air, — the luxury of thy baths, —
Thy donkey-rides amid the pine-clad hills,
Or o'er the beetling brow of bold Masson,
Spying, perchance, in some close-sheltered nook
The pale lutea and red briony,
Or infant waterfall, that leaps to cast
Its thread of silver to the vales below, —
Thy long and dark descents to winding caves,
Where sleep the sparkling spars, — the thousand forms
Which art doth give them to allure the eye,
And decorate the mansion, — lamp, and vase,
And pedestal, and toy, — these all conspire

In sweet confusion to imprint thee deep
On memory's page.

But when the thunder rolls,
Yon silent cliffs forget their quietude,
And like the watchman, when the foe is near,
Shout to each other.

Every rifted peak
Takes up the battle-cry, and volleying pours
Reverberated peals, till the hoarse cloud
Expend its vengeance, and, exhausted, sweeps
O'er the unanswering dales.

See where yon rocks,
Fretted and ribbed as if the storms had snatched
The sculptor's chisel, and amid their freaks
Channelled and grooved and wrought without a plan,
Lift their worn frontals. Here and there, the trees
Insert themselves perforce, against the will
Of the stern crags, by coarse and scanty earth
Nurtured in contumacy, while the blasts
Do sorely wrench and warp them, well resolved
To punish such usurpers: — still they cling
And gather vigor from adversity.
On, — by those crevice-holders to the lawns
Of Willersly, and to its garden-heights,
And gaze, astonished, on the scene below.

Lo ! with what haste the full-orbed Moon doth steal
Close on the footsteps of departing day,
Eager to greet the landscape that she loves.
Strong Derwent murmurs at the intrusive shades

That fringe his banks to shut him from her smile,
And higher as her queenly car ascends,
Outspreads a broader bosom to her beam.
Most beautiful ! It fits not speech like mine,
Soul-stirring scene, to set thy features forth
In their true light. I have no hues that reach
Glories like thine. The watery tint alone
That moisteneth in the eye, doth tell of thee.

Yet should I ever, from my distant home
Tempted to roam, dare the wild deep once more
For Albion's sake, — I'd watch two summer-moons
Waxing and waning o'er the purple peaks
Of Derbyshire, and from the sounding brass
And tinkling cymbal of absorbing care
Or vanity, and from the thunder-gong
Which the great world doth strike, delighted hide
In quiet Matlock, lulled by Nature's charms,
And hourly gleaning what she saith of God.

THE SLEEPING SISTERS,

IN THE LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

HUSH! hush! tread lightly, 't were not meet
So sweet a dream to break,
Or from that tender, clasping hand
One snowdrop leaflet shake,

Or drive away the angel smile,
That lights each gentle face,
For waking life would surely fail
To yield so pure a grace.

Hear'st thou their breathing, as they sleep
On pillow lightly prest?
Is aught on earth so calm and deep
As childhood's balmy rest?

A quiet couch those sisters find
Within these hallowed walls

Where shaded light through storied pane
In solemn tinture falls,

Tracing our Lord's ascending flight
Up to his glorious throne,
Who took the guileless in His arms,
And blest them as His own.

O beautiful! — but where the soul
In Paradise doth walk,
There springeth up no angry blast
To bow the floweret's stalk,

There springeth up no cloud to mar
Affection pure and free,
And blessed as this peaceful sleep,
Such may their waking be.

The sculpture of Chantrey has seldom been more touchingly exhibited than in the statues of two sleeping sisters, the only children of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, formerly a prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral. They are entwined in each other's arms, the youngest holding in her hand a few snowdrops. Their forms are of perfect proportion, and every muscle seems wrapped in deep repose. You touch the pillow, ere you are convinced that it is not downy, and the sweep of the mattress, and the light folds of their graceful drapery, are all admirably chiselled out of a single block of the purest marble. The epitaph is in harmony with the beauty and pathos of the monument.

“ Ellen Jane, and Marianna,
 Only Children
 of the late Rev. William Robinson,
 and Ellen Jane, his Wife.

Their affectionate Mother,
 In fond remembrance of their heaven-loved innocence,
 Consigns their remembrance to this Sanctuary,
 In humble gratitude
 For the glorious assurance, that
“ Of such is the Kingdom of God.”

This exquisite work of genius is placed under the beautiful eastern window of stained glass, in the south choral aisle, in Lichfield Cathedral. Somewhat similar in its effect on the feelings is a monument in Ashbourne Church, to the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, a child of five years of age. On a low white marble pedestal is a mattress, where the little sufferer reclines, her sweet face expressive both of pain and patience. Her beautiful hands, clasped together, rest near her head. The only drapery is a frock, flowing loosely, and a sash, whose knot is twisted forward, as in the restlessness of disease. You imagine that she has just turned, in the tossings of fever, to seek a cooler spot on her pillow, or an easier position for her wearied form. The inscription is in four languages ; —

To Penelope,
 Only child of Sir Brooke and Susanna Boothby.
 She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
 The unfortunate parents confided their all to this frail bark,
 And the wreck was total.

I was not in safety ; neither had I rest ;
 Neither was I quiet ;
 And this trouble came.

The bereaved father was one of the benefactors of Lichfield Cathedral, and a testimony is there recorded to the zeal and generosity with which he obtained for it, in 1802, while travelling in Germany, specimens of the most splendid stained glass, executed in the sixteenth century, illustrating a variety of Scripture subjects, and sufficient to fill seven large windows. This Cathedral, and its monuments, seemed in a state of good preservation, and many of its epitaphs were of singular excellence. Among the latter we noticed one to Dr. Samuel Johnson, accompanied by a marble bust of the great man, whose nativity Lichfield is proud to claim.

STRATFORD UPON AVON.

MANY circumstances conspired to make our visit to Stratford upon Avon one of peculiar interest. We had the finest autumnal weather, and so perfect a full moon, that our researches could be continued in the evening, almost as well as during the day.

Among the buildings which we noticed in our excursions, were some in the cottage style, tastefully adorned, and of graceful proportions. Near the church where Shakspeare's dust reposes, we observed a pleasant, commodious mansion, devoted to the instruction of young ladies, and met several classes of them returning from their walk, a bright-browed and apparently happy throng. Methought the pursuit of knowledge might be sweet, amid such localities and associations.

But among the most interesting features of our visit to Stratford upon Avon, were the services of the Sabbath in this same old church. The approach to it is through a long green vista, the trees having been trained while young to bend and interlace their branches. The Avon flows by its walls, and as we wandered on its green margin, a chime, softened by distance, was borne

over its peaceful waters, with thrilling melody. A grove of young willows is planted here, and all that is picturesque in the village seems to be concentrated in this vicinity. The inroads of time upon the church have been carefully repaired, and its interior is agreeable. It has some stately monuments, and the architecture of the chancel is symmetrical. The celebrated bust of Shakspeare is near it, in a niche upon the northern wall. A cushion is before it, the right hand holds a pen, and the left a scroll. The forehead is high and noble, and as the likeness was executed soon after his death, it may be supposed to convey some correct resemblance of his countenance. It was formerly in bright colors, but is now covered with a coat of white paint. Not far from it is the spot where his ashes rest, with the quaint adjuration ;

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.”

Near him his wife reposes, with a Latin inscription on a small metallic tablet. On the tomb of their daughter Susannah, the wife of John Hall, who died in 1649, at the age of sixty-six, the following epitaph was formerly legible :—

“ Witty above her sex, but that ’s not all,
Wise to salvation, was good Mistress Hall ;
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Was of that Lord, with whom she ’s now in bliss ;

Oh passenger ! hast ne'er a tear
To weep for her who wept with all ?
Who wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comfort's cordial ?
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed."

With our feet resting almost on the very spot where the remains of the great poet slumber, we listened to the sacred services of the Church, and to three sermons, from three different clergymen. In the first we were reminded of the love of the Redeemer, from the text, "Draw us, and we will run after thee;" — in the second, of the necessity of repentance, from the warning of Ezekiel, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord ; wherefore turn yourselves and live ye ;" — and in the last, at evening, of the duty and privilege of mental communion with the Father of our spirits, from the injunction, "Continue in prayer."

At the close of the services in the afternoon, we saw what was then to us a new scene, — the distribution of bread to the poor. It is not uncommon for benevolent persons to leave legacies for this form of charity. It was touching to see what numbers pressed forward to present a ticket, and receive their share. The greater part of the recipients were aged and decrepit, or else appeared to be the parents of large families ; and the eyes of many a child fixed earnestly upon the fair wheaten loaves which were dealt out, and from which it was doubtless expecting to make its evening meal.

After witnessing this act of bounty, and hoping that in the comfort it communicated, the living bread by which the soul is nourished might not be forgotten, we took a walk in the green and quiet churchyard. Among the antique tombstones, was one of a coarse, brown material, wrought into a double head, and commemorating, in parallel lines, the birth and death of two females, the singular construction and orthography of whose epitaph is here transcribed :—

“Death creeps abought on hard,
And steals abroad on seen,
Hur darts are suding and hur arows Keen,
Hur Strocks are deadly, com they soon or late,
When being Strock, Repentance is to late,
Death is a minut, full of suding sorrow,
Then Live to day, as thou may'st dy to Morrow.
Anno Domony, 1690.”

The native place of Shakspeare is not strikingly picturesque, and the habitudes of its people reveal no distinctive character. We fancied that the urchins playing about the streets were somewhat more noisy and insubordinate than English children are wont to be. Possibly they were striving to be like the renowned bard, in those points of character most easily imitable. His name is in almost every mouth, and you can scarcely turn a corner but what some vestige of him meets the eye. It would seem that he, who throughout life was the least ambitious, the most careless about his fame, of all distinguished men, was, by the very echo

of that fame, after the lapse of centuries, to give the chief impulse to some five or six thousand persons, dwelling on the spot where he first drew breath. There are the Shakspeare relics, the Shakspeare statue, the Shakspeare Theatre, the Shakspeare Hotel, the Shakspeare bust, the Shakspeare tomb; — everybody tells you of them, — everybody is ready to rise, and run, and show them to the stranger. The ancient house and chamber where he was born, are humble even to meanness. Yet walls, and ceilings, and casketed albums are written over, and re-written, with the names of pilgrim visitants from various climes, — princes, nobles, poets, philosophers, and sages.

What nurtured Shakspeare mid these village shades,
Making a poor deer-stalking lad, a king
In the broad realm of mind?

I questioned much
Whatever met my view, the holly-hedge,
The cottage-rose, the roof where he was born,
And the pleached avenue of limes, that led
To the old church. And pausing there, I marked
The mossy efflorescence on the stones,
Which, kindling in the sunbeam, taught me how
Its little seeds were fed by mouldering life,
And how another race of tiny roots,
The fathers of the future, should compel
From hardest-hearted rocks a nutriment,
Until the fern-plant and the ivy sere

Made ancient buttress and grim battlement
Their nursing-mothers.

But again I asked,
“What nurtured Shakspeare?” The rejoicing birds
Wove a wild song, whose burden seemed to be,
He was their pupil when he chose, and knew
Their secret maze of melody to wind,
Snatching its sweetness for his winged strain
With careless hand.

The timid flowrets said,
“He came among us like a sleepless bee,
And all those pure and rarest essences,
Concocted by our union with the skies,
Which in our cups or zones we fain would hide,
He rifled for himself and bore away.”

—The winds, careering in their might, replied,
“Upon our wings he rode, and visited
The utmost stars. We could not shake him off.
Even on the fleecy clouds he laid his hand,
As on a courser’s mane, and made them work
With all their countless hues his wondrous will.”

And then meek Avon raised a murmuring voice,
What time the Sabbath-chimes came pealing sweet
Through the umbrageous trees, and told how oft
Along those banks he wandered, pacing slow,
As if to read the depths.

Ere I had closed
My questioning, the ready rain came down,

And every pearl-drop, as it kissed the turf,
Said, "We have been his teachers. When we fell
Pattering among the vine-leaves, he would list
Our lessons as a student, nor despise
Our simplest lore."

And then the bow burst forth, —
That strong love-token of the Deity
Unto a drowning world. Each prised ray
Had held bright dalliance with the bard, and helped
To tint the woof in which his thought was wrapped
For its first cradle-sleep.

Next, twilight came
In her gray robe, and told a tender tale
Of his low musings, while she noiseless drew
Her quiet curtain. And the queenly moon,
Riding in state upon her silver car,
Confessed she saw him oft, through chequering
shades,
Hour after hour, with Fancy by his side,
Linking their young imaginings, like chains
Of pearl and diamond.

Last, the lowly grave, —
Shakspeare's own grave, — sent forth a hollow tone,
— "The heart within my casket *read itself*,
And from that inward study learned to scan
The hearts of other men. It pondered long
In those lone cells, where nameless thought is born,
Explored the roots of passion, and the founts
Of sympathy, and at each sealed recess

Knocked, until mystery fled. Hence her loved bard
Nature doth crown with flowers of every hue
And every season ; yea, the human soul
Owning his power, shall, at his magic touch,
Shudder, or thrill, while age on age expires.”

WARWICK CASTLE.

IN our explorations of the pleasant town of Warwick, we were much interested in visiting St. Mary's Church, a venerable structure, whose foundation claims the antiquity of a Saxon origin. It is built in the form of a cross, and its proportions are symmetrical. "You'll see the Beechem tombs, sure!" said our guide, leading the way to an adjoining edifice. I scarcely knew, from his mode of pronounciation, that he meant the Beauchamp chapel, the most stately and costly one in the kingdom, with the exception of that of Henry the Seventh, in Westminster Abbey. Its entrance is through an ornamented vestibule, the richness of its painted glass is striking, and many of its monuments elaborate. Near the northern wall is the tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and her host during the princely festivities of Kenilworth, when for seventeen days the hand of the great clock at the castle was ever pointing to the hour of banquet. There, also, slumber the remains of his countess, under the same gorgeous canopy with himself, supported by Corinthian columns. Poor

Amy Robsart! how instinctively turns the heart to thee, and to the fearful secrets of Cumnor Hall. Near the southern wall of the chapel are entombed the remains of his infant son, "the noble Impe, Robert of Dudley, Baron of Denbigh," and heir presumptive to the earldom of Warwick. In the centre is the monument of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, the great Earl of Warwick, who held offices of the highest trust and power under Henry the Fourth and Fifth, and conducted the education of Henry the Sixth. During the exercise of his office, as Regent of France, he died at Rouen, in 1439, and his body was brought over in a stone coffin for interment here. The monument displays his recumbent statue in fine brass, clad in a full suit of plate armor. In a curious old biography of him, it is told how "erle Richard by the auctoritie of the hole parliament was maister to king Henrie the 6th, and so he contynowed till the yonge king was 16 yere of age." A drawing in the same book represents him in his robes and coronet, taking the infant monarch from his nurse's arms,—the Queen and Bishop of Winchester standing by with sorrowful countenances. The round, unthinking face of the boy expresses no sympathy in their regret; though he probably soon learned to realize the contrast between the delights of the royal nursery, and the training of his stately tutor, who, we learn from history, insisted peremptorily on the privilege of inflicting personal chastisement, and subjected his pupil to many severe restrictions. This iron rule pressed heavily upon the weak mind of the

unfortunate Henry, whose touching epitaph at Windsor cannot be read without pity.

“Here, o’er the ill-fated king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him vengeful Edward sleeps,
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites ; where even the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the opprest.”

Warwick Castle looks down upon the Avon at its base, with true baronial dignity. The gray-haired porter, at its embattled gateway, seemed to show, with pride, the gigantic armor, and other relics, of Guy of Warwick, and to speak of his marvellous feats and redoubtable valor.

Among these, his having slain a Saracen giant, and a wonderful dun cow, were not forgotten. “Here,” said the narrator, “is his seething pot. It holds exactly 102 gallons.” And, warming as he proceeded, he told how, when the son of the present earl came of age, it was thrice filled with punch, and how, at each precious concoction, eighteen gallons of brandy, eighteen of spirit, and one hundred pounds of sugar were consumed.

In the greenhouse we were gratified by seeing the celebrated antique vase, found at the bottom of a lake, in the villa of the Emperor Adrian, near Tivoli. It is of white marble, and among the finest specimens of ancient sculpture. Vine branches, exquisitely wrought, form its handles, and grapes, leaves, and tendrils, clus-

ter gracefully around its brim. It stands upon a pedestal, with a Latin inscription, and was originally purchased by Sir William Hamilton, and afterwards by the late Earl of Warwick.

Among the pictures in Warwick Castle is a grand one of Charles the First, by Vandyke. The king in armor is seated on a gray horse, so majestic, yet so melancholy, that you almost imagine him endued with a prophetic spirit, and in the midst of regal grandeur saddened by his future fate. Bernard de Foix, Duke of Espernon and Valette, holds his helmet as a page. Vandyke executed three splendid equestrian paintings of this monarch. The other two are at Hampton Court and Windsor Castle.

Stout Guy of Warwick, may we pass unharmed
Thy wicket-gate? And wilt thou not come forth
With thy gigantic mace to break our bones,
Nor seethe us in thy caldron, whence of yore
The blood-red pottage flowed?

A glorious haunt
Thy race have had 'neath these luxuriant shades
From age to age. Around the mighty base
Of their time-honored castle, lifting high
Rampart and tower and battlement sublime,
Winds the soft-flowing Avon, pleased to clasp
An infant islet in her nursing arms.
Anon her meek mood changes, and in sport
She leaps with frolic foot from rock to rock,

Taking a wild dance on their pavement rude;
Then half complaining, half in merriment,
Resumes her quiet way.

Would that I knew .

The very turret in this ancient pile,
Where the sixth Henry had his tuteluge,
Wearing with tasks ten tedious years away.
The mother's tear was on his rounded cheek,
When stately Beauchamp took him from her arms,
An infant of five summers, to enforce
His knightly training. Pressed the iron hand
Of chivalry all harshly on his soul,
Keeping its pulses down, till the free stream
Of thought was paralyzed? Perchance the sway
Of such stern tutor might have bowed too low
What was too weak at first; and so, poor king,
Thou wert in vassalage thy whole life long,
The scorn of lawless spirits — on thy brow
Wearing a crown indeed, but in thy breast
Hiding the slave-chain.

In yon lofty hall,

Hung round with ancient armor, interspersed
With branching antlers of the hunted stag,
Fancy depictureth a warrior-shade,
The swarth king-maker, he who bore so high
His golden coronet, and on his shield
The Bear and ragged Staff. At his rough grasp
The warring roses quaked; and like the foam
That crests the wave one moment, and the next
Dies at its feet, alternate rose and sank

The crowned heads of York and Lancaster.
— Gone are those days with all their deeds of arms,
Their clangor echoing loud from shore to shore,
Rousing the “shepherd-maiden” from her flocks
To buckle on strange armor and preserve
The endangered Gallic throne.

With traveller’s glance
We turned from Warwick’s castellated dome,
Wrapped in its cloud of rich remembrances,
And took our pilgrim way. There many a trait
Of rural life we gathered up, to fill
The outline of our picture, shaded strong
By the dark pencil of old feudal times.

We saw a rustic household wandering forth
That cloudless afternoon, perchance to make
Some visit promised long, for each was clad
With special care, as on a holiday.
The father bore the baby awkwardly
In his coarse arms, like tool or burden used
About his work, yet kindly bent him down
To hear its little murmur of delight.
With a more practised hand the mother led
One who could scarcely totter, its small feet
Patting unequally, — from side to side
Its rotund body balancing. Alone,
Majestic in an added year, walked on
Between the groups another ruddy one.
She faltereth at the stile, but being raised
And set upon the green sward, how she shouts,

Curvets, and gambols like a playful fawn,
Plucking with pride and wonder, here and there,
Herbling or flower, o'er which the infant crows
One moment, and the next, with chubby hand
Rendeth in pieces like a conqueror.
On went the cottage-group, and then there came
A poor old man, unaided and alone,
Clad in his almshouse garments. Slow he moved
And painfully, nor sought the human eye
As if expectant of its sympathy.
He hath no children in his face to smile,
No friend to take him by the withered hand,
Yet looketh upward, and his feeble heart
Warms in the pleasant sunshine.

Yea, look up! —

The world hath dealt but harshly, and old Time,
That cunning foe, hath all thy nerves unstrung,
And made thy thin blood wintry. Yet look up; —
The pure, pure air is thine, the sun is thine,
And thou shalt rise above them, if thy soul
Cling to its Saviour's skirts. So be not sad
Or desolate in spirit, but hold on
A Christian's faithful journey to the land
Where palsied limbs and wrinkles are unknown.

KENILWORTH.

A DRIVE of five miles brought us from Warwick to Kenilworth. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the ruinous, yet still beautiful castle, constitutes its sole claim to celebrity. Amid this antique edifice, vestiges still remain of the portions erected by "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster." In better preservation are the Leicester buildings, reared by the haughty nobleman on whom Elizabeth bestowed the castle. Almost three centuries have passed since she so freely taxed the hospitality of her lavish favorite, and still the echo of their banqueting, which for seventeen days knew no interval, seem to reach our ears through the wizard pages of Sir Walter Scott.

Though, in the civil wars between Charles and Cromwell, — falling into the possession of the latter, — it was dismantled and despoiled, I was not prepared to find it so entire a ruin. Dense masses of luxuriant ivy clasped and enfolded those broken arches and mouldering turrets, whence issued the pageantry and revels of royalty.

All silent! all deserted! The absence of life and

motion, led to a musing interview with those who peopled it of old. Before me, suddenly seemed to stand its founder, stout Geoffry de Clinton, the clear-minded, plain-spoken knight, who to the rude hospitalities of his fortalice so often allured the courtly monarch, Henry Beauclerc.

Anon, the scene changes. A century has passed away. Over yon broken heights, the towering form and frowning brow of Simon de Montfort sweeps, with his retainers, summoning the malcontent barons to uphold the rebellion of his ambitious father, the Earl of Leicester, against King Henry the Third.

I always longed for ruins. When a child,
Living where rifted rocks were plentiful,
I fain would climb amid their slippery steeps,
Shaping them into battlement, and shaft,
And long-drawn corridor, and dungeon-keep,
And haunted hall. Not but our own fresh groves
And lofty forests were all well enough,
But Fancy gaddled after other things,
And hinted that a cloistered niche, or roof
Of some gray abbey, with its ivy robe,
Would be a vast improvement. So, I thought
To build a ruin; and have lain awake,
Thinking what stones and sticks I might command,
And how to arrange them fitly in some nook
Of field or garden. But the years sped on,
And then my castles in the air came down

So fast, and fell in such fantastic forms
At every step, that I was satisfied, —
And never built a ruin.

When at last,
I roamed among the wrecks of Kenilworth,
Assured my feet were on the very spot
Where haughty Dudley, for the haughtier queen,
Enacted such a show of chivalry
As turned the tissues of Arabia pale,
I lingered there, and through the loopholes gray
Gazed on the fields beneath, and asked some tale
Of what they might remember. The coarse grass,
Fed in the stagnant marsh, perked up its head
As though it fain would gossip; but no breeze
Gave it a tongue.

Where is thy practised strain
Of mirth and revelry, O Kenilworth !
Banquet and wassail-bowl, and tournament,
And incense offered to the gods of earth ?
The desolation, that befel of yore
The cities of the plain, hath found thee out,
And quelled thy tide of song.

Deserted pile !
Sought they, who reared thee, for a better house
Not made with hands ? Or, by thy grandeur lured,
Dreamed they to live forever, and to call
These lands by their own names ?

Where Cæsar's tower
Hides in a mass of ivy the deep rents
That years have made, methinks we still may see

The watchful warder lay his mace aside,
And through the pent-horn blow a mighty blast,
To warn his master, the good, stalwart knight,
Geoffry de Clinton, that his patron-king,
The Norman Beauclerc, with a hunting train,
Swept o'er the Warwick hills, intent to prove
His hospitality, perchance to explore
His new-reared fortress.

Let a century pass, —
And from yon bastion, with a fiery glance,
That speaks the restless and vindictive soul,
Simon de Montfort counts his men at arms,
Warning his archers that their bows be strong,
And every arrow sharply ring that day,
Against their lawful sovereign.

Change hath swept,
With wave on wave, the feudal times away,
And from their mightiest fabrics plucked the pride.
The patriarchs, and the men before the flood,
Who trod the virgin greenness of the earth,
While centuries rolled on centuries, dwelt in tents,
And tabernacles, deeming that their date
Was all too short, to entrench themselves, and hold
Successful warfare with oblivious death.
But we, in the full plenitude and hope
Of threescore years and ten, (how oft curtailed !)
Add house to house, and field to field, and heap
Stone upon stone ; then, shuddering, sink and die : —
While in our footsteps climb another race,
Graves all around them, and the booming knell
Forever in their ears.

The humbling creed,
That all is vanity, doth force a way
Into the gayest heart, that trusts itself
To ruminate amid these buried wrecks
Of princely splendor and baronial pomp.
Methinks the spirit of true wisdom loves
To haunt such musing shades. The taller plants
Sigh to the lowly ones, and they again
Give lessons to the grass, and now and then
Shake a sweet dewdrop on it, to reward
A docile temper; while each leaf imprints
Its tender moral on the passer-by, —
“Ye all, like us, must fade.”

Here comes a bee,
From yon forsaken bower, as if to watch
Our piracies upon her honey-cups,
Perchance, with sting to guard them. Light of wing!
Hast e'er a hive amid those tangled boughs?
We'll not invade thy secrecy, nor thin
Thy scanty hoard of flowers. Let them bloom on;
Why should we rob the ruin of a gem,
Which God hath set, to help its poverty?

It seems like an illusion still, to say
I've been at Kenilworth. But yet 't is true.
And when once more I reach my pleasant home,
In Yankee land, should conversation flag
Among us ladies, though it seldom does,
When of our children, and our housekeeping,
And *help* we speak, — yet should there be a pause,

I will bethink me in that time of need
To mention Kenilworth, and such a host
Of questions will rain down, from those who read
Scott's wizard pages, as will doubtless make
The precious tide of talk run free again.

And when I'm sitting in my grandame chair,
If e'er I live such honored place to fill,
I'll hush the noisy young ones, should they tease
And trouble their mamma, with promised tales
Of ancient Kenilworth.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE first entrance into London is an era in the life of every human being. The deep tide of historic association, meeting the strong surge of living things, like a conflicting current, sways and bewilders the balance of the mind. For a moment, the Past and Present are chaotic elements.

But with me, as motes may eclipse the sun, a little fountain in the heart sprang up, and prevailed. Letters from home! — our first letters from home! Here they met us. So uncertain and erratic had been our programme, that our bankers deemed it safest not to forward them.

Words of love! What force do they gather by traversing thousands of miles of earth and ocean. They remember us still! the dwellers in that home which is ever on our prayers. Those lines from the young pens of children, — why are they suddenly so wet with tears? Let the mother, who has scarcely ever been absent for a week from those she has nurtured, — who could hear, on her own pillow, their sweet breathings in the nursery, — count the hours of silence for seventy-

six days and nights, and see if she does not bless the gray goose-quill, and the art of the scribe, with a fervor heretofore unknown.

Our first Sabbath service in the world's great metropolis was at Westminster Abbey. There, amid the mouldering dust of the mighty dead, we ought surely to have listened, with deepened devotion, to the sublime prayers, and solemn instructions of a sermon from the words of our divine Lord, — "Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again."

Our initiatory view of this wonderful pile was cursory, having decided to attend the afternoon's worship at St. Paul's, which, from our hotel in Hanover Square, was distant between three and four miles. Repeated visits, and more thorough examinations, heightened our sentiments of wonder and of awe. To select or delineate particular monuments, seems invidious and unjust to the emotions that spring up in this great palace of tombs.

Methought Bacon said to us from his marble pedestal, "After all our wanderings, religion is the haven and sabbath of man's contemplations." Milton, in his majesty, seemed to burst forth in that thrilling adjuration, —

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold."

The smile upon Prior's lip seemed indicative of the sweetness that sometimes flowed from his lyre; and I hope to be forgiven that, standing by the pure white

marble of Watts, my first thought should breathe out his simple, maternal melody,—

“Hush, my dear! lie still, and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.”

Him of Avon bore to us, on a graven scroll, the glorious passage that gathered, as in one great sound, the witnessing spirits of all who reposed there,—

“The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,—
Yea, all it doth inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.”

One of the Admirals of England, from the solemn symbols of a magnificent monument, taught of the time “when the sea shall give up her dead;” and the German musician, Handel, while apparently listening in delighted abstraction to the harp of an angel amid clouds, points to the words of the patriarch, embalmed in the strains of his own Messiah,

“I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

The contrast between the meditations that would fain linger amid this receptacle of the illustrious dead and the ceaseless turmoil and pressure of the living throng without, is strikingly and strangely impressive. The restlessness and rush of the people, in the most populous parts of London, are among the best aids to a stranger in forming an idea of its magnitude. At first

there is a dreaminess, an uncertainty whether one is, of a very truth, in the "world's great wilderness capital." Parts of it are so much like what have been seen at home, that we try to fancy we are still there. Names, too, with which we have been familiar from the lisps of our earliest lessons in geography, or whose imprint was in the most precious picture-books of our nursery, assist this illusion. Paternoster Row, Temple Bar, Charing Cross, The Strand, Fleet Street, Bolt Court, from whose sombre windows it is easy to imagine Dr. Johnson still looking out, are to us as household words. But when you see the press and struggle of the living mass, at high noon, through some of the most frequented streets; or when, on some thronged Sabbath in St. Paul's, listen to the tread of the congregation, like the rush of many waters, upon the marble pavement of that vast ornate pile, you begin to realize that you are indeed in the midst of two millions of human beings. A kind of suffocating fear steals for a moment over you, lest you might never get clear of them, and breathe freely in your own native woods again; and then comes a deep feeling that you are as nothing among them; that you might fall in the streets and die, unnoticed or trodden down; that with all your home-indulgence, self-esteem, and vanity about you, you are only a speck, a cypher, a sand upon the seashore of creation: a conviction, humiliating, but salutary.

Two millions of human beings! Here they have their habitations, in every diversity of shelter, from the

palace to the hovel, in every variety of array, from the inmate of the royal equipage to the poor street-sweeper. Some glittering on the height of wealth and power, others sinking in the depths of poverty and misery. Yet to every heart is dealt its modicum of hope, every lip hath a taste of the bitter bread of disappointment. Death, ever taking aim among them, replenishes his receptacles night and day, while in thousands of curtained chambers, how many arms and bosoms earnestly foster the new-born life, that he may have fresh trophies. For earth and the things of earth, for fancies and forms of happiness, all are scheming, and striving, and struggling, from the little rill, working its way under ground in darkness and silence, to the great crested wave, that, with a thunder-sound, breaks on the shore of eternity.

Unclasp the world's close armor from thy heart,
Dismiss the gay companion from thy side,
And, if thou canst, elude the practised art
And dull recitative of venal guide ;
So shalt thou come aright, with reverent tread,
Unto this solemn city of the dead,
Nor uninstructed mid its haunts abide :
But o'er the dust of heroes moralize,
And learn that humbling lore, which makes the spirit
wise.

How silent are ye all, ye sons of song,
Whose harps the music of the earth did make!

How low ye sleep amid the mouldering throng,
Whose tuneful echoes keep the world awake,
While age on age their fleeting transit take !
How damp the vault where sweeps their banner-fold,
Whose clarion-cry made distant regions quake !
How weak the men of might ! how tame the bold !
Chained to the narrow niche, and locked in marble cold.

He of lost Paradise, who nobly sang,
Whose thought sublime above our lower sphere
Soared as a star ; and he who deftly rang
The lyre of fancy, o'er the smile and tear,
Ruling supreme ; and he, who taught the strain
To roll Pindaric o'er his native plain ;
He, too, who poured on Isis' streamlet clear
Unto his Shepherd Lord the hymn of praise,
I bow me at your shrines, ye great of other days.

" I know that my Redeemer liveth ! " Grave
Deep on our hearts, as on thy stony scroll,
That glorious truth which a lost world can save,
Oh German minstrel ! whose melodious soul
Still in the organ's living breath doth float, —
Devotion soaring on its seraph-note, —
Or, with a wondering awe, the throng control,
When from some minster vast, like thunder-chime,
The Oratorio bursts in majesty sublime.

Here rest the rival statesmen, calm and meek,
Even as the child, whose little quarrel o'er,

Subdued to peace, doth kiss his brother's cheek,
And share his pillow, pleased to strive no more.
Yes, side by side *they* sleep, whose warring word
Convulsed the nations, and old ocean stirred ;
Slight seem the feuds that moved the crowd of yore,
To him who now in musing reverie bends,
Where Pitt and Fox dream on, those death-cemented
friends.

And here lies Richard Busby, not with frown,
As when his little realm he ruled severe,
Nor to the sceptred Stuart bowed him down,
But held his upright course, with brow severe ;
Still bears his hand the pen and classic page,
While the sunk features, marked by furrowing age,
And upraised eye, with supplicating fear,
Seem to implore that pity in his woe,
Which, to the erring child, perchance, he failed to show.

Mary of Scotland hath her monument
Fast by that mightier queen of kindred line,
By whom her soul was to its Maker sent,
Ere Nature warned her to His bar divine ;
It is a fearful thing, thus side by side
To see the murderer and the murdered bide,
And of the scaffold think, and strange decline
That wrung the Tudor's weary breath away,
And of the strict account at the great reckoning day.

Seek ye the chapel of yon monarch proud,
Who rests so gorgeous mid the princely train ?

And sleeps he sweeter than the humbler crowd,
Unmarked by costly arch or sculptured fane?
I've seen the turf-mound of the village hind,
Where all unsheltered from the wintry wind,
Sprang one lone flower of deep and deathless stain;
That simple faith which bides the shock of doom,
When bursts the visioned pomp that decked the sa-
trap's tomb.

Dim Abbey! 'neath thine arch the shadowy past
O'ersweeps our spirits, like the banyan tree,
Till living men, as reeds before the blast,
Are bowed and shaken. Who may speak to thee,
Thou hoary guardian of the illustrious dead,
With unchilled bosom or a chainless tread?
Thou breath'st no sound, no word of utterance free,
Save now and then a trembling chant from those
Whose Sabbath-worship wakes amid thy deep repose.

For thou the pulseless and the mute hast set,
As teachers of a world they loved too well,
And made thy lettered aisles an alphabet,
Where wealth and power their littleness may spell,
And go their way the wiser, if they will;
Yea, even thy chisel's art, thy carver's skill,
Thy tracery, like the spider's film-wrought cell,
But deeper grave the lessons of the dead,
Their bones beneath our feet, thy dome above our head.

A throng is at thy gates. With lofty head
The unslumbering city claims to have her will,

She strikes her gong, and with a ceaseless tread

Circleth thy time-scathed walls. But stern and still,

Thou bear'st the chafing of her mighty tide,

In silence brooding o'er thy secret pride,

The moveless soldiers of thy citadel ;

Yet wide to Heaven thy trusting arms dost spread,

Thine only watchword, *God! God and the sacred dead!*

THE TOWER.

THE Tower, more than any other locality, seems the historic embodiment of England, in its majesty and its mystery, — its glories, its treasons, and its mistakes. From the time of the fierce Norman conqueror, the sighing of the prisoner, and the voice of the oppressor, like the wailing dirge and the shriek of the trumpet, have discordantly mingled within its walls.

Covering an area of twelve acres, with massive and irregular fortifications, — its principal modern uses are as an arsenal, a fastness for the regalia, and a repository for the memorial of things that were. Its objects of interest in these different departments are almost without number. Still to me, from a deficiency of military impulse, some that were the most zealously exhibited, proved the least congenial ; and I gazed with more of surprise than exultation, on two hundred thousand stand of arms, arranged in an imposing manner, and quantities of cannon, — the captured treasures of many lands. The corroded guns of the Royal George, drawn by the diving-bell from their long sojourn in the deep, awakened recollections of the plaintive poem of Cowper,

—“Toll for the brave,” — occasionally sung among the simple ditties of childhood. The destructive weapons and instruments of torture, taken from the Spanish armada, are placed in the neighborhood of a waxen effigy of Queen Elizabeth, on horseback, going to return thanks at St. Paul’s for the defeat of that terrible armament, by the artillery of Heaven, which she caused to be kept in memory by a medal with the inscription, “Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them.” I placed my thumb in the screws which the Dons provided for their English neighbors, touched the edge of the axe that beheaded Anne Boleyn, felt the rugged block which had been so oft saturated with noble blood, and entered, with indignation, the dark, miserable dungeon where the noble Sir Walter Raleigh was nightly locked, while his chainless intellect verified the assertion of the poet, —

“ The oppressor holds
The body bound, but knows not what a range
The spirit takes.”

The warders of the Tower, with their flat hats or caps, encircled with wreaths, and laced frock-coats, lead the mind back to the time of Henry the Eighth, who established that gorgeous costume. I formed quite a friendship for the line of equestrian kings, knights, and cavaliers, from Henry the Sixth to James the Second, who were ranged in full armor ; and regretted

to hear that any inroad should have been made among them by a subsequent conflagration at the Tower, which destroyed so many relics that time and tradition had made precious to mankind.

In a darkened room, through a rampart of iron bars, we were permitted to look at England's regalia, sceptre, ampulla, and christening font, — the crown of poor Anne Boleyn, — that of James the First, and the new one made for Victoria, sparkling with precious stones, and valued at two millions sterling.

A different class of sentiments were appealed to, as we groped our way up the narrow, winding flight of steps to the turret on whose walls the martyrs had graven their names or etchings, with such rude instruments as their captivity might command. Climbing still higher, we looked from the grated window whence the lovely Lady Jane Grey gazed upon the headless form of her husband.

Up, up this dizzy stair, for here she went
To her dark prison-room, the sweetly fair,
Around whose cradle, wealth and power had bent,
And classic learning strewed its garlands rare,

The guiltless martyr for a father's fault,
Whose strong ambition overleaped the truth,
And placed her, shrinking, on another's throne,
To whelm in hapless woe her blooming youth.

Here, on this grated window, let me lean,
From whence she gazed upon that fearful sight,
The life-blood of her bosom's dearest lord;
Her pale lip shuddering, yet her pure eye bright

With faith the same sharp path to tread, and meet
The idol of her love at their Redeemer's feet.

OXFORD.

IN our ride of fifty-five miles, between London and Oxford, we passed over a portion of Hounslow Heath, so full of legendary lore, — saw the royal banners waving from the battlements of Windsor Castle, and admired a profusion of fine ancient oaks in Henly and its vicinity. We approached the time-honored spot, so hallowed by science, literature and loyalty, under the shades of evening; but were admonished of our proximity to the classic atmosphere of its Universities by the tones of the “Mighty Tom,” the great bell of Christ Church, which weighs one thousand seven hundred pounds, and at ten minutes after nine tolls one hundred and one times, the number of the established students, or fellows of that college. In our subsequent visit to that institution, where the sons of the nobility are educated, we saw their tables spread in the spacious hall, one hundred and fifteen feet in length and fifty in height, built by Cardinal Wolsey, in the days of his magnificence. His portrait, in crimson robes, was hanging near that of his master, Henry the Eighth, whose capricious temper wrought his destruction. A

rude, triangular garden-chair, which he used to occupy when superintending the workmen upon the grounds, or the edifice, is still preserved in the library; and, seating myself within its no very luxurious purlieus, the pathos of his dying supplication to the pitying Abbot, came freshly over me:

“ Give me a little earth for charity.”

In the morning service at St. Mary's Church, there were present the heads of twenty-one colleges, several distinguished theologians, and multitudes of students, with whose reverent deportment, healthful aspect, and fine appearance in their scholastic uniform, we were pleasantly impressed. In the afternoon, at St. Magdalen's fine old church, with its noble stained windows and ivy-clustered columns, we heard magnificent music, from a grand organ, and a choir of one hundred voices, among which were sixteen perfectly trained chanting boys.

Delightful walks had we often, amid the meadows of velvet verdure, and on the banks of the Isis and Cherwell. We seated ourselves on the identical spot, by the last named stream, sprinkled by snowy flocks and antlered deer, where Addison produced that almost inspired version of the 23d Psalm:

“ The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care.”

Our researches in the Bodleian and Radcliffe libra-

ries, the former of which contains 400,000 volumes, with countless manuscripts, delighted us exceedingly ; as did also the architecture of those time-honored structures, in which, and in the illustrious men nurtured within their walls, Oxford so justly glories. The evening before our departure, after listening to the sublime chants in the beautiful chapel of New College, we went to stand on the spot, near Baliol, where, on the 16th of October, 1555, Latimer, bishop of Worcester, and Ridley, bishop of London, expired at the stake. It seemed, if not a natural combination, surely a touching climax, for thought to rise from the deep historical associations that cluster around the fanes of learning and piety, to the unshrinking faith of that "blessed company of martyrs," who, through much tribulation, entered into eternal rest.

The spot, rendered so sacred by the sufferings of these two prelates, is now designated by a noble monument, more than seventy feet in height — preparations for the erection of which were in progress at the time of our visit to Oxford.

Turret, and spire, and dome !

How proud they rise,
Clasped in the arms of elmy avenues,
Each with its robe of wisdom or of power
Around it, like a mantle. Glorious thoughts,
Born of the hoary past, and mighty shades
Nurtured in silence, and made eloquent

Here, in these cloistered cells, for after times,
Meet him who museth here.

I sat me down
Upon a quiet seat, o'erhung with boughs
Umbrageous, at my feet a dimpling stream,
The silver Cherwell; verdant meadows spread
Broadly around, where roamed the antlered deer
At pleasure, while serene a snowy flock
Reposed or ruminated.

Did some cloud
Burst with an inborn melody? Or harp,
Instinct with numbers of the minstrel king,
Pour forth an echo strain? It was thy hymn,
O Addison! and this the chosen spot
Where thou didst sing of Him, who should prepare
Thy pasture, and by living waters lead,
And the unslumbering Shepherd of thy soul
Be evermore.

And then there seemed to pass
A shadowy host, the great of other days,
Arm linked in arm, in high communion sweet,
Blessing the haunts where Learning forged for them
Imperishable armor!

But we turned
From their entrancing company, to walk
Among the living, and to scan the tomes
In halls and alcoves hoarded, row on row,
Which, in their plenitude, might half confuse
The arithmetician's skill; and see the light
With rainbow pencil through the storied panes

Of old St. Magdalen, so solemnly
Touch the dull pavement with the lore of heaven,
A tender, tinted lesson, which the heart
Sometimes in colder flintiness receives,
Unkindled, unreflected. Next, to hear
St. Mary's wondrous chant, at evening hour,
As though the earth to angels bade good night,
And they replied, hosanna ! then, to stand
Beneath the pure eye of the watching stars,
Where on the winds their eddying ashes rose,
Who earthly mitre for a martyr's crown
In flames exchanged.

Methought the scene returned
Unfadingly before us. Then, as now,
Fled was the Summer-flush, though Autumn's breath
Delayed to sear the leaf, that o'er the tide
Of gentle Isis hung. Up through the mass
Of woven foliage went the holy towers,
And classic domes, where throned Science points
To Alfred's honored name.

See the rude throng, —
Dark glaring brows, and blood-shot, fiery eyes,
And preparations dire for fearful pangs
Of ignominious death. Yet all around,
The sparkling waters, and benignant skies,
And trees, with cool, embracing arms, allure
To thoughts of mercy. Still, unpitying man
Heeds not, relents not, though sweet Nature kneels,
And sheds her holy tear-drops on his heart,
To melt the savage purpose.

Through dense crowds
Exulting led, there comes a noble form,
Majestic of demeanor, and arrayed
In sacerdotal robes. Those lips, which oft
'Neath some cathedral's awe-imposing arch
Warned with heaven's eloquence a tearful throng,
Now, in this deep adversity, essay
The same blest theme. With brutal haste they check
The unfinished sentence, they who used to crouch
To his high fortunes, or with shouts partake
His flowing bounty. Smitten on the mouth,
In silent dignity of soul, he stands
Unanswering, though reviled.

Lo! at his side,
Worn out with long imprisonment, they place
The venerable Latimer. With years
His footsteps falter, but his soul is firm,
And his fixed eye, like the first martyr's, seems
To read unfolding heaven. The gazing throng,
The stake, the faggot, and the cutting sneer,
Are nought to him. Wrapped in his prison-garb,
The scorn of low malignity is he,
Whom pomp and wealth had courted, at whose voice
The pious Edward wept that childlike tear,
Which works the soul's salvation, and his sire,
Boisterous and swoln with passion, stood reprov'd
Like a chained lion.

Now the narrow space
'Twixt life and death the dial's point hath run,

And quick, with sacrilegious hand, they bind
The guiltless victims.

But the one who seemed
The lowest bent with age, now strongest rose
To give away his spirit joyously ;
And, throwing off his prison garments, stood
In fair, white robes, as on his spousal day.
Then Ridley, in whose veins the pulse beat strong
With younger life, girded himself to bear
The burning of his flesh, while Faith portrayed,
In glorious vision to his dazzled sight,
The noble army of those martyred ones,
Who round God's altar wait.

With wreathing spires
Up went the crackling flame, and that old man,
Triumphant o'er his anguish, boldly cried,
" Courage, my brother ! We this day do light
A fire in Christendom, that ne'er shall die."
Then on his shrivelled lip an angel's smile
Settled, and life went forth as pleasantly
As from a couch of down.

But Ridley bore
A longer sorrow. Oft with sigh and prayer
He gave his soul to Jesus, ere the flame
Dissolved that gordian knot which bound it fast
To tortured clay. At length his blackened corse
Fell at the feet of Latimer, who raised
Still a calm brow to heaven. Almost it seemed
That even in death the younger Christian sought,

By posture of humility, to pay
Deep homage to his venerated guide
And father in the gospel.

'T was a sight

To curb demoniac rage. Low stifled sounds
Of pity rose, and many a murmurer mourned
For good King Edward, to the grave gone down
In early sanctity. And some there were
To ban the persecuting Queen, who fed
The fires of Smithfield with the blood of saints,
And dared to kindle in these hallowed vales
Her bigot wrath.

There was a chosen few,
Who, sad and silent, sought their homes, to weep
For their loved prelates, yet no railing word,
Or vengeful purpose breathed, but waiting stood
For their own test of conscience and of faith
Inflexible.

This was the flock of Christ.

DOVER.

THROUGH the greater part of our journey from London to Dover, we were instructed how copiously the English skies know how to pour down rain. Still, during intervals of the storm, and sometimes in spite of it, we explored various scenes and edifices.

Gravesend, some twenty miles from the metropolis, could not be passed without a tender reference in our American hearts, to the daughter of Powhatan, the friend of Virginia's ancestors, — the cherished guest at Albion's court, — who here found a tomb, in 1617, at the age of twenty-two, when about to reëmbark with her husband and son, for her native clime.

Those council-fires are quench'd, that erst so red,
Mid western groves their midnight volume twined ;
The red-brow'd king and stately chief are dead, —
Nor remnant, nor memorial left behind.
But thou, meek forest-princess, true of heart,
When o'er our fathers waved destruction's dart,
Shalt in their children's loving hearts be shrined.
Pure, lonely star, o'er dark oblivion's wave,
It is not meet thy name should moulder in the grave.

It required no great effort of the imagination, in looking across the river, to depict the masculine form of Queen Elizabeth, on horseback, at Tilbury Fort, and hear her stout Tudor voice enunciating to the shouting people, that though she was but a "woman she had the heart of a king, and a king of England too."

Rochester Cathedral, the smallest of that class of edifices in the kingdom, bears decided marks of its early Saxon origin. It suffered considerably during the reign of William the First, and at the Reformation. The tombs and statues of Henry the Second and his queen, Matilda, are there, but we saw comparatively few monuments to the illustrious dead.

Like a mountain did old Canterbury Cathedral tower up before us, through the dimness of twilight. More than five hundred feet in length, and its principal tower rising to nearly half that altitude, it is a conspicuous object from every point of approach. Thomas à Beckett's ashes repose here, and in the western transept is shown the spot where he met his death at the foot of the altar. Here are also monuments to Edward, the Black Prince, Henry the Fourth and his queen, and a multitude of other distinguished personages, both of ancient and modern times.

The County of Kent is replete with interesting reminiscences. Its old name of Cantium, or Corner, bestowed upon it by Cæsar, is explained by Camden from the circumstance of its stretching out in an angular form, and comprehending the south-eastern part of the

island. Among its natural productions the culture of the hop has long been prominent. Quaint Michael Drayton exclaims :

“ O famous Kent !

What county can this isle compare with thee ?

Which hath within thyself all thou couldst wish,

Rabits and venison, fruits, hops, fowl, and fish,” &c.

And a more modern poet describes with greater particularity this predominating vegetable.

“ On Cantium’s hills,

The flowery hop, with tendrils climbing round

The tall, aspiring pole, bears its light head

Aloft, in pendent clusters.”

The remains of the Pharos, on Castle Hill, furnish decided proof of Roman workmanship, though no incontestible evidence can be adduced that it was erected by Julius Cæsar, as the traditions of that region are fond of asserting. That Dover was fortified by the Romans, is admitted by the most discriminating historians ; and its commanding situation caused it to be prized and maintained as a military station by the ancient Britons. In its towering cliffs, composed of chalk and flint stones, we were surprised to see such a variety of subterranean ways, magazines, and barracks for soldiers. The latter are capable of containing more than two thousand men, and are constructed in the side of perpendicular precipices, to

which you ascend, by an internal winding staircase, some two hundred steps. Light and air are conveyed to them by well-like apertures in the chalk, or by openings on the face of the cliffs; and an intelligent traveller has said, that “the chimneys, coming up forty feet through the mountain, shoot out their smoke as if they were the flues of some Cyclopean artificers, whose forges were in the bowels of the earth.”

Almost the whole of the three days spent in Dover were marked by wild winds and a tempest of rain. Our midnight music was the hoarse reverberations of the sea, — smiting and broken against the rocks that guard the coast.

On an evening promenade to the Shakspeare Cliff, somewhat overrating our powers of adhesion, we came near being swept, by a tremendous blast, into the boiling surges beneath. This rock, whose apex must be near six hundred feet, seems, even in its more accessible heights, to utter the words of him whose name it bears, —

“How fearful,
And dizzy ’tis, to cast one’s eyes so low!
Half way down,
Hangs one who gathers samphire. Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
Yon fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear as mice.”

Dover Castle and its reminiscences of the vigilance with which the English troops here kept watch and

ward against the threatened invasion of Napoleon the First, led one of our party to describe a caricature, executed at that period in London, which mightily delighted the people. Bonaparte is represented on the very verge of the coast of Calais, eagerly pointing a spy-glass towards the heights of Dover, where John Bull, in full military uniform, and with his usual portly figure, is perambulating at leisure.

“ Says Boney to Johnny, I’m coming to Dover,
Says Johnny to Boney, ’t is doubted by some;
But, says Boney, what if I really come over ?
Then, doubtless, says Johnny, you ’ll be overcome.”

It was not without some misgivings, heightened, probably, by those November fogs and rains, which in the English clime make demands on the most elastic spirit, that we prepared to cross the angry Channel, and enter another foreign land. A discourse to which we listened in Trinity Church, the Sunday before leaving Dover, seemed to impart strength to our faith, both by its spirit and the passage on which it was founded, “ Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.”

Out on the Shakspeare cliff, and look below !
Seest thou the samphire-gatherer ? He no more
Pursues his fearful trade, as when the eye
Of Avon’s bard descried him. But the height
Is still as dizzy, and the ruffian winds

Come from their conflict with the raging seas
So vengefully, that it is hard to hold
A footing on the rock.

The moon is forth
In all her queenly plenitude, and scans
The foaming channel with a look of peace
But ill returned. For such a clamor reigns
Between the ploughing waves and unyoked blasts,
That the hoarse trumpet of the mariner
Seems like the grass-bird's chirp.

And yet 't is grand
To gaze upon the mountain surge, and hear
How loftily it hurls the challenge back
To the chafed cloud, and feel yourself a speck,
An atom, in His sight, who rules its wrath, —
To whom the crush of all the elements
Were but a bursting bubble.

Cliffs of chalk,
Old Albion's signal to the mariner,
Encompass Dover, with their ramparts white,
As in her vale, half-deafened by the surge,
She croucheth down. Within their yielding breast,
Deep excavations, and dark wreaths of smoke
Mysterious, curling upward to the cloud,
Reveal the soldier's home.

With Roman pride
The ancient Pharos, in its dotage, points
To Cæsar, and the castellated walls
Of yon irregular fabric speak of war: —
While France, who through the curtaining haze
peers out

Faint on the far horizon, boasts how oft
The bomb-fires blazed, and the tired sentinel
Kept watch and ward against her warrior step,
Or threatened wrath.

Yet sweeter 't is to note
The simple habitudes of rural life,
Safe from such hurly 'twixt the sea and shore,
As shreds the rock in fragments.

Twining round
Trellis or prop, or o'er the cottage wall
Weaving its wiry tendrils, interspersed
With the rough serrate leaf, profuse and dark, —
The aromatic hop, *the grape of Kent*,
Lifts its full clusters, of a paler green,
Loved for the simple vintage.

Many a tale
Of interest and sympathy is rife
Among the humble harvesters of Kent ;
And one I heard, which I remember still.
In a lone hamlet, the narrator said,
I saw a funeral. Round the open grave
Gathered a band of thoughtful villagers,
While pressing nearest to its shelving brink,
A slender boy of some few summers stood,
Sole mourner, with a wild and wishful eye
Fixed on the coffin. When they let it down
Into the darksome pit, and the coarse earth
From the grave-digger's shovel falling, gave
A hollow sound, there rose such bitter wail,
Prolonged and deep, as I had never heard
Come from a child.

Then he, who gave, with prayers,
The body to the dust, when the last rite
Was over, turned, with sympathizing look,
And said : —

“ Poor boy, your mother will not sleep
In this cold bed forever. No ! — as sure
As the sweet flowers, which now the frost hath chilled,
Shall hear the call of Spring, and the dry grass
Put on fresh greenness, she shall rise again,
And live a life of joy.”

Bleak Autumn winds
Swept through the rustling leaves, and seemed to
pierce
The shivering orphan, as he bowed him down
All desolate, to look into the pit,
Till from the group a kindly matron came,
And led him thence.

When Spring, returning, threw
Her trembling colors o'er the wakened earth,
I wandered there again. A timid step
Fell on my ear, and that poor orphan child
Came from his mother's grave. Paler he'd grown
Since last I saw him, and his little feet
With frequent tread, had worn the herbage down
To a deep, narrow path. He started thence,
And would have fled away. But when I said
That I had stood beside him while they put
His mother in the grave, he nearer drew,
Inquiring eagerly, —

“ Then did you hear
The minister, who always speaks the truth,

Say that she 'd rise again? — that just as sure
As Spring restored to life the grass and flowers,
She would come back? ”

“ Yes, — But not here, my son ;
Not to live here.”

“ Yes, *here*, this is the spot
Where she was laid. So here she 'll rise again,
Just where they buried her. I marked it well,
And night and morning, since the grass grew green,
I've come to watch. Sometimes I press my lips
Close to the place where they laid down her head,
And call, and tell her that the flowers have come,
And now 't is time to wake. See too the seeds
I planted here! seeds of the flowers she loved,
Break the brown mould. But yet she does not come,
Nor answer to my voice.”

“ She cannot come
To you, on earth, but you shall go to her.”

“ *I go to her!* and his thin hands were clasped
So close, that every bone and sinew seemed
Fast knit together. *Shall I go to her?*
Let me go *now*.”

Then, with a yearning heart,
I told him of the Book that promiseth
A resurrection, and eternal life
To them who sleep in Jesus, — that the word
Of God's unerring truth could ne'er deceive
The trusting soul, that kept His holy law
Obediently, and His appointed time
With patience waited.

“Oh I ’ll wait His time,
And try to do His will, if I may hope,
After this body dies, to rise again,
And live once more with mother.”

So he turned
From that low grave, with such a piteous look
Of soul subdued, and utter loneliness,
As haunted memory, like a troubled dream.

Time sped away, and when again I passed
That quiet village, I inquired for him,
And one who knew him told me how he prized
The blessed Book, which teacheth that the dead
Shall rise again, and o’er its pages hung
Each leisure moment, with a wondering love,
Until he learned of Jesus, and laid down
All sorrow at his feet.

But then there came
A fearful sickness, and in many a cot
Were children dead, and he grew ill, and bore
His pain without complaint, and meekly died,
And went to join the mother that he loved.

CALAIS.

CREST-fallen we came,
And coldly dripping from the salt-sea wave,
Into the gates of Calais. As our eye
Turned backward, musing on the things that were,
We thought of thee, Philippa, and thy tear
Of intercession, and the joy it brought
To mournful homes.

Edward was fired with wrath.

“Bring forth,” he said,
“The hostages, and let their death instruct
This contumacious city.”

Forth they came,
The rope about their necks, — those patriot men,
Who nobly chose an ignominious doom
To save their country's blood. Famine and toil
And the long siege had worn them to the bone ;
Yet from their eye spoke that heroic soul
Which scorns the body's ill. Father and son
Stood side by side, and youthful forms were there,
By kindred linked, for whom the sky of life
Was bright with love. Yet no repining sigh

Darkened their hour of fate. Well had they taxed
The midnight thought, and nerved the wearied arm,
While months and seasons thinned their wasting ranks.
The harvest failed, the joy of vintage ceased, —
Vine-dresser and grape-gather manned the walls,
And when they sank with hunger, others came,
Of cheek more pale, perchance, but strong at heart.
Yet still those spectres poured their arrow-flight,
Or hurled the deadly stone, while at the gates
The conqueror of Cressy sued in vain.
“Lead them to die!” he bade.

In nobler hearts

There was a throb of pity for the foe
So fallen and so unblenching; yet none dared
Meet that fierce temper with the word, *forgive!*

Who comes, with hasty step and flowing robe,
And hair so slightly bound? The Queen! the Queen!
An earnest pity on her lifted brow,
Tears in her azure eye, like drops of light.
What seeks she with such fervid eloquence?
Life for the lost! And ever as she fears
Her suit in vain, more wildly heaves her breast,
In secrecy of prayer, to save her lord
From cruelty so dire, and from the pangs
Of late remorse. At first, the strong resolve
Curled on his lip, and raised his haughty head,
While every firm-set muscle prouder swelled
To iron rigor. Then his flashing eye
Rested upon her, till its softened glance

Confessed contagion from her tenderness,
As with a manly and chivalrous grace
The boon he gave.

Oh woman! ever seek
A victory like this; with heavenly warmth
Still melt the icy purpose, still preserve
From error's path the heart that thou dost fold
Close in thine own pure love. Yes, ever be
The advocate of mercy, and the friend
Of those whom all forsake; so may *thy* prayer
In thine adversity, be heard of Him,
Who multiplies to pardon.

Should any one chance to have crossed the Atlantic without learning the full import of the compound word *sea-sickness*, he can obtain thorough elementary instruction on the Channel between England and France. Especially, if he embark, like us, ere a long and fierce storm has subsided, he may find a kind of teaching which every nerve in his body will register on its tablet, while memory remains.

The regular government-steamer declining to put forth, on account of stress of weather, we being wearied with our stay at Dover, were induced to take passage in a small private boat, which proved scarcely seaworthy. Our original party, of Bishop Williams and his mother, young Mr. W. E. Imlay and myself, had acquired the agreeable addition of Rev. Dr. Woods, President of Bowdoin College, and Hon. J. Dixon and

his fair young bride, whose course of united life, so strikingly bright and beautiful, had this stormy prelude.

We had not proceeded far on the troubled deep, ere the billows broke over us, and opening seams admitted an abundance of petty rills. Our poor little craft seemed the scorn both of sea and sky, — tossed up by one, and beaten back by the other. Driven by winds, and gorged with brine, it ran its terrible gauntlet, reeling and groaning at the stroke of every new surge.

The attitudes of the voyagers defied the pencil's power. There were no couches to fall upon, it being a day-boat, and having but little available space of any kind. One passenger, drenched to the skin, burst into peals of hysterical laughter; another, the bearer of French despatches, exclaimed, at every fresh ablution, "Sacre Dieu!" and leaped like a roasted chestnut. I had taken refuge, by permission, below, in a kind of cabin, or rubbish-hole, where was a rickety lounge, covered with cast-off garments. Thither ran the sailors, unconscious of a stranger's proximity, to get a drink of brandy, swearing that we should all go to the bottom. Thither came the captain, thrusting into the gaping crevices whatever of a pliant nature he could lay his hand upon. At length, seizing his large cyphering-slate, he drove, with tremendous force, nails through its frame, to oppose the progress of a leak. Yet, amid all our helplessness and peril, did the good Lord deliver us. Praise to His mercy.

Most grateful were we to find stable footing on the Gallic shore; and after the usual examinations at the custom-house, and obtaining new passports, ordered a comfortable fire for our chilled limbs, and conversed with varied emotions, on what we had endured amid those wrathful Straits of Dover, "mounting up to the heavens, going down again to the depths, our souls melted because of trouble."

It was not until the evening of the following day, that we felt sufficiently reinstated to make trial of the movements of a French diligence. At the hour of nine, off set the cumbrous machine, drawn by five horses, carrying in the coupé three persons, in the intérieur six, in the rear compartment three, and on the top an unknown number, beside the *conducteur* and his *compagnon*.

The country in the vicinity of Calais is flat, the roads drained by a kind of canal on each side, and planted with clumsy trees. These were partially denuded, but the verdure of the fields was deep and bright as in Summer. The processes of agriculture seemed rude, and the ploughs of an awkward construction, mounted on wheels. Frequent stacks of grain and hay told of a plentiful harvest, and here and there the scathed grape-vine climbed with its crisp tendril to the eaves, or over the tiled roof of some lowly dwelling. Many of the hovels were miserably planted in the midst of an expanse of mud, in which the poor peasants paddled whenever they stepped from the doors.

We looked in vain for the white cottages of England, so beautiful with their trim hedges and lingering blossoms.

At St. Omers, a fortified town of gloomy aspect, where we stopped a few minutes for refreshment, we were first initiated into the terrible mendicancy of France. Every age and condition of suffering humanity beset us, and cried at every crevice of our vehicle with the most piteous and persevering tones.

Being fatigued with sitting twenty hours in the diligence, with scarcely an opportunity to change our position, we decided to rest at Amiens for a night and day. We visited the cathedral, which is a grand, imposing building, both in architecture and decorations, heard the regular daily service performed, and saw many superb monuments and shrines, before which candles were perpetually burning. At seven in the evening, we recommenced another journey of twenty hours, stopping only a few moments at Clermont, at three in the morning. The moon occasionally piercing the clouds reflected the shadow of our ludicrous and rumbling equipage, like a house on wheels, drawn sometimes by six, and at others by seven horses, over wet and heavy roads; and delighted were we when, at the Hotel Meurice, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries, we found refreshment and repose.

'T was pleasant thus to see the vales of France,
Green as tho' Summer's spirit linger'd there,

Tho' the crisp vine-leaf told its Autumn-tale,
While the brown windmills spread their flying arms
To every fickle breeze. The singing-girl
Awoke her light guitar, and featly danced
To her own madrigals ; but the low hut
Of the poor peasant seemed all comfortless,
And his harsh-featured wife, made swarth by toils
Unfeminine, with no domestic smile
Cheered her sad children, plunging their dark feet
Deep in the miry soil.

At intervals

Widely disjoined, where clustering roofs arose,
The cry of shrill mendicity went up,
And at each window of our vehicle,
Hand, hat, and basket thrust, and the wild eye
Of clamorous children, eager for a coin,
Assailed our every pause. At first, the pang
Of pity moved us, and we vainly wished
For wealth to fill each meagre hand with gold ;
But oft besought, suspicion steeled the heart,
And 'neath the guise of poverty, we deemed
Vice or deception lurked. So on we passed
Save when an alms some white-haired form implored,
Bowed down with age ; or some pale, pining babe,
Froze into silence by its misery,
Clung to the sickly mother. On we passed,
In homely diligence, like cumbrous house,
Tripartite and well-peopled, its lean steeds
Rope-harnessed and grotesque, while the full moon

Silvered our weary caravan, that wrought
Untiring, night and day, until the towers
Of fair St. Denis, where the garnered dust
Of many a race' of Gallic monarchs sleeps,
Gleamed through the misty morning, and we gained
The gates of Paris.

OBELISK OF LUXOR.

AMONG the conspicuous objects that in Paris, by their number and beauty, astonish the stranger, he will find himself early attracted to the ancient obelisk of Luxor. A single shaft of red sienite, it is covered with hieroglyphics, most of which refer to Sesostris, during whose reign it was originally erected.

It finds its new home in the Place la Concorde, known during the reign of the Bourbons, as the Place Louis Fifteenth, and christened in the time of terror the Place de la Revolution. Fearful baptisms of blood has that spot known, from the trampling down of thousands, in the fatal rush at the marriage festival of Louis Sixteenth, to the sad spectacle of his own decapitation, and that of the throng who night and day fed the guillotine. In the two years that succeeded his death, more than two thousand persons, of both sexes, were executed here, until it was said, that the soil, pampered with its terrible aliment, rose up, and burst open, and refused to be trodden down like other earth.

In such good preservation is this relic of antiquity and art, that the mind is slow in believing that nearly

three thousand four hundred years have elapsed since it was first placed in front of the great temple of Thebes, the modern Luxor. It was given, with another of the same size, by the Viceroy of Egypt to the French government. But such were the difficulties to be overcome in its transportation, that the removal of its partner has never been attempted. The labor of taking it down, and conveying it to the banks of the Nile, occupied eight hundred men for three months. A road had to be constructed, and a vessel built on purpose to receive it. The latter was obliged to be sawn off vertically, to accommodate the ponderous passenger, which performed its voyage with peril. Three years after its separation from its original site it arrived in Paris, and in three more years, by the most ingenious and powerful machinery, its final elevation in its new home was effected. It stands on a pedestal of granite in the midst of an elliptical plateau, paved with asphaltum. Two magnificent fountains throw up their silver waters, which fall, with a pleasant sound, into vast circular basins incrustated with marble ; while Tritons and Nereids, attended by swans and dolphins, hasten to welcome the wonderful guest. Colossal statues stand around in their majesty, to do it honor ; hoary Ocean,— the classic Mediterranean,— Agriculture soliciting the gifts of earth, — Commerce gathering riches from the sea, — and Astronomy with her soul among the stars. Personifications of the Rhine and the Rhone, with the Genii of Flowers and Fruits, of Vintage and of the Harvest, express

the hospitalities of France. Old Egypt rests among them and is satisfied.

Thou here ! What but a miracle could tear
Thee from thine old and favorite spot of birth ?
And o'er the wave thy ponderous body bear,
Making thee thus at home in foreign earth ?
While countless throngs with curious glance regard
Thy strange and sanguine face, with hieroglyphics
scarred.

Thou hadst a tedious voyage, I suppose,
Sea-sickness and rough rocking, — was it so ?
Thou wert as Jonah to the mariners,
I understand, and wrought them mickle woe ;
And when the port was reached, they feared with pain
Thou ne'er would'st raise thy head, or be thyself again.

Dost think thy brother Monolith will dare,
Like thee, the dangers of the deep to meet ?
I learn he has the viceroy's leave to take
The tour, his education to complete :
Thy warm, fraternal heart right glad would be
Here, in this stranger-land, his honest face to see.

What canst thou tell us ? thou whose wond'rous date
Doth more than half our planet's birthdays measure !
Saw'st thou Sesostris, in his regal state,
Ruling the conquered nations at his pleasure ?

And are those stories true, by History told,
Of hundred-gated Thebes, with all her power and gold?

Didst hear how hard the yoke of bondage pressed
On Israel's chosen race, by Nilus' strand?
And how the awful seer, with words of flame,
Did in the presence of the tyrant stand,
When with dire plagues the hand of Heaven was red,
And stiff-necked Egypt shrieked o'er all her first-born
dead?

Tell us who built the pyramids, — and why
They took such pains those famous tombs to rear,
Yet chanced at last to let their names slip by,
And drown in dark oblivion's waters drear;
Paris, though so polite, can scarce restrain
A smile at such mistake and toil, for honors vain.

Didst e'er attend a trial of the dead?
Pray, tell us where the judges held their seat;
And touch us just the key-note of the tune,
Which statued Memnon breathed, the morn to greet;
Or sing of Isis' priests the vesper-chime;
Or doth thy memory fail beneath the weight of time?

How little did'st thou dream, in youth, to be
So great a traveller in thy hoary years,
And here, in lily France, to take thy stand,
The silvery fountains playing round thine ears,
And groves and gardens stretching 'neath thy feet,
Where sheds the lingering sun his parting lustres sweet.

Yet beautiful thou art in majesty,
As ancient oracle, from Delphic shrine,
Which by the Ocean cast on foreign shore,
Claims worship for its mysteries divine;
And Egypt hath been prodigally kind,
Such noble gift to send, to keep her love in mind.

The earth whereon thou standest hath been red
And saturate with blood, and at the rush
Of those who came to die, hath quaked with dread,
As though its very depths did shrink and blush,
Like Eden's soil, when first the purple tide
It drank with shuddering lip, and to its Maker cried.

Be as a guardian to this new-found home,
That fondly wooed thee o'er the billows blue,
For 't were a pity sure, to come so far,
And know so much, and yet no good to do : —
So, from the "Place la Concorde," blot the shame,
And bid it lead a life more worthy of its name.

PERE LA CHAISE.

THAT portion of Mont Louis which is appropriated to the most beautiful of the four cemeteries, in the neighborhood of Paris, was originally a part of the garden and pleasure-grounds of Père la Chaise, the favorite confessor of Louis the Fourteenth, and Madame de Maintenon. It covers nearly one hundred acres, and its mixture of funereal foliage and flowers, with the monuments of the dead, is picturesque and imposing. Yet it is less touching in its effect on the feelings, than the labyrinthine solitudes of Mount Auburn, or the sweet spot where the dead repose at Laurel Hill, on the green margin of the Schuylkill, or the still more perfect Greenwood. Forty years have not elapsed since it was set apart for this sacred service. The first corpse was laid here on the 21st of May, 1804 ; since which, in a period of thirty-six years, there have been more than one hundred thousand interments, and sixteen thousand monuments erected. These are in every diversified form, of column, urn, and altar, pyramid, obelisk, and sepulchral chapel ; many of them surrounded by enclosures, within which

are plants, and flowering shrubs, and seats for mourning friends, when they visit the departed.

The monument to Abelard and Heloise, is of Gothic architecture, and constructed from the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete. Its form is a parallelogram, fourteen feet by eleven, and twenty-four in height. A pinnacle, twelve feet in elevation, rises from the centre of the roof, and four smaller ones, finely sculptured, ornament the corners. It has fourteen columns, six feet in height, with rich capitals, and the arches which they support are surmounted by cornices wrought with flowers. The four pediments are decorated with bas-reliefs, roses, and medallions. The statues of Heloise and Abelard are recumbent within, and literally heaped with garlands. Their bones repose in the vault beneath; those of Abelard having been removed from the priory of St. Marcel, where he died in 1142, and those of Heloise, who survived him about twenty years, from the Paraclete, of which she was abbess.

The tomb of the unfortunate Madame Blanchard, who fell a victim to her æronautic ardor, is surmounted by a globe in flames. The inventor of gas-lights is also honored by a gilded flame issuing from an urn. On the monument of the benevolent Abbe Sicard, rise six beautifully sculptured marble hands, each forming, with its fingers, one of the letters of his name, according to the manual alphabet of the deaf and dumb, his indebted and affectionate pupils. On the tomb of Grétry, the musical composer, hangs a lyre, and on that of La Fontaine sits very composedly a black fox,

while two bas-reliefs, in bronze, represent, one his fable of the wolf and stork, the other that of the wolf and lamb. Parmentier, to whom France owed the general cultivation of the potato, has an elegant monument, and Denon, the traveller, a pedestal surmounted by his statue, in bronze. Deeply shaded by lime trees, is a tomb in the form of a cottage, where reposes Frederic Mestezart, the beloved pastor of a church in Geneva; and the Russian Countess Demidoff is interred beneath a superb temple of the richest white marble, supported by ten columns, having in the interior a recumbent statue on an altar-tomb, with her arms and coronet. From the tomb of La Place rises an obelisk, crowned with an urn, and ornamented by a star and palm branches, encircling inscriptions and eulogies on his works. A splendid sepulchral chapel, surmounted by a temple, is erected to the memory of General Foy, whose statue is represented in the act of haranguing the people. The military taste of France is seen in the pomp and lavish expense with which the sepulchres of her chiefs are adorned. Marshal Davoust has a pyramid of granite; Massena, one of white marble, twenty-one feet in height; Le Fevre, a magnificent sarcophagus, where two figures of Fame are crowning his bust, and a serpent, the emblem of immortality, encircling his sword; while Ney, the "bravest of the brave," sleeps unmarked, save by a single cypress.

It was not without surprise that I found so many from my own dear land, in this receptacle of the dead. Five States,—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts,

Connecticut and Tennessee, — have sent a delegation of their sons and daughters to the sepulchres of a foreign clime. The names of each, though almost all personally unknown, touched the chords of tender sympathy, as if for a relative or friend. One of these, for many years a resident in Boston, though a native of Portugal, will awaken the affectionate recollections of some who knew and respected her.

Died,
March 1st, 1832,
Frances Ann,
Countess Colonna de Walewski,
Widow of the late General Humphreys,
of the United States,
Minister in Spain and Portugal.

Trees and shrubs of slight root and rapid growth, adorn that part of the cemetery which is appropriated to the common people. They are buried in temporary graves, the better class of which may be held for ten years by a payment of fifty francs, after which term they are revertible to the cemetery, even though monuments should have been erected upon them. The other class, or the *fosses communes*, are where the poor are gratuitously buried in coffins laid side by side, without any intervening space. This spot is reopened and buried over again every five years; that period of time being allowed for the decomposition of the bodies. The wooden crosses, which designate the respective

graves, have occasionally an inscription, touching from its simplicity. One commemorates

“Pauvre Marie !

A 29 ans.”

The truth of the pathetic sentiment of the Bard of the
“Country Church Yard,” —

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e’er resigned ?”

is illustrated by many simple plants, little borders of box, and similar fragile decorations of the temporary graves of the humble dead.

I stood amid the dwellings of the dead
And saw the gayest city of the earth
Spread out beneath me. Cloud and sunlight lay
Upon her palaces and gilded domes,
In slumbrous beauty. Through the streets flowed on,
In ceaseless stream, gay equipage and throng,
As fashion led the way. Look up ! look up !
Mont Louis hath a beacon. Wheresoe’er
Ye seem to tend, so lightly dancing on
In your enchanted maze, a secret spell
Is on your footsteps, and unseen they haste
Where ye would not, and whence ye ne’er return.
Blind pilgrims are we all ! We close our eyes
On the swift torrent that o’erwhelms our race,
And in our spanlike path the goal forget,

Until the shadows lengthen, and we sink
To rise no more.

 Methinks the monster, Death,
Wears not such visage here, so grim and gaunt
With terror, as he shows in other lands.
Robing himself in sentiment, he wraps
His dreary trophies in a veil of flowers,
And makes his tombs like temples, or a home
So sweet to love, that grief doth fleet away.
— I saw a mother mourning. The fair tomb
Was like a little chapel, hung with wreath,
And crucifix. And there she spread the toys
That her lost babe had loved, as if she found
Sad solace in the memory of its sports.
Tears flowed like pearl-drops, yet without the pang
That wrings and rends the heart-strings. It would
 seem
A tender sorrow, scarce of anguish born,
So much the influence of surrounding charms
Did mitigate it.

 Mid the various groups
That visited the dead, I marked the form
Of a young female winding through the shades.
Just at that point she seemed, where childhood melts
But half away, as snows that feel the sun,
Yet shrinking closer to their shaded nook,
Delay to swell the sparkling stream of youth.
She had put off her sabots at the gate,
Heavy with clay, and to a new-made grave
Hasted alone. Upon its wooden cross

She placed her chaplet, and with whispering lips,
Perchance in prayer, perchance in converse low
With the loved slumberer, knelt, and strewed the
seeds

Of flowers among the mould. A shining mass
Of raven tresses 'scaped amid the toil
From their accustomed boundary ; but her eyes,
None saw them, for she heeded not the tread
Of passers-by. Her business was with those
Who slept below. 'T would seem a quiet grief,
And yet absorbing ; such as a young heart
Might for a sister feel, ere it had learned
A deeper love.

Come to yon stately dome,
With arch and turret, every shapely stone
Breathing the legends of the Paraclete,
Where slumber Abelard and Heloise,
'Neath such a world of wreaths, that scarce ye see
Their marble forms, recumbent, side by side.
On ! on ! — this populous spot hath many a fane,
To win the stranger's admiration. See
La Fontaine's fox-crowned cenotaph ; and his
Whose "*Mécanique Celeste*" hath writ his name
Among the stars ; and hers who, soaring high
In silken globe, found a strange death by fire
Amid the clouds.

The dead of distant lands
Are gathered here. In pomp of sculpture sleeps
The Russian Demidoff ; and Britain's sons
Have crossed the foaming sea, to leave their dust

In a strange soil. Yea, from my own far home
They 've wandered here to die. Were there not
 graves

Enough among our forests? by the marge
Of our broad streams? amid the hallowed mounds
Of early kindred? that ye needs must come
This weary way, to share the strangers' bed,
My people? I could weep to find ye here!
And yet your names are sweet, the words ye grave
In the loved language of mine infancy,
Most pleasant to the eye, involved so long
Mid foreign idioms.

Yonder height doth boast
The warrior-chiefs, who led their legions on
To sack and siege; whose heavy tramp disturbed
The Cossack in his hut, the Alpine birds
Who build above the cloud, and Egypt's slaves,
Crouching beneath their sky-crowned pyramids.
How silent are they all! No warning trump
Amid their host! no steed! no frantic foot
Of those who rush to battle! Haughtily
The aspiring marble tells each passing group
Their vaunted fame. Oh, shades of mighty men!
Went these proud honors with you, where the spear
And shield resound no more? Cleaves the blood-
 stain

Around ye there? Steal the deep-echoing groans
Of those who fell, the cry of those who mourned,
Across the abyss that bars you from our sight,
Waking remorseful pangs?

We may not ask
With hope of answer. But the time speeds on,
When all shall know.

There is the lowly haunt,
Where rest the poor. No towering obelisk
Beareth their name. No blazoned tablet tells
Their joys or sorrows. Yet 't is sweet to muse
Around their pillow of repose, and think
That Nature mourns their loss, though man forget.
The lime-tree and acacia, side by side,
Spring up, in haste to do their kindly deed
Of sheltering sympathy, as though they knew
Their time was short.

Sweet Nature ne'er forgets
Her buried sons, but cheers their Summer couch
With turf and dew-drops, bidding Autumn's hand
Drop lingering garlands of its latest leaves,
And glorious Spring from Wintry thralldom burst,
To bring their type of Immortality.

RETURN OF THE ASHES OF NAPOLEON.

WE considered ourselves fortunate to have been in Paris at the time of the return of the ashes of Napoleon; a pageant which so many came from distant climes expressly to witness. Twelve of us, Americans, obtained, by seasonable negotiation, an apartment, with large windows, in the Champs Elysees, near the Arc de Triomphe, from whence to view the scene. Thither we drove, immediately after an early breakfast; yet even then it was difficult, and almost alarming, to venture through the immense crowd.

It was on the morning of Tuesday, December 15th, 1840, that this unparalleled event took place. The atmosphere was intensely cold. That night the Seine froze entirely over, bridging with crystal the last march of the silent conqueror. The streets were lined by soldiers, standing immovable as statues. Through their avenue, came in procession, hundreds of thousands of the finest cavalry and infantry, in all the dazzling hues of costume and military pomp. The absence of martial music, and the rapidity of their movement, on account of the singular severity of the weather, produced a strange illusion, like the rushing of some

splendid and terrific vision. The lofty and gilded car, that bore the remains of the hero, was drawn by sixteen horses, with white plumes, and caparisoned in cloth of gold. Upon it stood some distinguished personages, among whom I recognized the venerable Marshal Soult. It was said there were 350,000 men under arms, and more than a million of people in the streets.

This welcome of the illustrious dead, back from an exile's tomb, to the place of his old, imperial throne, was imposing and mournful beyond description. Yet there was no demonstration of enthusiasm on the part of the populace, as the funeral procession of their idolized hero passed onward. The sight of a majestic war-horse, without a rider, following at slow and solemn pace, the gorgeous car, awoke something like a burst of sympathy. The thrilling heart made no chronological computation, nor paused to realize, that from the lapse of years he could never have borne to battle the master for whom he thus seemed to mourn.

Every spectator was impressed by the dignity of manner, and the fitness of the few words of Louis Philippe, when he received the remains of the mighty dead. The Prince de Joinville, who had been commissioned to bring the bones of Bonaparte from St. Helena, said, "Sire, I present you the ashes of the Emperor." And the king answered, "I receive them in the name of the French people."

The music of the grand and elaborate requiem, performed at these obsequies, was immediately destroyed, to preclude its repetition on any other occasion.

The chapel belonging to the Hotel des Invalides, where the bones of Bonaparte reposed in state for a fortnight, was continually visited by hundreds of thousands, with unabated curiosity. It was lighted only by small lamps from above, so arranged as to cast a tremulous ray amid the darkness that reigned around, making day and night the same, and heightening the solemnity of the scene. Magnificent hangings of purple velvet, studded with massy golden bees, were tastefully disposed at the entrance, while the banners of Austerlitz, and many other battles, were wreathed around the lofty columns, and shadowed the coffin of him who had won them. Our visit was on the last morning before the interment, when none were admitted but peers, and such as could obtain peers' medals. There, in groups, might be seen some of the ancient regime, whose memories extended to the times of unbroken royalty, when the blood of sixty kings flowed peacefully in the veins of Louis the Sixteenth, and others whose friends had perished under the guillotine, or in the prisons of the revolution. Around the coffin, on whose sides the initial *N* was deeply sunk in gold, incessantly paced, with measured tread, the scarred and wrinkled soldiers, keeping guard over the garnered ashes of him who was both their glory and their bane. From an altar in the recess arose the chanted strain of the priests; but a deeper voice in the heart said, that all the pride of man was dust, and asked what would be the glory of the warrior, when God judgeth the soul.

Ho ! City of the gay !

Paris ! what festal rite

Doth call thy thronging millions forth

All eager for the sight ?

Thy soldiers line the streets

In fixed and stern array,

With buckled helm and bayonet,

As on the battle-day.

By square, and fountain side,

Heads in dense masses rise,

And tower, and battlement, and tree,

Are studded thick with eyes.

Comes there some conqueror home

In triumph from the fight,

With spoil and captives in his train,

The trophies of his might ?

The “ Arc de Triomphe ” glows !

A martial host are nigh,

France pours in long succession forth

Her pomp of chivalry.

No clarion marks their way,

No victor trump is blown ;

Why march they on so silently,

Told by their tread alone ?

Behold ! in glittering show,

A gorgeous car of state !

The white-plumed steeds in cloth of gold,

Bow down beneath its weight ;

And the noble war-horse, led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car ?
The incense flaineth high, —
Comes there some demi-god of old ?
No answer ! — no reply !
Who rideth on yon car ? —
No shout his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel dome
The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
And with uncovered head
Receives him in the name of France,
Receiveth whom ? — *the Dead !*
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge ?
How came that sleeper here ?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he breaks his stony tomb,
Ere the strong angel's call ?
Hark ! hark ! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain !
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,
Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo,
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud,
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold,
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold ;
While round those columns proud
The blazoned banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won,
With the heart's-blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
His veterans scarred and old,
Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,
Or purple Leipsic told.
Yes, there, with arms reversed,
Slow pacing, night and day,
Close watch beside the coffin kept
Those veterans grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow, —
Is it sorrow for the dead?
Or memory of the fearful strife,
Where their country's legions fled?

Of Borodino's blood ?
Or Beresina's wail ?
The horrors of that dire retreat,
Which turned old History pale ?

A cloud is on their brow, —
Is it sorrow for the dead ?
Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
By Russian tempests sped ?
Where countless mounds of snow
Marked the poor conscripts' grave,
And pierced by frost and famine, sank
The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
The gathered darkness mock,
And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
On bare Helena's rock ;
And from the altar near,
A never-ceasing hymn
Is lifted by the chanting priests
Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious One, and proud !
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain ?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host,
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them ?
And what thy God's to thee ?

TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

THE monument to Josephine, in the village church at Ruel, was erected by her children. Two hands, sculptured in marble, and grasping each other, appear as the symbols of their united filial love ; and only this simple inscription marks the stone : —

To Josephine,
From Eugene and Hortense.

It is well known that her love to Napoleon survived the divorce to which he exacted her consent. In her seclusion, she rejoiced at his prosperity, or wept at the evils which his ambition drew upon him. One of our own writers has condensed, in a few forcible sentences, the sequel of her life.

“ When his son was born, she only regretted that she was not near him in his happiness ; and when he was sent to Elba, she begged that she might be permitted to share his prison, and cheer his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence, remained as he had left it. She would not suffer a chair on which he had sat to be removed. The book in which he had

last been reading was there, with the page doubled down: The pen which he had last used was there, with the ink dried on its point. When death drew nigh, she wished to sell all her jewels, that she might send the fallen Emperor money. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him and France; her last words expressed the hope and belief, that ‘ she had never caused a single tear to flow.’ Her body was followed to the grave, in the village church of Ruel, not alone by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had been made glad by her bounty.”

It is well known that Napoleon felt his fortunes had declined after his divorce from Josephine. He asserted that the star of destiny was never favorable to him after that event. This he repeated more than once, during his humiliation at St. Helena, with a bitterness if not of remorse, at least of deep desolation, which it would have been the joy of her affectionate nature to have soothed and comforted.

He must surely have been master of many attractions, thus to create an affection so strong in a heart so pure; and touching is this instance of woman’s constancy, that could thus “love through all things.”

She, who o’er earth’s most polished clime
The empress-crown did wear,
Who touched the zenith-point of power,
The nadir of despair,

With all her charms and all her wrongs,
Beneath this turf doth rest,
Where fondly spring two clasping hands,
To guard her pulseless breast.

Say, did *his* love, who ruled her heart,
This fair memorial rear,
And soothe the unrequited shade
With late, remorseful tear?

Came he, with sweet funereal flowers
To deck her couch of gloom,
And like repentant Athens bless
The guiltless martyr's tomb?

No! — cold Ambition's selfish soul,
With rash and ingrate tone,
Abjured the gentle hand that paved
His pathway to a throne:

While Fortune's star indignant paled,
And hid its guiding ray,
As madly from his side he thrust
That changeless friend away.

Yet she to her secluded cell
No vengeful passion bore,
Nor harshly blamed his broken vows,
Who sought her smile no more;

Still o'er the joys of earlier years,
With tender spirit hung,
And mourned, when sorrow o'er his path
A blighting shadow flung ;

Gave thanks, if victory's meteor-wreath
His care-worn temples bound,
And in the blessings of the poor,
Her only solace found.

And so she died, and here she sleeps,
This village-fane below ; —
Sweet is the memory of a life
That caused no tear to flow.

THE PRESENTATION.

PUT on your best, my countrymen, and turn
Your steeds toward the palace. You can have
No just objection to a call, I trust,
Upon the king and queen. For though you 're all
Such staunch republicans, 't is plain to see
You've quite a curiosity to know
How those who wear a crown deport themselves.
Well, there 's no harm in that.

But what a show
Our sober, unambitious gentry make
In regimentals, with their laced chapeaus,
En militaire ! I'm sure the friends at home
Would never know them, and their babes would be
As much alarmed as Hector's when he shrank
Back from the hero's helm and nodding plumes,
Into his nurse's arms. I'm quite well versed
In that most classic scene, which oft was wrought
In bright embroidery, where I went to school.
And I have seen it framed, and glazed, and hung
On parlor walls, when I was fain to think,
Asking the pardon of the fair who spent

Eyesight and silks upon it, that its style
Artistical, and anatomical,
Was quite a libel on the Trojan chief,
And likewise on his wife Andromache,
And all their line. I worked a piece myself,
Equally shocking, of an ark and child,
And two strange-looking women, and a slice
Of a cream-colored palace, trees arrayed
In indigo, and umber, and gamboge,
To show the fervor of Egyptian suns,
As I suppose, — and this my teacher called
The infant Moses in the bulrushes.
I labored on it most industriously ;
But since, when my own children have been scared,
As waking suddenly from cradle-dreams,
They fixed their eyes upon it, I've eschewed
The deed most heartily, and felt ashamed
That sacred themes should be distorted so.

And now I wonder what odd trains of thought
Must needs bring back those hideous images,
At such a time as this.

Friends, have a care,
And do not let the unaccustomed sword
Embarrass your best bow, when the French court
Shall give its welcome to you. Pray, make haste, —
Our kind ambassador, with open doors
Awaits our coming, and 't would be indeed
But payment poor for all his courtesy,
To plunge his carriage in the gathering throng

And have it locked for hours. See, brilliant lights
Stream from the Tuileries, and in full ranks
Its officers and servitors are ranged,
To do their nation's honors. From the walls
Gleam forth, in pictured bravery and pride,
The gallant chiefs of France. On those we gazed
With critical remark, and on the groups
That promenaded through the spacious halls,
In costume rich, the elite of many lands.

Ere long from lip to lip the murmur spread,
"The king! the king!" and so the throng drew back,
Each foreign region ranging 'neath the wing
Of its own minister. Can that be he?
So fresh in feature and of step so firm,
So little worn by time and adverse years,
So little wearied with his toils to rule
The champing war-horse of a changeful realm,
Wild on the rein? Courteous he passes down
The extended line, with fitting phrase for all.
Methought, with freer word and favoring glance,
He scanned the natives of that western clime,
Where, in the exile of his clouded youth,
He found a wanderer's home. 'T was sweet to hear,
In the bright throne-room of the Tuileries,
And from the lips of Europe's oldest king,
The name of my own river, and the spot
Where I was born, coupled with kindly words,
As one tenacious of their scenery,
Through many a lustrum.

Then the graceful queen,
With gentleness and dignity combined,
Came in his steps. On her pale brow she bore
An impress of that goodness, which hath made
Her, as a wife and mother, still the praise
And pattern of her kingdom.

Then passed on
At intervals, each with their separate suite,
Princes and princess, and the beauteous bride
Of him of Orleans, in an English tongue
Giving fair greetings. So the pageant closed,
And home we drove, well pleased at what we saw,
Nor with ourselves dissatisfied. We found
More of simplicity than we had deemed
Abode in courts ; and this to us, who love
Our plain republic, was a circumstance
Not to be overlooked. With earnest warmth
Of the chief lady of the realm we spake,
And of her matron virtues, and that charm
Of manner which approves those virtues well
To every eye.

And I was pleased to see
She had the queenly grace of prudence too,
In lesser things ; and on this wintry night
Drew downward to the wrist the lengthened sleeve,
And bade her satin robe protect the chest,
Deeming most justly that vitality
And health outweighed the tinsel modes of dress
Coined by the milliner. And I have heard
From good authority, and am right glad

To tell it here, that many a leading belle
Of fashion and nobility in France
Abjure the corset, and maintain a form
Erect and graceful, without busk or cord,
Ambitious to bequeathe a name, unstained
By suicide. Would that my friends at home,
Those sweet young blossoms on my country's stem,
Might credit the report, and give their lungs
And heart fair play, and earn a hope to reach
The dignity of threescore years and ten,
Free from the taint of self-derived disease.

Louis Philippe's recollections of his travels in the United States, of their geographical peculiarities, and even the names of individuals whom he there met, are remarkably vivid. He is thought to have a fine tact in addressing appropriate remarks to those with whom he converses. When it came my turn to be spoken to, — having been told, at introduction, that I was a native of New England, — he inquired in which of the States I resided, and at the answer, "Connecticut," quickly responded,

"Ah! I have been there. It has a fine river, of the same name. I have been at Norwich and New London, at New Haven and Hartford. They are all pleasant places."

In observing the florid complexion and animated manner of the king, it is difficult to realize that he has numbered almost threescore years and ten. He is

undoubtedly, at present, the most remarkable sovereign in Europe, if we take into view his native endowments, the early and long adversity which ripened energy, and deepened endurance, and the firmness with which he surmounted the dangers that menaced his throne.

The queen is truly polite, and graceful in manner and movement. Her virtues, and the sincerity of her piety, are admitted and appreciated by those who retain prejudices against the ruling dynasty.

Madame Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, has a countenance beaming with good feelings; and her fond affection for her royal brother forms a distinguishing trait in her character. The Duke of Orleans has exceedingly fine manners, and is a favorite with the nation. Little did we imagine, while admiring his noble countenance, and graceful form, that death was so soon and so mournfully to remove, in the prime of his days, this idol of his family and of the French people.

The princess Clementine and the younger brothers make their passing compliments to strangers in an agreeable way. In this they are assisted by a perfect knowledge of the English language, which appertains to the whole family. Their domestic education has been conducted judiciously, under the careful supervision of both parents, and has produced happy results. Louise, the queen of the Belgians, is exceedingly respected, and the late Princess Marie, who married Alexander, Duke of Wirtemberg, was eminent for

native talent and taste in the fine arts, especially for her spirited performances in sculpture, and died deeply lamented.

The beauty of the young bride of the Duke de Nemours, Victoria of Saxe Coburg, who made her first appearance at the French court the present winter, is acknowledged by all. The royal family of France give an amiable example of those domestic attachments, and that true home-happiness, which exercise so decided an influence on the character in the period of its formation, as well as throughout the whole of life. Such virtues have not always been indigenous in the soil of courts, and it is therefore the more delightful to see them here, with a vigorous root and healthful bloom.

Our ambassador, General Cass, is quite a favorite at the French court, and ever since he has represented his country there, has been unwearied in his attentions to American travellers. Without regard to political creed, or other adventitious circumstances, he extends to them both official aid, and a liberal and elegant hospitality. To him, and to his excellent lady and family, as well as to his son-in-law, Hon. Henry Ledyard, our Chargé des Affaires, and to his mother, then temporarily residing in Paris, we were much indebted for deeds of kindness, invaluable to those who, in foreign climes, bear the strangers' heart.

Our party had been agreeably enlarged by the accession of the Rev. Dr. Woods, President of Bowdoin College ; and likewise of the Hon. Mr. Dixon, and his

lady, from my own city, whose bridal tour was a voyage to Europe. Their kind, considerate attentions, if either indisposition or home-sickness threw transient shadow over my path, partook so much of the sympathetic, filial character, as to implant enduring gratitude.

The Americans in France, at this period, were numerous, and disposed to social intercourse. Conspicuous among them, though always averse to display, was the Hon. Martin Brimmer, of Boston, one of the most perfect gentlemen and consistent Christians that any nation could boast, and who, not long after returning to his native land, was summoned to a "better country, that is, an heavenly." Having been for some time, with his young son, a resident in Paris, we profited much by his excellent judgment, in the selection of objects best worthy of a traveller's time and regard.

In traversing the splendid apartments of the Tuileries, now the favorite residence of a peaceful dynasty, the mind involuntarily turns to those vestiges of the past, which have given it prominence in history. Among the structures of the capital of France, it early attracts the notice of the traveller. Stretching along the banks of the Seine, it is connected with the Louvre by a gallery commenced during the reign of Henry the Fourth, and finished under the auspices of Louis the Fourteenth. Three sides of an immense parallelogram are thus formed, and it was the intention of Bonaparte to have added the fourth, and completed

the most magnificent edifice of the kind, that modern Europe can boast.

As the eye fixes involuntarily upon the central pavilion, past scenes and events of other days sweep by, like living pictures. Francis the First, seems to pass proudly in his royal robes, bearing upon his arm his intriguing mother, Louise of Savoy, for whom he purchased the hotel which originally occupied the site of this palace, somewhat more than three centuries since.

Ninety years after, we see Henry the Third hurrying from its walls to escape a tumult of the people. Assisted by his groom, he hastily mounts his horse, his dress disarranged, and the spurs but half fastened to his boots. Forty arquebusiers take aim at him as he passes out by the Pont Neuf; and when he finds himself free from the perilous neighborhood of the city, he indulges in wrathful gestures and imprecations of vengeance; like the vindictive Marmion, who, on quitting the castle of the haughty Douglas,

“ Turned and raised his clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.”

We shrink, as we imagine gliding among these scenes, the form of the ambitious Catharine de Medicis, who built for her son's residence this very central pavilion, with its wings. There, there is the window from whence the infamous Charles the Ninth, whom his mother “ Jezebel stirred up,” fired upon his own peo-

ple, on the terrible August 24th, 1572; and while the groans of the Protestants resounded in his ears, continued to excite his ruffian soldiers, with the hoarse and horrible cry of "Kill! kill!"

At the summer solstice, two hundred and twenty years after this massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Tuileries again reëchoed with the howling of an infuriated mob, and the shrieks of the dying. Throngs of laborers, and the terrible women from the faubourg St. Antoine, with the brewer Santerre at their head, swelling, as they passed along, to twenty thousand, beat down the gates of the palace, hewed their way through the doors with hatchets, trampled through the royal apartments, brandishing their cutlasses, pikes, and knives, rifled the bureaus in the bed-chambers, and alarmed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, with the most disgusting and brutal threats. The king, Louis the Sixteenth, adventured his person among the mob, and was miraculously preserved, after enduring great rudeness and indignity.

On the 10th of August, of this same memorable 1791, the dreadful immolation of the Swiss Guards deluged the grand staircase, the council-chamber, the chapel, and the throne-room, with blood.

Emerging from these gates on the 19th of March, 1815, Louis the Eighteenth appeared at midnight, attended by only a few persons, and moving feebly, with sadness depicted on his countenance, abdicated his palace, and the throne of his ancestors. Behind him was the sound of the banners of the Corsican, rush-

ing from Elba, and the scarce suppressed hosannas of a fickle crowd. In a few hours Bonaparte entered the Tuileries in triumph, and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons, losing the memory of his exile in the enthusiastic acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur," and the reign of the hundred days.

ADIEU TO FRANCE.

ADIEU to *sunny* France ! I call it so,
Because my betters have. Yet for my part
I have been all but perished in her clime,
Frost-stricken to the bone, and to the heart ;
The Seine in one night turned to ice ! I own
I'd not expected this, short of the Arctic zone.

Wood by the pound ! 'T was an astonishment,
Next to the shock of water sold by measure,
Each tiny stem and stalk so strictly weighed,
Each little grape-vine faggot such a treasure !
Oh ! for the coal of England, glowing bright,
Or even my slighted friend, the homelier anthracite.

I came in Autumn, when the vines had shrunk
From prop and trellis ; yet the verdant trees
Danced to the gale that swept the Elysian fields,
And rose and pansy dared the chilling breeze ;
I leave in Winter, and so cannot say,
How her *beau ciel* may smile 'neath happier seasons' sway.

Yet is her courtesy forever bright,

For still to princely halls and paintings gay
She, with glad heart and liberal hand, doth lead

The stranger in, and cast his dole away,
Bidding him share, unvexed by venal guide,
Whate'er she counts most rare, of elegance or
pride.

Hence have I roamed at will her haunts of taste,

Within her glorious Louvre sate me down,
Day after day, — or when the spirit moved,

Lingered mid lettered tomes, nor feared a frown,
Or sought the palace domes, which crown so high
The city of her boast, the apple of her eye.

Here too, I found, where fashion holds her court,

With wealth and grace and intellect combin'd,
A form of beauty thrilled by impulse high,

To warm and sleepless energy of mind,
A friend to cheer me on my stranger-way,
Whom grateful Memory loves, but never can re-
pay.

Farewell, enchanting city, which doth hold

Both eye and heart in strong Circean sway,
Bidding the buoyant spirit ne'er grow old,

Though wintry years may turn the temples gray,
But seek for pleasure, till the funeral bell
Doth summon it to take of time a long farewell.

Fair France, adieu ! 't will not be mine again,
Amid the allurements of thy realm to tread,
Yet with me still, across the Atlantic main,
Kind thoughts of thee shall wend, by kindness
bred,
And at my fireside 't will be sweet to say,
That I have seen thy face and listened to thy lay.

For many a charm thou hast, the heart to win,
Blest filial love luxuriates in thy clime,
Nor doth the parent by such solace cheered,
Tire of the feast of life before his time,
Nor even the grandsire on its gladness frown,
And to the gulf of years unlovingly go down.

Thou hast not blotted out the love of song
For love of money, nor enthusiasm damped
With the chill dogma, that a hoard of wealth
Is man's chief end on earth ; for thou art stamped
And marked with chivalry of antique mould,
And still dost genius prize, apart from gain of gold.

I do remember me, that thou didst lend
Thy hand to help my country in her need,
And Lafayette in youthful fervor send
With us to struggle and for us to bleed ;
And still doth glow amid our annal bright
Thy friendship for our sires, who battled for the
right.

Thou hast a longing for the things that tend
Unto thy hurt, and lovest all too well
The war-shout, and the long embattled line,
And pomp and fame, that martial triumphs swell,
Although thy life-blood cast its crimson stain,
Profuse o'er Russia's snows, and Egypt's desert plain.

Would it were better with thee ! It would cheer
Me in my home, amid my household care,
To think that all was prosperous in thy clime,
All sound at heart, that to the eye is fair ;
But now the fresh breeze curls the ocean blue,
And rocks the waiting boat. Delightful France,
adieu !

To the kind attentions of the present Marchioness La Vallette, a native of New England, whose house was my home during a great part of my stay in Paris, and whose only motive for such hospitality must have been the generous one of imparting happiness to a stranger, I am indebted for some of my most agreeable impressions of that city, and of its inhabitants. Courtesy and deference to the feelings of others, throw a charm over the higher grades of society, and in some measure modify every class ; and if fine manners do not exactly belong to the family of the virtues, they surely help to beautify them. Among the ancient noblesse was one, the Count Roy, whose expressive countenance and unalloyed delight in social intercourse, made it diffi-

cult to believe, that more than fourscore years had passed over him. His details of the revolution of 1790, of the secret springs that produced it, and of some terrific scenes which he personally witnessed, and which, by a deliberate utterance, he politely accommodated to a foreign ear, were to me more graphic than the pages of any historian. The grace with which age adapts itself to a new generation, and the affectionate manner in which it is welcomed among them, are delightful traits in the character of the French people.

Monsieur George Washington Lafayette, and Madame Laysterie, the surviving children of the Marquis Lafayette, with their families and his other descendants, are sought with interest by Americans, and reciprocate every expression of such regard to their illustrious ancestor. La Grange is consecrated ground to those, who, in the words of one of our most elegant writers, the lamented author of *Hadad*, remember the deeds of the chieftain, who "came to us during our life-struggle in his own ship, freighted with munitions of war, which he gratuitously distributed to our army ; clothed and put shoes on the feet of the naked, suffering soldiers ; equipped and armed a regiment at his own expense ; received no pay, but expended in our service, from 1777 to 1783, the sum of 700,000 francs ; and whose name, wherever the pulse of freedom beats, should be pronounced with benedictions."

Literary reputation, as well as scientific attainment, are highly appreciated in Paris. Intellect, and the

labors of intellect, are here passports to that temple of honor, which in most other countries must be entered with a key of gold. It is pleasing to see with what enthusiasm Lamartine and Arago are pointed out in their seats, amid the five hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies. The poet De la Vigne, notwithstanding his retiring modesty, is shown exultingly to strangers, and the pen of Guizot has won him more admirers than his political fame. It was gratifying to perceive that our talented countryman, Robert Walsh, Esq., was as highly and truly respected in the capital of France, as in the land of his birth.

One of the most imposing audiences that I remember to have seen while there, was convened in the palace of the Institute, formerly the Mazarine College, to witness the admission of a new member, the Count Molé, into the Institute of France. The assembled academicians, in their becoming uniform, listened intently to his animated inaugural oration, and to the reply of the President Dupin, while, from their niches in the spacious hall, the marble brows of Massillon, Fenelon, and Bossuet, Sully, Descartes, and others, looked down with imperturbable dignity.

Taste for the fine arts forms an integral part of the character of the French. From the saloon of the noble to the shop of the petty *marchand des modes*, it is seen in every variety of adornment, from the costly painting or chiselled group of the ancient master, to the simple vase of artificial flowers under its glass shade, or the little fancy-clock, that hastens the movements

of the needle. The very street-beggar feels a property and a pride in the decorations of *la belle Paris*. To rifle a plant, or wound a tree, or deface a statue in the public squares or gardens, is held by the rudest boy an indelible disgrace. Would that it were so everywhere !

In the Louvre, amid that astonishing collection of fifteen hundred arranged pictures, and probably as many more, for which the walls of its sumptuous gallery have no space, were groups of artists, of both sexes, diligently employed in copying *ad libitum*. The department of statuary, notwithstanding the spoils of Italy have been abstracted and restored, is still very extensive. Our party often found themselves attracted towards a lovely, pensive Polhymnia, and a fine infant Mercury, and imagined among the effigies of the Emperors of Rome some resemblance to their real character ; especially in the philosophic features of Marcus Aurelius, the thoughtful brow of Antoninus Pius, and the varied lineaments of Trajan, Severus, and Nerva, Domitian, Nero, and Caracalla ; though a youthful Commodus in his gentleness and grace displayed none of those latent evils which gave the sharpest pang to the deathbed of his father.

Like the Louvre, the Bibliotheque du Roi, is fitted up with every accommodation of light, warmth, and silent recess, for those who are desirous of profiting by its immense accumulation of nine hundred thousand volumes, and eighty thousand manuscripts. The books are in cases, protected by wire grating, and

librarians are always in attendance, to reach such as are desired. Tables, with inkstands, are in readiness for those who desire to make extracts, and no conversation is allowed to disturb such as may be engaged in profound researches. It was pleasant to see so many of my own sex seated silently at these tables, and absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The magnificence of the churches in Paris, and the multitude of their paintings, statues, and bas-relievos, are noticed by all. At Notre Dame and St. Roch, we saw the pompous service of the Romish ritual, and the appearance of deep devotion among the worshippers, especially those whose garb announced great poverty. But without the doors, and in all the streets, went on the accustomed movements of toil and of pleasure, — building houses, digging trenches, traffic of market-people and tradesmen, review of troops, rush of throngs intent on amusement, as if the Almighty had not from the beginning, set apart for himself a day of sacred rest. To one inured to the quietness and hallowed observance of a New England Sabbath, this desecration is peculiarly painful.

The pulpit eloquence of France is with much more gesticulation than in England, or our own country. Indeed, the vehement style marks most of the public speaking that we heard there ; at the Bourse, where the merchants negotiate sales of stock, and transact other business at the very top of their voices ; in the

tribunals, where the advocates plead with their whole bodily force ; and in the Chamber of Deputies, where the exciting question of war with England was one morning discussed with such violence, as to excite my apprehensions that it might end in actual combat.

The Pantheon, formerly the Church of St. Genevieve, is a splendid structure, and its dome, being the most elevated one in Paris, affords an extensive prospect. Here are the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau ; here, also, Mirabeau was laid with great pomp, in the spring of 1791, while the horrors of that revolution were deepening, which he had done so much to precipitate. Beneath its pavement is a vast series of vaults, with roofs supported by Tuscan columns, and containing funeral urns, after the fashion of the Roman tombs at Pompeii. While following the dim lamp of our guide, we traversed this subterranean city of the dead, we were startled at a loud echo, which by the construction of two circular passages in the centre of the vaulted area, gives singular force and perpetuity to the slightest sound.

The exterior of the Church of St. Denis, though less elaborate than many others, is striking and sufficiently ornate. The inhumed ashes of the monarchs of France, from Clovis to Louis the Eighteenth, give interest to the spot, and a lesson to human pride. During the madness of the revolution, their repose was violated, but the broken sepulchres and scattered relics were again gathered and reunited. Many of the

monuments are exceedingly costly, and some of their recumbent statues, by a strange perversion of taste, depict the distortions and agonies of death with fearful accuracy.

At the Porte St. Denis, is the celebrated triumphal arch, erected to commemorate the victories of Louis the Fourteenth. Its proportions and sculpture are much admired, and surmounting the arch in bas relief, is the king on horseback, represented as crossing the Rhine, with only the inscription, "*Ludovico Magno.*" But in no spot are his ambition and lavish expenditure so conspicuous as in the palace of Versailles, which cannot be explored without remembering its mournful influence on the fates of France, at the birth of the Revolution. A double line of colossal statues of the great of other days, receive the visitant at the gates. The paintings, the tapestry, the statues, the fountains, it would require volumes to describe. Gallery after gallery astonishes the sight. Here Ludovico Magno, as he was fond of being styled, is multiplied by the pencil in the most imposing forms of martial and regal state. The departments allotted to Napoleon are still blazing with the portraiture of his battles, and the trophies of his renown. Yet in such a place, even more, it would seem, than amid the tombs, the mind is led to reflect on the vanity of mortal glory. Descending a hundred marble steps, we visited the immense orangery, where, amid throngs of fine orange trees, we were shown one said to be three hundred and another four hundred years old, still vigorous and in

healthful bearing. At our departure, surfeited with splendor, from this great Babylon, created for the pride and praise of men who are now but dust, we were beset at the gates by the saddest and lowest forms of mendicancy, who in piteous accents supplicated for a single sous.

The two small palaces of Grand and Petit Trianon are within the gardens of Versailles. The first was erected by the Grand Monarque for Madame de Maintenon, and we saw there the sedan-chair, rich with gilding and velvet, in which she used to be borne around the magnificent grounds. Among the pictures was one commemorating our national era of the "Surrender at Yorktown," in which Washington, in an antiquated uniform, makes rather a quaint appearance. Every apartment in this beautiful palace, especially the working rooms of the present queen and the sister of Louis Philippe, display consummate taste in the arrangement and adaptation to each other of the hangings, sofas, chairs, mirrors, and different articles of furniture.

Le Petit Trianon, was built by Louis the Fifteenth for Madame Dubarri, and here he was smitten with his fatal sickness. Afterwards it was given by Louis the Sixteenth to Marie Antoinette, who beautified its grounds by her taste, and erected among them the imitation of a little Swiss village. It is surrounded by many fine trees, of which some are American. Here Louis the Fifteenth was called to render up his breath, and here the son of Napoleon was born.

Among the tasteful articles exhibited, is a bed draped with muslin, embroidered in gold, which formerly belonged to Maria Louisa. Both these fine structures have some exquisite pictures.

We were persevering in visiting the palaces of Paris and its environs, with other objects and institutions of interest, notwithstanding the severity of the winter. Having heard so much of the fine climate of France, we were surprised at being sometimes enveloped in those dense, yellow fogs, which we flattered ourselves had been left behind in London. Snow frequently descended, and lay thickly upon the roofs for several weeks, the horses, not properly shod, fell upon the slippery pavements, and received no mercy from their drivers ; and the sufferings of the improvident poor were terrible. The inhabitants asserted that a season of such intense and protracted cold had not been experienced for many years. The Seine froze quite over in December, on the night after the ceremony of the reception of Bonaparte's remains. It was feared that the period of that grand pageant might be chosen for some popular tumult ; as symptoms of disaffection towards the government, especially of exasperation against the English, had for some time been revealing themselves. During the day the Marsellois Hymn, the ancient signal of outbreak, had been heard hoarsely uplifted, with here and there cries, among the crowd, of "*a bas les traitres.*" Some of us, nurtured in a peaceful land, were considerably alarmed, not so much

for our own personal safety, as lest our eyes should be shocked by sights of conflict and bloodshed. But the extreme cold, benumbing nerve and muscle, and checking all effervescence of animal spirits, probably operated as a protection to the peace of the city; on the same principle that Marshal Soult once quelled the beginning of a formidable insurrection by causing the engines to play plentifully upon the malcontents. Would that all distinguished commanders were equally ingenious and merciful in substituting water for blood.

Among the slighter traits of French character, we could not but notice that variety and fruitfulness of resource, by which a little was made sufficient for the necessities of life; and the respect which was shown to a just economy. No false shame was evinced at the confession, "I should like such a thing, but cannot afford it;" and a moderate expenditure seemed not only consistent with entire contentment, but was counted more reputable than the appearance of wealth without its reality.

Another still more delightful trait is the sweet and affectionate deportment of children to their parents. This is discoverable among all ranks. It reveals itself in the zealous attentions and offices which a younger hand can so gracefully extend to those who are wearied with the cares of life, as well as in the marked and tender attentions, too often omitted by those whose filial virtues would be called into vigorous action by any

emergency. Surely this is an affection which should beautify the intercourse of every day, yet continually humble itself for its inadequacy to repay the vast debt to parental love, that best earthly symbol of the Love Divine, in which we “live, and move, and have our being.”

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY VICTORIA.

It was on the morning of January 25th, 1841, that we went forth to witness the ceremony of convoking the Parliament of England. Through the influence of friends, I was favored with a seat in the House of Lords, where the interval of waiting could be employed in observing the peers and peeresses, and the foreign ambassadors, in their varied costumes. Conspicuous, by his lofty form and dignified bearing, was the old Duke of Cambridge, who exhibits a striking resemblance to his father, George the Third.

At ten minutes past two, the thunder of cannon, the flourish of trumpets, and shouts of the people, announced the approach of the procession. Eight noble cream-colored horses, who never appear but on the greatest occasions, drew the massy state coach, so covered with colossal, emblematic figures, that it is said to weigh four tons. It was a moment of enthusiasm when the young queen entered. She wore a dress of white satin and lace, superbly decorated with diamonds; a robe, or mantle of crimson velvet, with a train; and on her head glittered the crown of the kingdom. She

took her place on the throne, Prince Albert at her left hand, on a lower seat, as the etiquette of the realm requires ; the Lord Chancellor standing near, and Lord Melbourne bearing before her the sword of state.

The complexion of Victoria is exceedingly fair, but her countenance has no decided intellectual expression. It seemed remarkable that so young a creature should evince such entire ease and self-possession, nor even betray the slightest consciousness that every eye in that vast assembly was fixed solely on her. This, however, is a part of the queenly training, in which she has become perfect.

After a brief pause, a tone, combining sweetness with command, escaped those ruby lips. The gentleman of the Black Rod, was commissioned to " summon my House of Commons." That whole body, led by their Speaker, with a lion-like air, presented themselves at the door or bar, their accustomed limit, to hear the speech of her Majesty. This she pronounced in a voice of such clearness and melody, and with so correct an enunciation, that every word of her speech was distinctly audible to the farthest extremity of the House of Lords. She possesses in an eminent degree the accomplishment of fine reading. I could not help wishing that the fair daughters of my own land, who wear no crown save that of loveliness and virtue, would more fully estimate the worth of this accomplishment, and more faithfully endeavor to acquire it. For I remembered how often, in our seminaries of education, I had listened almost breathlessly to sentiments,

which I knew, from the lips that uttered them, must be true and beautiful; but only stifled sounds, or a few uncertain murmurings repaid the toil. And I wish all who conduct the education of young ladies would insist on at least an audible utterance, and not consider their own office to be faithfully filled, unless a correct and graceful elocution is attained.

When Victoria had finished her speech, she reached the manuscript to the Lord Chancellor, and that grave dignitary reverently knelt to take it from her hand. Then she passed out, as she entered, with the same demonstrations of affection from her people. It was a thought both touching and elevating, that amid the change and revolution which have overturned many thrones, one should for hundreds of years have remained in stability, and a delicate woman be so guarded by the chivalry of a once rude nation, as to bear its sceptre safely and peacefully.

In looking upon her to whom such power is deputed, and hoping that she might be enabled to execute the sacred and fearful trust, for the good of the millions who own her sway, and for her own soul's salvation, I was reminded of the circumstance of her weeping when told she was to become a queen, and of the sweet poem of Miss Barret, now Mrs. Browning, which commemorates that circumstance.

It was a scene of pomp.

The ancient hall

Where Britain's highest in their wisdom meet,

Showed proud array of noble and of peer,
Prelate and judge, each in his fitting robes
Of rank and power. And beauty lent its charms ;
For with plumed brows, the island peeresses
Bore themselves nobly. Distant realms were there
In embassy, from the far jewelled East,
To that which stretcheth toward the setting sun, —
My own young native land.

Long was the pause
Of expectation. Then the cannon spake,
The trumpets flourished bravely, and the throne
Of old Plantagenet, that stood so firm,
While years and blasts and earthquake-shocks dis-
solved

The linked dynasty of many climes,
Took in its golden arms a fair young form, —
The Lady of the kingdoms. With clear eye
And queenly grace, gentle and self-possessed,
She met the fixed gaze of the earnest throng,
Scanning her close. And I remembered well
How it was said that tears o'erflowed her cheek,
When summoned first for cares of state to yield
Her girlhood's joys.

In her fair hand she held
A scroll, and with a clear and silver tone
Wondrous in melody, descanted free
Of foreign climes, where Albion's ships had borne
Their thunders, and of those who dwelt at peace
In prosperous commerce, and of some who frowned
In latent anger, murmuring notes of war,

Until the British Lion cleared his brow
To mediate between them, with a branch
Of olive in his paw.

'T was strange to me
To hear so young a creature speak so well
And eloquent, of nations and their rights,
Their equal balance and their policies,
Which we, in our republic, think that none
Can comprehend but grave and bearded men.
Her words went wandering wide o'er all the earth,
For so her sphere required. But there was still
Something she said not, though the closest twined
With her heart's inmost core. Yes, there was one,
One little word imbedded in her soul,
Which yet she uttered not. Fruitful in change,
Had been the fleeting year. When last she stood
In this august assembly to convoke
The power of parliament, the crown adorned
A maiden brow ; but now that vow had passed,
Which Death alone can break, and a new soul
Come forth to witness it. And by the seed
Of those most strong affections, dropped by Heaven
In a rich soil, I knew there was a germ
That fain would have disclosed itself in sound
If unsupprest. Through her transparent brow
I could discern that word close wrapped in love,
And dearer than all earthly pageantry.
Thy *babe*, young Mother ! thy fair first-born babe !
That was the word !

And yet she spoke it not ;
But rose, and, leaning on her consort's arm,
Passed forth. And as the gorgeous car of state,
By noble coursers borne exultingly,
Drew near, the people's acclamations rose
Loud, and reëchoed widely to the sky.
Long may their loyalty and love be thine,
Daughter of many kings, and thou the rights
Of peasant as of prince maintain, and heed
The cry of lowly poverty, as one
Who must account to God.

So unto Him,
From many a quiet fireside of thy realm
At the still hour of prayer, thy name shall rise,
Blent with that name which thou didst leave unsaid ;
And blessings, which shall last, when sceptres fall,
And crowns are dust, be tenderly invoked
On the young sovereign and her cradled child.

MRS. FRY AT NEWGATE PRISON.

BOLTS and bars, and the creaking of sullen hinges, and the clang of massy doors, and the meagre aspect of narrow, grated windows, how repulsive ! how the veins chill at passing these dreary thresholds ! — and yet what mighty pains have we taken to arrive at this prison-house, and to gain admittance to its precincts. Riding through one of the most terribly dense London fogs, swallowing its mephitic atmosphere, saturated with coal in sickening mouthfuls, to our present annoyance as well as future peril plunging into black, glutinous mire, and all for what ? To be let in where multitudes are longing to be let out, — where, for so many years such masses of human crime and misery have tossed, and fermented, and been cast forth to banishment and to death.

Well, here we are, indeed, at Newgate, seated in the midst of a throng of female convicts. How rude and hardened is the aspect of many of them, — what savage and hateful glances do they bend on the unfallen. Here, too, are young faces, with curious, searching eyes, taking note of every ornament of dress, others

turned away with a mixture of shame, others expressing only stupid indifference. Oh, children! had ye no mothers to warn you of this?

I am told that, in some cases, their mistresses, for the theft of a slight article of dress, have given them up to such ignominy. It was painful to look upon the sin and sorrow thus exhibited by my own sex. "Who maketh thee to differ?" was never before so forcibly impressed, or with such a humbling consciousness of innate infirmity.

The brief pause was broken by the entrance of a lady of commanding height, and of plain garb and countenance. Every eye was fixed on her, and the dignity of her calm benevolence seemed to be felt by all. There was about her the quietude of a soul conversant with high duties, and not to be satisfied with so poor an aliment as the applause of man.

This was Mrs. Fry. With a peculiar melody of voice, and that slow intonation which usually distinguishes the sect to which she belongs, she read from the Bible, and after a few simple remarks and touching admonitions, knelt in prayer. But neither in her comments, nor in the solemn exercise of devotion was there a single allusion which could harrow up the feelings of the unfortunate beings who surrounded her. Over the past a veil was drawn. It was to the future that she urged them to look, with "newness of life." She came with all gentleness of speech, as to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." She spoke of the infinite compassion of the Redeemer, — of the joy that there

was among angels, when one sinner repenteth ; till those who, despairing, had said, "no man careth for my soul," laid aside the defiance of guilt, and seemed ready to become as little children.

More than usual feeling was pressed into this interview. It was a parting scene. The class of convicts, whom she now addressed, were the next week to be transported to Botany Bay. With increasing earnestness she recapitulated the instructions given during their previous intercourse, which must now never more be renewed. She exhorted them to an exemplary deportment during the long voyage that was before them ; to convince all with whom they should in future associate, that their teaching had not been in vain ; to bear with patience the evils, and discharge with fidelity their duties, in a foreign land ; fortifying their good resolutions by every hope drawn from this life and the next. Surely the spirit of that Master was with her, who wrote with his finger upon the ground, effacing the accuser's threat, and sparing to condemn the sinful soul, abashed at its own guilt. Nor were her appeals in vain. Sobs and moans, on every side, attested that hardened natures were becoming as wax before the flame. The stony-hearted and the fiery-eyed, seemed ready to change, like Niobe, into a fountain of tears. A stronger contrast could scarcely be imagined, than the appearance of the audience at her entrance and her departure. May the hallowed counsels of their benefactress go with them over the far waters, and be to them, in the land of

their banishment, as a voice turning many to righteousness.

After our departure from this scene, and during a drive in her own carriage, Mrs. Fry inquired of me much respecting American prisons, and expressed great interest in the results of those systems of discipline among us, which have in view the reformation of the offender. A young lady, who seemed to be an active assistant in her plan of benevolence, presented me, at Newgate, with a book detailing the progress of these efforts in behalf of female prisoners. It seems that the first visit of Mrs. Fry to Newgate was in 1813, and that she then found, in an area of less than two hundred square yards, three hundred incarcerated females. Such were their ferocious manners and abandoned conduct, that it was not thought safe to go in among them. The governor, perceiving that she had determined to venture, deemed it expedient to request that she would leave her watch behind her, acknowledging that even his presence might be insufficient, to prevent its being violently torn from her. Almost every discouragement seemed to oppose the outset of the benevolent effort of Mrs. Fry. It was felt necessary to have a guard of soldiers in the prison to prevent outrage; order and discipline were utterly set at defiance. But her presence, and the kind interest she manifested in them, made a great impression. At her second visit, she was, by her own desire, admitted into the wards, unaccompanied by any turnkey. She then proposed to them a school for the children and younger

prisoners. This was accepted, even by the most hardened, with gratitude and tears of joy. A separate cell was procured, and the school prosperously established. Soon the older prisoners came with entreaties to be taught and employed. A matron was obtained to remain day and night in the prison, and the ordinary, governor, and sheriffs, though they had no confidence in the success of the experiment, manifested every favorable disposition towards it, and lent it all the aid in their power. At the next meeting, the comforts to be derived from industry, and sobriety, were dwelt upon; the pleasure and profit of doing right, and obtaining knowledge; and the happiness of a life devoted to virtue and piety. The prisoners were assured that no regulation would be established among them without their entire concurrence, and that neither Mrs. Fry, nor the ladies with whom she consulted, and who formed a committee, assumed any authority over them, except by their own consent. Some rules were then proposed, and it was gratifying to see every hand held up in unqualified approval. A chapter in the Bible was read to them, and after a period of silent meditation, the monitors, who had been appointed, withdrew with their respective classes to the cells, in the most orderly manner.

The first steps toward taming the lion had succeeded beyond all expectation. Guilt had listened, and admitted the superiority of virtue, and been convinced that it was itself an object neither of indifference nor of hatred. It had seen those, who were "rich

and increased in goods," condescending to "light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently for the piece that was lost." It wondered, and was subdued.

A great change in the habits of the prisoners was obvious to all who approached them. It had been the practice of those who were sentenced to transportation, on the night before their departure, to pull down and break every thing within their reach, — to destroy their seats and fireplaces, and go off shouting with the most shameless effrontery. Now, to the surprise of the oldest turnkeys, and other officers and inmates of the prison, no noise was heard, no injury done, not a window broken. The departing ones took an affectionate leave of their companions, expressed gratitude to their benefactress and her coadjutors, and entered the conveyances that had been provided for them, in the most quiet and orderly manner.

Mrs. Fry, and the benevolent ladies associated with her, visit the convict-ships while they remain in the river, and kindly present the inmates such articles as may conduce to their comfort; giving to each one a bag for holding her clothes, another for her work, another containing a small supply of haberdashery, materials for knitting and for patchwork, combs, scissors, and thimbles, spectacles to such as need them, useful books, religious tracts, and a copy of the New Testament, with the Psalms appended. Rules for their observance during the voyage are read to them, and while they are assembled to receive their gifts, kind words

of admonition are addressed to them, mingled with passages from the Scriptures. Compressed in the narrow space which for four or five months is to be their home, and about to become exiles from their native land, they often pour forth the most fervent feelings to those who sought them out in their low estate, and followed them to the last moment with offices of mercy, in the name of a common Saviour.

Most gratifying was it to the persevering originator of this effort, to find that its good results were not confined to the walls of the prison. Superintendents and physicians, on board the convict-ships, gave testimony to the marked improvement in the behavior of the women from Newgate. On their arrival at the place of their destination, the lady of the governor, who had several of them in her family as servants, asserted that "their conduct was so uniformly correct as to merit her approbation; a circumstance so uncommon that she felt it her duty to acquaint Mrs. Fry with the happy change."

One, who had been four years in the penal colony at New South Wales, writes, "It was inside of the walls of Newgate that the rays of divine truth shone into my dark mind, and may the Holy Spirit shine more and more into my understanding, that I may be enabled so to walk as one whose heart is set to seek a city whose builder and maker is God. I hope the world will see that your labor in Newgate has not been in vain in the Lord."

Another who had occasionally been employed as a teacher among her fellow-prisoners, writes to Mrs. Fry, "I sincerely wish to forsake evil and to do good. God is merciful to those who seek him by penitence and prayer. It is my determination, with his assistance, to begin a new life." Afterwards, in her last sickness, she said she was cheered by the "hope of living happily in a better world," and that her sorrowful imprisonment had proved a real blessing.

Another liberated prisoner encloses to Mrs. Fry two pounds, saved from her wages as a servant, which she begs her to accept, "and add to the subscription for defraying the expenses of her most benevolent exertions for the reform and instruction of those unhappy persons, confined within that dreary receptacle of woe, — the walls of Newgate."

What was commenced so prosperously at Newgate, has been extended to other prisons in Great Britain, and with some degree of the same success. Many have been taught both to read and to work neatly, and thus, after their liberation, have found themselves better qualified to earn an honest livelihood. Some have been received as servants, and maintained an exemplary conduct for years, and even remained with their employers as long as they lived.

Of others it was said, that their dutiful and industrious course had been a comfort to parents and friends; and others had died in the faith of the Gospel, giving God thanks for the instruction of those who had sought them out in their wretchedness, not being ashamed of

their bonds. Some, of course, have exhibited no marks of repentance; but that any are reclaimed, calls for fervent gratitude. Not only in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but in different parts of the continent, especially in Russia, Prussia, and Switzerland, a spirit of inquiry and exertion has been aroused by the successful experiment at Newgate.

This true philanthropist, in the spirit of her benevolence, has visited Paris, and been gratified to find many ladies there, disposed to adopt her views, and inquire into the condition of the prisoner. Though the pioneer in this enterprise of charity, she speaks of herself as only the organ of others, — the instrument of societies or committees; being in reality a disciple of that disclaiming humility, which, when there is good to be done, worketh mightily, but when praise is awarded, hideth itself.

The harsh key grated in its ward,
 The massy bolts undrew,
 And watchful men, of aspect stern,
 Gave us admittance through, —
 Admittance where so many pine
 A blest release to gain,
 And desperate hands have madly striven
 To wrest the bars in vain.

What untold depths of human woe
 Have rolled their floods along,

Since first these rugged walls were heaved
From their foundations strong ;
Guilt, with its seared and blackened breast,
Fierce Hate, with sullen glare,
And Justice, smiting unto death,
And desolate Despair.

Here, Crime hath spread a loathsome snare
For souls of lighter stain,
And Shame hath cowered, and Anguish drained
The darkest dregs of pain,
And Punishment its doom hath dealt,
Relentless as the grave,
And spurned the sinful fellow-worm,
Whom Jesus died to save.

Ah ! there they are, the fallen so low,
Who bear our weaker form,
Whose rude and haggard features tell
Of passion's wrecking storm ;
See, how on ring or trinket gay
Are bent their eager eyes,
As though by habitude constrained
To seize the unlawful prize.

Yet be not strict their faults to mark,
Nor hasty to condemn,
Oh thou, whose erring human heart
May not have swerved like them ;
But with the tear-drop on thy cheek
Adore that guardian Power,

Who held thee on the slippery steep
Amid the trial hour.

Who entereth to this dreary cell ?
Who dares yon hardened throng,
With fearless step and brow serene,
In simple goodness strong ?
She hath a Bible in her hand,
And on her lips the spell
Of loving and melodious speech,
Those lion hearts to quell.

She readeth from that Holy Book,
And in its spirit meek,
Doth warn them as those straying ones,
Whom Christ vouchsafes to seek ;
She kneeleth down, and asketh Him,
Who deigned the lost to find,
Back to his blessed fold to lead
These impotent and blind.

Then gently, as the mother lures
Her child from folly's way,
Good counsel eloquent she gives,
To guide a future day ;
When in the convict-ship they sail,
And sore temptation tries,
Or when an exile's lot they bear
'Neath Australasian skies.

For soon the dangerous deep they dare ;
This is the parting hour ;

And lo ! their burning eyeballs pour
A strange and copious shower ;
Say ! — may not watchful angels scan
Amid these tides that rise,
Some pearl of penitence, to wake
The rapture of the skies ?

Oh beautiful ! though not with youth,
Bright locks of sunny ray,
Or changeful charms that years may blot
And sickness melt away,
But with sweet lowliness of soul,
The love that never dies,
The purity and truth that hold
Communion with the skies : —

Oh beautiful ! yet not with gauds,
That strike the worldling's eye,
But in the self-denying toils
Of heaven-born charity,
Press onward, to that genial home,
That realm of perfect peace,
Where, in the plaudit of thy Lord,
All earthly labors cease.

HAMPTON COURT.

THIS palace, about twelve miles from London is, in its exterior, neither imposing nor symmetrical. A series of irregular quadrangles, portions of it are gratuitously accorded as abodes to the descendants of noble families, reduced in fortune; so that it has been sometimes ironically called the "peer's poor-house."

Originally built by Wolsey, and extorted from him, as a gift, by the jealous tyranny of his royal master, it was dilapidated during the wars of Cromwell, and beautified by William and Mary, who chose it as their favorite residence. In the conservatory, among many orange trees, two are pointed out as their coevals, which their antiquated aspect might seem to confirm. We paid our respects, to what visitants seldom overlook, the great, old Hamburgh vine. It has a chronology of nearly a century, and a whole green-house devoted to its accommodation. Its stalk is like the trunk of a tree, its main branch extends 110 feet, and its roots still further, running about eighteen inches below the surface. The gardeners, who were exceedingly proud

of it, said they did not pour water upon its root, but washed the branches to refresh them. It produces an immense quantity of fruit; in some seasons, we were told, about 1,400 pounds weight, or between 2,000 and 3,000 rich black clustres, all of which are reserved for the royal table.

Cromwell, in the height of his power, was fond of residing at Hampton Court. Here he solemnized with pomp the entrance of two of his daughters into the line of the high nobility; one by her marriage with Lord Falconburg, the other with Lord Rich, heir to the earldom of Warwick. Here, too, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was smitten with death, and in her last life-struggle warned him of sin, and adjured him to repentance. Her earnest words, mingled with moans of pain, haunted his conscience as he wandered from room to room, in the restlessness of the disease that at length destroyed him. "It was at this period," says Howitt, in his interesting 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' "that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, coming to Hampton Court, to beg him to put a stop to religious persecution, met him riding in the park, and in his own expressive language, as he drew near him, '*felt a waft of death go forth from him*;' and coming up to him, beheld him with astonishment, looking already like a dead man. George had been accustomed to have interviews with Cromwell, who used to express great pleasure in his society, and would say, 'Come again, come often, for I feel that if thou and I were oftener together, we should be nearer to each other.'

He now desired George to come to the palace again the next day, but he looked on him already as a dead man, and on going to the palace gate, found him too ill to be seen by any one, and in a few days he died."

There are multitudes of pictures at Hampton Court, and a ceiling, painted by Sir James Thornhill, which many admire. Here, also, are the cartoons of Raphael, purchased and placed there by Charles the First. Yet the principal fascinations of this interesting spot, seemed to me of a rural order. The gardens; the velvet turf of the broad parks; the sound of the crystal fountains, sometimes falling into basins, where leaped up silver and golden-coated fishes; the lofty trees, musical with birds; and the quiet seats amid shaded gravel walks, all conspired to soothe the feelings into serenity and repose.

Much agreeable conversation had we amid those pleasant haunts, with loved English friends. A marriage which we had that morning attended, led our minds to the congenial subject of domestic happiness, and to the science of home-comfort, which seems to me better understood in the Mother Land, than in any other which I have critically examined. Among the details which promote it, is undoubtedly the excellent attendance of the servants. Each one is at his post, in the neatest costume, ready to maintain the clock-work regularity of the establishment. The interests of those whom they serve are their own; in their sickness or sorrows they are afflicted, in their joys they rejoice, to their guests they show observance and honor. Thus

identifying themselves with those whose comfort they promote, they are happy in their station, and in the respect which attends the faithful discharge of their duties. They consider servitude no mark of disgrace, and sometimes continue with their employers ten, fifteen, or twenty years, or throughout their whole lives. It is beautiful to see them, their countenances so expressive of contentment with their condition, uniting in the morning and evening devotions of the household, with whom their sympathies have been long amalgamated. The mistress of a family, thus sustained, has opportunity for the better points of her character to expand, and leisure to modify that of her children, as well as to enjoy the friends who partake of her hospitality.

When I see the quiet dignity of the housekeepers of the Mother-Land, their calm, unruffled reliance, that what ought to be done, will be done at the right time, and well done, and the perfection they are thus enabled to give to their hospitality, it is difficult not to contrast it with our own hurried reception of unexpected guests, and the rapid inquiry of anxious thought, whether their comfort can be compassed without our hastening abruptly from their presence, to superintend the culinary department. One remembers, too, the defection which may suddenly take place of all in the shape of assistants, and the disorder thus introduced into the domestic sphere, to the inconvenience of the best loved, and cannot but fervently wish for such a correct balance of interests, that those who are nominally our helpers,

may no longer be actual annoyances, transient allies, or partial belligerents, but Christian friends.

We may not, indeed, expect under our form of government that precise definement of rank, or degree of respectful observance, which prevail in England: yet, if it were possible, by any change of measures, or heightened intercourse of kindness, to secure a more permanent continuance and stronger personal attachment, from those who serve us, such results would be worthy of earnest inquiry and strenuous effort. It was anciently the custom, in the New-England States, for a young matron to take under her roof a female child, and train her up, as an useful adjunct in the household. She was sometimes an orphan, and this gave to the transaction a feature of benevolence. An assistant was thus secured, whom it might be hoped that every year would render more efficient and more attached to those who protected her. The usage is now less prevalent, and the reason alleged is, that it is too much trouble. *Trouble?* Yes. There is doubtless trouble in forming the habits of a child, in correcting such infirmities as may be corrected, and having patience with the rest, and in faithfully teaching right principles for this life and the next. *Trouble?* Yes. But is there not also the payment of witnessing its improvement, of profiting by its exertions, of securing its affections, and of seeing it at last, if God will, a respectable member of the community? *Trouble?* Yes. And how many things are there in this world worth the having, that

are to be attained by us women without some trouble? Is there not trouble in attempting to naturalize foreign hirelings ; and when they have become partially accustomed to our idioms, see them flit away without warning, like the shadow, and all our training lost, as water upon the earth, never to be gathered up again?

I trust these remarks will be forgiven, for the sake of the motive that prompted them. It is natural to desire to transplant to our own beloved, native land whatever we admire in a foreign clime, especially if it affects the beauty and order of domestic life, and the true happiness of that sex on whom its responsibilities devolve.

'T was with a bridal party that we went
To visit Hampton Court. Our thoughts were full
Of thrilling pictures we had seen at morn,
The youthful pair, the chapel, and the priest,
The gathered groups that marked the holy rite,
And that still smaller circle, in whose breasts
Wrought strong emotions, as the deathless vow
Trembled on lips beloved. With earnest gaze
The grateful poor, and that small Sunday class
Blest with *her* teachings, who returned no more,
Followed the bridal chariot, as it led
With milk-white steeds the fair procession back
To her paternal halls. Around the board,
For rich collation spread, the green-house strew'd
Its glowing wealth, and mid the marriage guests

Like blossoms mixed, the bright-haired children sate,
Delighted from a blessed bride to win
Kind word or kiss. Then rose the pastor's prayer,
And the sweet hymn, for music waits alike
On Love and Faith, — on this world and the next.

— But all too soon the fond leave-taking came,
The parent's benediction, and the embrace
Of loving kindred ; for impatient steeds
Curving their necks, by white-gloved coachmen reined,
Waited the bride, and lo ! her silvery veil
And snowy satin robe gave sudden place
To traveller's graver costume.

Thus doth fleet
Woman's brief goddess-ship, and soon she takes
The sober matron tint, content to yield
Tinsel and trappings, if her heart be right,
That in her true vocation she may shed
A higher happiness on him she loves,
For earth and heaven.

As from her early home
And pleasant gates the gentle bride passed forth,
Big tears stood glittering in the old servants' eyes,
Deepening their murmured benison on her
Who was "so like the mother that was gone,
The sainted mistress." 'T is a heaven-taught art
To graft enduring love on servitude ;
And often have I joyed to see how deep
Around the hearths of England is that root
Of comfort, whose entwining tendrils bind

Each stratum of the compact household firm,
The lowest to the highest ; those who serve,
Not of their lot ashamed, and those who rule
Regardful of the charity which counts
A life-long service, as a bond of love,
Here and hereafter.

So, the wedding past,
Bright in its hallowed hopes, but not without
Some touch of tender grief ; for here, below,
In all her proudest temples Joy doth set
Lachrymatories, and her banquet-board
Hath aye some subterranean path, that tends
Unto the house of tears.

And then, to break
That heavy pause, which on the heart doth fall,
When what it loves departeth, forth we went,
As I have said before. Well pleased we swept
O'er vale and common, and by that green lane
Where Wandsworth boasts its nested nightingales,
By lordly manor, and o'er lonely heath,
Whose furze and broom make glad the donkey tribe,
Or 'neath the enormous chesnuts that o'ersweep
Richmond, the loved of Thames, and by the shades
Of Bushy Park, a monarch's late abode,
Until the gates of Hampton Court we passed,
And scanned its purlieu fair. The lime and yew
Stood with inwoven arms, and countless flowers
Amid their garden cells of bordering turf
Wrought out a rich mosaic. Here the Maze
With labyrinthine lines the foot allured,

And there the pampered people of the pool
Swam lazily, in gold and silver coats,
To take some dainty morsel from the hand
Of merry childhood. The old Hamburgh vine
Round its glass palace groped with monstrous arms,
And filled each nook with clusters, proud to load
The royal table. In yon tennis-court
How many a feat of strength and shout of mirth
Have held their course, since from these halls arose
The Christmas carol of old Tudor's time.
Raphael's bold pencil here with wondrous power
Survives, and many a modern artist decks
Ceiling, and wall, and staircase. But 't is vain
In lays like mine, to tell what pictures say
From age to age ; for Painting may not bend
To Poesy. She, on her pedestal,
Robed with the rainbow stands, — and mocks at those
Who, with a goose-quill and a drop of ink,
Are fain to take her likeness. Quaint conceits
Of him of Orange and his Stuart queen
Adorn these haunts, — while frequent on the walls
Their blended names in curious love-knot twine.
Here, too, stout Cromwell stretched himself to die ;
His pale lip sated with the love of power
By blood obtained.

But most of all we meet,
Where'er in musing reverie we tread,
Wolsey, — the master-spirit, who upreared
This princely pile, and from a germ obscure
Towered up to such o'erwhelming magnitude

Of power, that monarchs felt his dampening shade
Fall on their greatness.

Here his feasts were spread
Magnificent, — and here, with clerkly skill,
He fostered learning, while his secret thought
Was how to make his haughty honors grow,
And proudly throne them on a thunder-cloud
For realms to kneel to. But the daring hand,
That grasped so long the crowned lion's mane,
Failed, and he fell, — fell low to rise no more.
So, with a solemn sadness, he went down,
As great minds do.

Was there no penitence
In that deploring eloquence, which blamed
The folly of the man that serves his king,
More than his God? in that remorseful glance,
Of retrospection, which so analyzed
All poms of life, and found them vanity?
In that humility of voice, which asked
At Leicester-Abbey, with his broken train,
But for that little charity of earth
Which the dead beggar finds?

We trust the cloud
Fell not in vain upon him, but restored
His chastened spirit to the Pardoner.

Is pride for man? the crushed before the moth?
Is it for angels? Answer, ye who walked
Exulting on the battlements of Heaven,
And fell interminably. Dizzy heights

Suit not the born of clay. Oh, rather walk
With noiseless footstep, and with lowly eye,
Bent on thine own original; nor mark
With taunt of bitter blame thy brother's fall.
In dust his frailties sleep. Awake them not,
Nor probe the secrets of the curtaining tomb,
But lead the memory of his virtues forth
Into the sun-light.

So shalt thou fulfil
The Saviour's law of love.

MARCH, AT DENMARK HILL.

METHOUGHT this herald month of Spring
Was wont a frown to wear,
Or with capricious favor fling
Her gifts and bounties rare,

Even sometimes with a shrewish voice
Among the hills to rave,
And check the aspiring buds that burst
Too soon their wintry grave.

But here, like patron, dressed in smiles,
The tinted turf she treads,
And whispers to the humblest plants,
To lift their trembling heads,

And o'er the lustrous laurel-hedge,
And where the vine-leaf curls,
She bids the pendant dew-drops throw
Their strings of braided pearls.

Out peeps the Crocus from its nook,
And looks with timid eye,
To see if on the Snowdrop's brow
A blight, like frost, may lie :

But lo ! the expanded Primrose smiles,
And the Ivy bids it hail,
And freely in the morning beam
Refresh its colors pale.

It sees the bright Hepatica
With the buxom Daisies play
Their merry game of hide and seek,
Until the closing day,

It marks against the sheltering wall
The Almond's broidered vest,
And the princely Peach and Apricot,
In all their glory drest,

The modest Violet puts on
Her robe of varied die,
And to the banquet-hall of Spring
Doth enter joyously.

The mighty city hath a world
Within its heaving breast,
And there the pulse of busy life
Doth never pause nor rest.

The city sends a greenhouse warmth
From out its fostering heart,
And bids the germs of intellect
To sudden beauty start.

But nature's efflorescence seeks
The blessed sun in vain,
Where London crowds her domes of stone,
And rears the eclipsing fane.

It is not so at Denmark Hill,
Each plant finds room to spread
Its little hand, and take the wealth
A bounteous sky doth shed ;

Finds room to ope its gentle eye
On verdant lawn and vale,
And have its tiny cradle rocked
By every nursing gale ;

To feel its infant lungs expand,
From clogging coal-dust free,
And hear the song of uncaged birds
From each rejoicing tree.

Here, too, a sacred plant doth spring,
Which once profusely grew
Within the walls of Palestine,
Surcharged with heavenly dew.

Beside the convent's wicket-gate
In ancient times it bent,
And blossoms still on Asia's sands,
By the roving Arab's tent.

Upon Mount Bernard's cloud-wrapt cliff,
Where the bitter tempest blows,
It patient bides the chilling blast
Of everlasting snows.

And where our poor, red forest-race,
Beside their fathers' grave,
Had once a home, its foliage fair
Did o'er their cabins wave.

It findeth here a genial soil,
And putteth forth each morn
A rose-cup in an evergreen,
That hath no hidden thorn.

It bloometh for the stranger's hand,
And when it shuts at night,
Doth leave behind a secret spell,
To make his visions bright.

Young children, with their sparkling eyes,
Culled its fresh buds for me,
Before they knew its hallowed name
Was Hospitality.

And for the blessed balm it breathed,
And for its cheering ray,
When from the garden of my heart
I was so far away,

And for the fragrance of its flowers,
And for its fruitage sweet,
I'll love the soil of Denmark Hill,
While memory holds her seat.

It was at the pleasant spot, which has given a subject to the foregoing poem, about four miles from London, on the sunny side of the Thames, that I first learned to consider the month of March other than a season of wild winds, or a codicil to old Winter's will and testament. There I saw with surprise, as early as its second week, the primrose and violet, the polyanthus and hepatica, blooming in the parterres; and rhubarb, brocoli, cauliflowers, and other esculents, vigorously flourishing in the kitchen-gardens.

On returning from France, in January, we were struck with the superior verdure of England, whose ever-living hedges scorned the livery of Winter. Still the degree of cold, though far less severe than what we had been accustomed to feel at home, was rendered more disagreeable, and probably more hurtful, by its combination with humidity. This excess of moisture, causing even the trunks of trees to grow green and mossy, united, as it often is, with a murky, misty atmos-

phere, makes an English winter, though comparatively mild, a depressing season to those nurtured under sunnier skies.

But the bright footsteps of Spring made amends for all. At Denmark Hill, and its vicinity, I was enveloped in a region of flowers, where, amid a knot of families, derived from the good Gurney root, I sojourned for a time, more as an inmate than a guest. The party with whom I left home, returned to our native land in February; but by the advice of friends on both sides of the water, I forbore the inconvenience and risk of a winter passage, and in my consequent loneliness, the kindness of the English character shone conspicuously forth. I was not permitted to remain for a day at a public house; but in different abodes, where I was induced to become a visitant, my literary occupations were cared for, had patience with, and upheld, while every effort was made to replace the heart-solitude of a stranger, by the sweet home-charities.

To whatever spot it was supposed I might desire to see, I was courteously and zealously taken, by a variety of friends. Among these, was the home of a gentleman-farmer, a class of the English community for whom I had high respect, and whose habitudes I was gratified to have opportunity to observe. It was at Upton Lea, in the neighborhood of Windsor Castle, that I was invited to pass a day or two at the residence of a young and interesting couple, who conducted a large rural establishment. Broad fields were there under the neatest and most skilful processes of culti-

vation, while the healthful, happy faces of the laborers presented a cheering picture of industry and content. Connected with the establishment was a large and productive garden, adorned in its more tasteful parts by winding gravel-walks, shrubbery, and rockwork, while here and there immense baskets, containing tons of mould, gave nutriment to hyacinths and other fragrant flowers, and nesting birds poured from vine and trellis their descant of love.

It was here that I first fully heard the thrilling, unequalled notes of the nightingale. The youthful mistress of this abode, with her clustering curls flowing gracefully over her neck, seemed the Lady Bountiful of the village. Ever had she, in her work-basket, some useful garment for the children of those employed on the farm, as well as for those of the neighboring poor, whom she weekly collected around her, for instruction in the use of the needle, and other branches of knowledge. She also taught them sacred music, until by the training of her rich voice they became such proficient as to constitute a no despicable choir. They performed every Sunday at the neat chapel which had been erected by her husband, and his brothers, for the benefit of these people. By their liberality, also, the clergyman received his support; their fortune, thus nobly expended, having been entirely the result of agriculture.

Why is it so generally supposed, in my own country, that this honorable profession must exclude the pleasures of taste and intellect, and bind the thoughts

down to a succession of homely toils or petty emoluments? Need it be so, if there was a spirit of contentment with moderate gains, and if the desire of becoming rich was not made the ruling motive? Rural life, as it is seen in many parts of England, combined with simplicity and systematic diligence, love of letters, refinement, and active benevolence, is but another name for true independence and rational happiness; or, in the words of Cowper,

“Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Friendly to all the best pursuits of man.”

I have already spoken of the hospitalities of England. In city and country, in many varieties of rank and style of living, it has been my lot to find them always perennial and pure. They surpass my power of either description or praise.

The English, more than most nations, may be characterized by capacities for true and enduring friendship. They do not put forth their best virtues at first sight, nor overwhelm a stranger with courtesies, nor incur risks, like King Hezekiah, by the display of their most precious treasures to foreign eyes. They make no protestations beyond what they feel, and are willing to embody in deeds.

A similar principle of integrity seems to pervade social intercourse. They speak what they conceive to be truth, whether it is likely to render them popular or not, whether it coincides or not with the opin-

ions and prejudices of those with whom they converse. They are also distinguished by a love of order. The ranks are clearly defined, and are not ambitious to encroach on established boundaries. Children are taught to obey. Servants are not ashamed of their stations. The young submit to the discipline of schools and colleges. The course of education is to give a solid base, rather than to hang out a broad, gay banner. Strictness and punctuality, in those who rule, beget the spirit of trust in those who are subordinate, and aid to keep things upon their right foundations.

The old English character is emphatically best seen at home, by the fireside, and at the family altar. In the enjoyment of the comfort which they so well understand; in the exercise of a hospitality, which, more than any other people, they know how to render perfect; in the maintenance of that authority on which the strength and symmetry of the domestic fabric depends, and in the admixture of religious obligation with the daily routine of duties and affections, there is a straightforwardness, a whole-heartedness, that commands respect, and incite those, who have descended from them, to glory in their ancestry.

While at Upton Lea, I went with Mr. and Mrs. N., and their sister, Miss H., to Windsor Castle, the classic ground of Eton, and the sequestered churchyard, where Gray wrote that unequalled Elegy which finds an echo in every bosom. How touching is the circumstance, that it should have been repeated by Wolfe, the night before his fatal attack on Quebec, and by our

own great statesman, Webster, as the footstep of death drew nigh.

Beautiful, indeed, is Windsor Forest, and the noble park, which is said to be fourteen miles in circumference. To St. George's Chapel, an elegant specimen of Gothic architecture, the steps of the traveller are involuntarily turned; for there, amid the "majesty of buried England," is the celebrated monument to the Princess Charlotte, that young mother over whom a whole nation wept.

The palace of Windsor stands upon an elevated site, and is the proudest residence of English royalty. The House of Brunswick have been especially partial to it, and George the Fourth lavished immense sums on its embellishment. Its terrace, nearly two thousand feet in length, with its formidable rampart of freestone, furnishes a promenade unsurpassed in extent and beauty of prospect. From the Round Tower, so famed in history, one might almost fancy the burly form, and fierce brow of William the Conqueror looking forth. The interior of the Castle is in harmony with its surroundings. The corridors, the galleries, the paintings, the state apartments, are wonderfully magnificent. Among the rich cabinets, is a curious old ebony one, formerly belonging to Cardinal Wolsey, — perhaps the repository of some of the secrets of that ambition by which he fell.

Having express permission from Lord Uxbridge to see every part of the Castle, we proposed taking a glance at the rooms appropriated to her Royal High-

ness, — a bantling of some six months old. Whereupon, our cicerone, who was quite intelligent and cautious, replied, with eyes marvellously dilated, “No, indeed! I have never been allowed to see them myself.”

Housekeeping propensities moved us willingly to follow our leader through the kitchens, pastry-room, larder, &c., and to take interest in the nice and complicated instrumentalities by which six hundred persons, who are comprised in the queen’s retinue, are daily supplied with creature-comforts. “Do you see them two boilers, over that furnace?” said an explaining voice. “Well, in each on ’em, five pecks of good potatoes is steamed for dinner, without a drop of water ever touching them.”

The various departments of this immense building were exhibited by different personages. The show-man of the gold plate was particularly zealous in his office, and fond of repeating that it cost more than two millions of pounds sterling. It extended through several apartments, locked in glass cases, and arranged on long tables. There were superb candelabras, plateaus, salvers, piles of massy plates, and every conceivable article of splendor for the table. Among these were salt-cellars in a curious variety of forms, sea-shells, and fat donkies, with panniers. There was also the great gold tiger’s head, with eyes of pearl and teeth of rock-crystal, surmounted by a peacock flaunting with precious stones, taken from Tippoo Saib, and accounted the chief glory of his barbaric throne.

Never have I beheld such a display of magnificence as in this favorite abode of England's Queen. Was it a bee, from the greenhouse flowers, that buzzed in my ear, — "*cui bono?*" or a voice in the musing heart?

One prayer of grateful poverty
Shall better soothe the soul.

Surfeited with display, we drew near the village church, whose precincts the lyre of Gray has hallowed. Rain-drops hung heavily among the drooping branches, and weighed down the slender vines that crept over the low mossy gravestones. It was not difficult to imagine the slender form of the bard, meditating in this secluded spot, his brow pale from the studious cloisters of Cambridge, for he often sought relaxation and refreshment from learned toils amid these rural shades. Love of the mother, as has been the case with so many distinguished men, predominated through his life, and deepened at its close. An epitaph from his hand to her memory, in that same quiet churchyard, records, that "she had shown the most tender offices of love to many children, one only of whom had the unhappiness to survive her."

At a short distance is his own lofty monument, on which are engraven, in large characters, stanzas from his Elegy. It is erected in ornamental grounds belonging to the Penn family, who keep them open for visitants and strangers. Their own pleasant mansion is seen through embowering trees, where Gray was

wont to pass a part of the summer months, with an endeared relative. In its vicinity is the grave of William Penn, severe in its simplicity, marked only by a mound of earth. And there, memories of that plain-garbed, firm-souled man, who crossed the ocean to bear the spirit of peace, and to found our beautiful city of brotherly love, mingled with those of the classic, pensive, picturesque poet, whose Elegy, standing as we did in its secluded birthplace, we felt would be read and loved, as long as the "still sad music of humanity" shall vibrate through the hearts of men.

HAMPSTEAD.

COME out to Hampstead. For 't is beautiful
To 'scape the city's atmosphere of smoke,
Which, like an inky curtain, wrappeth it,
And drink the breezes of this vale of health.
'T is beautiful to view the broad expanse,
County on county stretching, till at last
The fading outline, like a misty dream,
Blends with the blue horizon.

Yon wide heath,
From which the prospect opens, oft hath lured
The truant urchins of the neighboring school
To leave their restless bed, and scale the walls,
Stealing a starlight ramble. Fancying oft
A vengeful usher in each prickly bush,
Whose intercepting arms their path oppose,
They snatch a trembling taste of liberty,
Dashed with the dregs of fear. Ah, happier then
Deem they the cottage child, who wakes at morn
Unvexed by thistly learning, uncondemned
To pore o'er lexicons, oft drenched in tears,
But at its simple leisure free to roam,

Filling its pinafore with furzy flowers,
Or now and then some rough and sparkling stone
Making its prize.

But greater wealth I found
Than richest flowers, or diamonds of the mine,
Beneath a quiet roof. For she was there,
Whose wand Shaksperian knew to touch at will
The varying passions of the soul, and chain
Their tameless natures in her magic verse.
Fast by that loving sister's side she sat,
Who wears all freshly, mid her fourscore years,
The beauty of the heart.

He, too, was there,
The tasteful bard of Italy, who crowned
Memory with wreaths of song, when life was new ;
So she with grateful love doth cherish him,
And for his green age from her treasure-hoard
Give back the gifts he gave. 'T is wise to make
Memory our friend in youth, for she can bring
Payment when Hope is bankrupt, and light up
Life's evening hour with gladness. There they sat,
Plucking those fruits of friendship, which by time
Are mellowed made, and richer. And I felt
It was a pleasant thing to cross the sea
And listen to their voices. There they sat,
Simply serene, as though not laurel-crowned,
And glad of heart, as in their youthful prime,
A trio, such as I may ne'er expect
To look upon again.

Whene'er I think
Of rural Hampstead, and would fain recall
Its lovely scenes, their brightest tissue fades,
Like a dim picture, and those forms alone
Stand forth and breathe, their lips still uttering sounds
Like music.

Such eternity hath *mind*
Amid the things that perish.

Among the pleasant drives for which I was indebted to Mrs. B., of Portland Place, while passing a few days at her elegant mansion, was one to pay our respects to Miss Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead. This remarkable lady is above the common height, erect and dignified in her person, and of truly cordial manners. On my arrival, she had just returned from a long walk to visit the poor, and though past the age of seventy-six, and the day chill and windy, she seemed unfatigued, and even invigorated by the exercise. She resides with a beloved sister, several years older than herself, who still retains a beaming and lovely countenance.

With them was Rogers, the veteran poet, who has numbered his eightieth winter, but still keeps a perpetual smile of Spring in his heart. His polished manners make him a favorite in the higher circles, while the true kindness of his nature is attractive to all. Many from my own land can bear witness to his polite attentions, and to the exquisite collection of the fine arts, which his house in London exhibits; and

among the masters of the lyre in foreign realms, there is none of whom I think with more regret, that I shall see their faces no more on earth.

The sublimity of Miss Baillie's poetry is felt on both sides of the Atlantic. She is a native of Scotland, and sister of the late celebrated physician of that name, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey. Whether it was the frankness of her nature, that touched the chords of sympathy, I know not ; but it was painful to bid her farewell.

Those who have been impressed by her tragic power in the "Plays of the Passions," will not fail to appreciate that more humble and sweet emanation of genius, a recent birthday tribute to her sister Agnes, of whom I have spoken, — the loved companion of her days. Surely I shall be thanked for adding the following fragment of it.

" So here thou art, — still in thy comely age
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
The present moment, whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle, or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlor hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty step some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor,
Active and ardent, — to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Oh, ardent, liberal spirit ! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing

With sorrow and distress, forever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring ;
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay."

Numbered with other cherished recollections was a call at Old Brompton, on Mrs. S. C. Hall, the writer of "Sketches of Irish Character," and other spirited tales that portray the scenery and customs of that "warm-hearted and weeping isle," of which she is a native. Her husband possesses great taste and skill in the fine arts, and is the editor of several splendidly illustrated volumes, two of which, bearing the title of "Gems," are selections from the ancient and modern poets of Great Britain, with concise biographies and criticisms. Their present residence, bearing the name of "The Rosary," was perfumed when I saw it by the breath of violets, and ringing with the carol of birds ; a genial retreat for spirits united in the pursuits of literature and the bonds of love. The mother of the authoress, Madam Fielding, a lady of amiable manners and countenance, finds a pleasant home with these her only children, and in their duteous care, and affectionate attentions, it would seem that time passed over her, unmarked by those changes which it is wont to bring to life's decline.

Talk not to me of castles, moated round,
With antique tower and battlement arrayed ;
Talk not to me of palaces, I've found
So sweet a haunt, that these are lost in shade ;

A fairy cottage with its attic hues,
A garden, where the freshest violets blow,
A sacred nook, for dalliance with the muse,
Where flowers and statues breathe, and pictures glow ;
Hearts filled with love, the classic thought that twine
And draw the shamrock forth to purer air ;
A mother, beauteous in her life's decline,
And ever gladdened by their duteous care.
How blest from noise and restless pomp to flee,
And taste serene repose, sweet Rosary, with thee.

Having always considered individuals who have attained distinction in the fields of intellect, as objects of higher interest than any modification of natural scenery, or architectural skill, I counted myself fortunate in being able to bear away personal recollections of so many, especially of my own sex. Among these were the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss Jane Porter, the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Kemble Butler, Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Pardoe, and Lady Valsimachi, formerly the consort of Bishop Heber. Some disappointments I was compelled to regret, especially my inability to accept the pressing invitation of Mrs. Opie, to visit her in Norfolk, and the absence of Mrs. Howitt, in Germany, whom I had much desired to meet. The invalid health of Miss Barrett, then just commencing her splendid poetical career, caused her to seclude herself from strangers, and the filial devotion of Mary Russell Mitford was at that time her absorbing occupa-

tion. The constant, cherishing care, which she exercises over an aged parent, of whom she is the only child, adds lustre to her reputation as an author. For years, she left his side scarcely for an evening, and received calls only during those hours in the afternoon, when he regularly took rest upon his bed. She was ever in attendance upon him, reading to him, cheering him by the recital of passing events, and pouring into his spirit the fresher life of her own, and doubtless finding in these holy duties their own "exceeding great reward." Not long after my return to my native land, she was called to shed the mourner's tear over that venerable parent, to whom she had been as a ministering angel.

Yet it was my extraordinary privilege, frequently to enjoy familiar intercourse with Miss Edgeworth, whom I should have gone to Ireland to visit, had she not decided to pass the greater part of the winter in London. To be seated by her fireside, to find her interested in my little concerns, so frank, so appreciative, so confiding, — to listen to her voice whose "Simple Susan," and "Barring Out," had charmed my childish years, seemed at first an illusion, but such an one as her admirers at home would willingly purchase, even by the most boisterous voyage over the ocean that divides them. Her conversation, like her writings, is varied, vivacious, and delightful. Her kind feelings towards our country are well known; while forgetfulness of self, and happiness in making others happy, are marked traits in her character. Her person is small, and delicately proportioned, and her move-

ments full of animation. She was at the house of a lovely sister, much younger than herself, whose ill health called forth such deep anxiety and untiring attention, and for every favorable symptom such fervent gratitude, as seemed to blend features of maternal tenderness with sisterly affection. It is always gratifying to know that those, by whose superior intellect we are charmed or enlightened, have their hearts in the right place. Many such illustrations delighted me while abroad, in the varied and beautiful forms of domestic love and duty.

Truthful and tender as thy pictured page
Flows on thy life. Oh, it was joy to me
Thine earnest welcome to my pilgrimage
And friendly intercourse so warm and free ;
For in my own far land, both youth and sire,
Held willing captives of thy lore refined,
Will of thy features and thy form inquire,
And keep the transcript in their loving mind ;
Yea, merry children, who with glowing cheek
Have o'er thy stories linger'd night and day,
Will lift the fervent eye to hear me speak
Of her who held them oft times from their play,
And closer press, as if to show a part
Of the delight thy smile enkindled in my heart.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

WELL! one must own this is a goodly room,
Of vast and fair proportions, where at ease,
The tallest sons of Anak might have towered,
Waltzing or promenading, as they please, —
The Norman hunter-king hath left behind
A lordly gift, to keep his red elf-locks in mind.

And here, they say, the gay and fickle son
Of the brave Black Prince held a revel proud,
Feasting ten thousand guests. I wonder where
They served or seated such a mighty crowd,
While with a right good-will that scorned control
The huge sirloin they carved, and drained the wassail-
bowl.

Amid the royal train, methinks, I see
Old John of Gaunt, whose dark, prophetic frown
Dwells on his banished son, while mad with glee
Unthinking Richard shakes his rubied crown,
Reckless, as when he rushed with beardless face
To meet Wat Tyler's mob, where Walworth reared his
mace.

Ten thousand guests ! Alas, poor thoughtless king !

Mid all those joyous shouts, the roof that rent,
Rose there no vision of thy future woes ?

Usurping Bolingbroke, with stern intent ?
The crowd, whose loud hosannas turned to hate,
And Pomfret-Castle's deeds, of dire, mysterious fate ?

I cannot laugh in England, — I have tried,

But a majestic shadow seems to rise,
Like Pallas lofty, or like Dian cold,
And put to flight my mirthful melodies ;
And this is well enough, since we were made
Surely for nobler ends, than the light jester's trade.

I cannot laugh in England, when I've tried,

Although there's much to cheer both heart and eye ;
It seems as if a lessoned child decried
Teachers and magistrates, or lifted high
A loud guffaw in its grave mother's face
At some ill-chosen hour, — a fearful want of grace.

Yet if I fail to laugh, I still may trust

Wiser to grow, and bring some seeds away
To plant at home, and yield a healthful fruit

For my young children, when I'm laid in clay,
And that's a better husbandry than Mirth,
Mocking at sober Thought, may often boast on earth.

Here are the various courts of Themis' dome,
I've entered all, yet paid no lawyer's fees ; —
High-Chancery, and Admiralty too,
Queen's Bench, Exchequer, and the Common-Pleas,
And heard *their* varied eloquence, who wear
Such curious flaxen wigs, to hide unfrosted hair.

And I have seen them pass in robes of state, —
Those noble Judges of this ancient clime, —
On, through this hall, by the wild Norman reared,
To ope their session at the autumn prime ;
While in close ranks the assembled people rose,
To give *them* honor due, in whom their rights repose.

And sure, the heartfelt reverence of a land
Is justly paid to those, whose lore profound
Maintains the sacred majesty of Law,
And throws a shield the lowliest home around,
Guarding the hearth-stone from the robber's broil,
And bringing shame to vice, and gain to virtuous toil.

Westminster Hall, which traces back its antiquity to William Rufus, is one of the largest apartments unsupported by pillars, being 270 feet in length and 74 in breadth. History names it as the scene of one of the grand revels of the unfortunate Richard Second, when ten thousand guests shared his banquet. It was rendered memorable to me by a different, and more majestic

pageant, the passing through it of the twelve judges of England, to open the annual session of the courts. In their robes of state, and preceded by the Lord High Chancellor of the realm, they walked onward, slowly, amid the acclamations of the people, and took their seats in their respective places of jurisdiction. Their dignity of bearing, and brows marked by profound thoughts, justified the respect manifested by the dense throng assembled on the occasion. Though unaccustomed to see such pomp surrounding the judiciary in my own land, I could not but rejoice at every mark of reverence for the authority of law, believing that he who decries even in externals the sacredness of justice, may weaken the safeguards of his own fireside, or edge the steel of the assassin.

The full-bottomed wigs of the judges, and the less ample ones of the barristers, disclosing, as they often did, bright hair of an opposing color, and smooth young faces, did not fail to attract our attention. Being taken into the respective courts, I opened my republican ears wide, expecting an eloquence commensurate with this pomp of prelude. But the first cause that I heard argued before her Majesty's criminal judges, happened to be concerning the seizure of a quantity of beer, for debt; and its most elaborate point of jurisprudence, whether the container, and the thing contained, were comprehended in the same category, viz., whether the casks were the property of the creditor, or of the defendant brewer.

Several weeks afterwards, we visited the Privy

Council in Downing-Street. There we saw Lord Baron Parke, Judge Bosanquet, and Dr. Lushington, and one who more particularly rivetted our gaze, Lord Brougham, with his expressive Scottish physiognomy. The clerk of the court was young Reeve, the accomplished translator of De Tocqueville, and Guizot's "Life of Washington."

Busily at his table wrote Lord Brougham with a coarse gray goose-quill. A case of compensation was being argued by the eminent barrister, Pendleton, with a mellifluent voice, and great quietness of manner. Birge, the distinguished advocate of the Jamaica planters, spoke well, and others also. But still busily wrote on my Lord Brougham. What mighty trains of thought can thus absorb the intrepid and invincible defender of the desolate Queen Caroline?

A document was read, when suddenly raising his head, with divers nervous twitchings about the mouth, he observed, that the word "several," which ought to occur, was omitted; and seeming to suspect some quibble, kindled up, and demanded a collation of instruments and manuscripts.

There, I have heard him speak. A right, sharp voice has he too. How many things have great men the power to think of at once? Pursuing an elaborate theme, as it would appear, yet listening so closely to a reader, as to detect a missing particle. I once heard Dr. Gallaudet, the Principal of an institution for the deaf and dumb, in Hartford, Conn., say, that he could use the manual alphabet with each hand, conversing at

the same time with two silent pupils, yet that it was an intense mental effort, and not long to be sustained.

But what was my woman's mind, which is not able to manage more than one subject at a time, busying itself about on this occasion? While the observed of all observers was uttering those few words, he threw his pen at some distance from him on the table. Could I possibly become the owner of that cast-off stylus? Could I carry it home, to America? Would not my antiquarian friends, who are so rabidly eager for his signature, go distracted with joy over the pen that inscribed it?

I drew insensibly nearer to the spot where it lay. It was a miserably worn-out pen. He will surely take a better one. Can I not beg it of the clerk? Can I not even lay my own hand upon it? A cupidity, heretofore unknown, came over me. Might I not thus imagine how some of Mrs. Fry's poor convict girls felt, when they gloated over their mistresses laces, or other contraband articles?

But in a shorter time than it has taken to arrest these flying thoughts, yes, in the twinkling of an eye, he seized that coveted old goose-quill, and drove it faster than ever. It is all over. My Lord Brougham's pen will never travel with me to the United States. I felt a twinge of disappointment, more however for my autograph-hunting friends, than for myself. Methought, he did not look amiable, as he sate forcing that pen over the paper. Whereupon I invidiously remembered the circumstance of his once bringing out a new coach in London, with simply the letter B on its pannels, and

how a punster had remarked, "it was a pity to see so fine an equipage with a *bee* outside, and a *wasp* within."

The room devoted to the Privy-Councils is beautifully finished with English Oak. We could not but recollect that here Victoria stood in her innocent girlhood, to take the formidable oaths of office, at the death of William IV., and almost fancied that we heard the trumpet-call of the poet,

"Oh maiden heir of kings!
A king hath left his place."

Almost countless were the objects of interest, with which my English friends sought to gratify my taste, and employ every interval of leisure. Schools, lectures, scientific and benevolent institutions, parks, palaces, museums, zoological gardens, docks, dioramas, bazaars, galleries of pictures and sculptures, all were exhibited and explained with a kindness that never slumbered.

Music lent her enchantments in the form of a variety of concerts. I wish I were able to give the most distant idea of the emotions created by some of the grand oratorios at Exeter-Hall. In "Judas Macabæus" six hundred performers, with voice and instrument, gave force to the glorious conceptions of Handel. At first the press of sound was painful, but then, a great and majestic delight pervaded the whole being. An audience, which was computed at 4,000 persons, listened in rapt silence; and the stream of carriages, pressing homeward under the darkness of night, through a rather

narrow entrance, required the exertions of the police, to prevent the lock of wheels, and other accidents.

Catlin's large collection of paintings and curiosities of our own red Indians, at Egyptian Hall, excited much attention from the English public. He occasionally exhibited their customs by moving groups and tableaux vivants, having trained persons painted and dressed in the costume of the different tribes, among whom it was not difficult to detect his own leading form and strong physiognomy. On one of these occasions, the buffalo dance filled an interlude, with the most horrible tramping, and contortions of the agile personages enveloped in the skin of that ungainly animal. A bright little girl, who had been greatly interested in a bridal scene by those dark-browed actors, whom she had been informed were Americans, glancing furtively at me, said, "Why, mamma, look! Mrs. Sigourney is white."

At the Coliseum, being enclosed in a small room, we were raised by steam to an elevation of eighty feet, where, standing apparently on a circular roof, stretched beneath us the panorama of the mighty city, with its domes, towers, spires, palaces, winding river, and thread-like bridges. It would seem that the view was taken from the summit of St. Paul's, and the illusion is perfect. For a moment we were reminded of his necromancy who, from a pinnacle of the temple, spread out before Pure Eyes, all the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

The wonderful exhibition of embroidery by Miss Linwood, in Leicester-Square, is well worthy of atten-

tion, even from those who have visited the unparalleled establishment of the Gobelines at Paris. There you are moved with pity for the pale operatives, who with the glowing patterns behind them, exhaust both health and life in their joyless imitations. Here, the exquisiteness of the tissues are in accordance with the native taste and sphere of my own sex, wrought out by the instrument whose use was divinely taught them in Paradise, and of which they ought never to be ashamed.

The force and delicate mingling of light and shade, by Miss Linwood, both in figures, landscape, and historical design, and the felicity with which she has copied the ancient masters, are truly remarkable. Her collection consists of more than sixty pieces, among which the "Salvator Mundi," from Carlo Dolci, "Jepthah's Rash Vow," from Opie, and the "Judgment upon Cain," quite a large picture, are distinguished by their power and beauty. She entered this elegant department of needlework, at the age of thirteen, and pursued it with unwearied industry, until she had completed her 78th year. She has led a life of great respectability, and still survives, having nearly reached fourscore years and ten.

Another exhibition of female genius and perseverance is the splendid collection of wax figures, by Madame Tussaud, in Portman-Square. Here are groups of the striking, or illustrious characters of various lands, many of them actual likenesses, modelled from life, by this accomplished woman. Their costumes are in accordance with their rank, and the age in which they lived; and in some of the more modern figures, the deception

is heightened by the effect of internal machinery. Fiesche rolls his eyes fiercely ; Charlotte Corday seems to breathe while she slumbers ; Cobbett, in his usual gray dress, and slouched hat, sitting on a bench, turns his head as if regarding the groups around. Some ladies, about to take a seat near him, carefully left room so as not to incommode the interested observer. Henry the Eighth, with his coarse, bloated form, spreads out amid his six wives ; the two repudiated and two decapitated ones looking as serene as the others. Mary, Queen of Scots, is receiving a harsh lecture from the uncourtly John Knox. Cardinal Wolsey towers in his unfallen pride. Voltaire wears his sardonic smile, and Napoleon is stretched mournfully upon the camp-bed, where death found him at St. Helena. The stiffness and angularity of limb which of old used to attend such representations, do not exist here, and it requires no great effort of imagination to think some of the forms are instinct with life.

There is an apartment devoted to terrific representations, and called "The Chamber of Horrors," to which, of course, the entrance is optional. Some of these are of the victims who perished by the guillotine during the revolution, and whose likenesses Madame Tussaud took immediately after their death, at the command of the National Assembly. Her reminiscences of France, in its stormiest period, are incorporated with her own *Memoir*, a recently published volume, where she is represented of highly respectable origin, education, and character. Its perusal will add to the interest with

which this exhibition, and its venerable artist, now more than eighty years of age, are visited by the stranger in London.

I would fain, were it in my power, to do justice to such subjects, describe some of the curiosities, at the Polytechnic Institution, or the pictures in the National Gallery, and at Dulwich College. At the latter place are several fine Morillos, and, also, a provision of benevolence by its founder, where six poor men and women, having past the age of sixty, are supported in comfort and respectability. Will not this charity come up in blessed remembrance, when the tints of the pencil are faded and forgotten?

Saw, at 50 Pall-Mall, a remarkable collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Vernon, among which we particularly designated "The Broken Heart;" "Too Late at the Well;" "The New Scholar," by Mulready; and "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman," by Leslie. But it is a losing office to delineate with the pen any exquisite painting. The instrument and instrumentalities are alike inadequate.

What then shall I say of the British Museum, that unequalled repository of the wonders of every clime, and the munificence of its own? Nothing at all.

This *omnium gatherum* of an article is already too full. It is time to release both myself and my readers.

RUNNIMEDE.

'T WAS beautiful, in English skies,
That changeful April day,
When beams and clouds each other chased,
Like tireless imps at play,
And father Thames went rolling on,
In vernal wealth and pride,
As in our slender boat we swept
Across his crystal tide.

And then, within a tasteful cot,
The pictured wall we traced,
With relics of the feudal times,
And quaint escutcheons graced
Of fearless knights, who bravely won
For this sequestered spot
A name from wondering History's hand,
That Death alone can blot.

Methought a dim and slumbrous veil
 Enwrapt the glowing scene,
And strangely stole our wearied eyes,
 And each bright trace between,
And at our side, behold ! a king
 His thronging minions met,
Arrayed in all the boasted power
 Of high Plantagenet.

See ! see ! his sceptered hand is raised
 To shade a haggard brow,
As if constrained to do a deed
 His pride would disallow.
What now, false John ! what troubleth thee ?
 Finds not thine art some way
To blind or gull the vassal train,
 And hold thy tyrant sway ?

He falters still, with daunted eye
 Turned toward those barons bold,
Whose hands are grappling to their swords
 With firm indignant hold ;
The die is cast ; he bows him down
 Before those steel-girt men,
And Magna Charta springs to life
 Beneath his trembling pen.

His white lip to a smile is wreathed,
 As their exulting shout
 From 'neath the broad, embowering trees
 Upon the gale swells out ;
 Yet still his cowering glance is bent
 On Thames' translucent tide,
 As if some sharp and bitter pang
 He from the throng would hide.

Know ye what visiteth his soul,
 When midnight's heavy hand
 Doth crush the emmet cares of day,
 And wield reflection's wand ?
 Forth stalks a broken-hearted sire,
 Wrapt in the grave-robe drear,
 And close around his ingrate heart
 Doth cling the ice of fear.

Know ye what sounds are in his ear,
 When wrathful tempests roll ;
 When heaven-commissioned lightnings search,
 And thunders try the soul ?
 Above their blast young Arthur's shriek
 Doth make the murderer quake,
 As if anew the guiltless blood
 From Rouen's prison spake.

Away, away, ye sombre thoughts !
Avaunt, ye spectres drear !
Too long your sable wing ye spread
In scenes to memory dear : —
So, quick they vanished all away,
Like visioned hosts of care,
As out on the green sward we went,
To breathe the balmy air.

Then from its home, in English soil,
♥ A daisy's root I drew,
Amid whose moistened crown of leaves
A healthful bud crept through,
And whispered in its infant ear
That it should cross the sea,
A cherished emigrant, and share
A western home with me.

Methought it shrank, at first, and paled ;
But when on ocean's tide
Strong waves and awful icebergs frowned,
And manly courage died,
It calmly reared a crested head,
And smiled amid the storm,
As if old Magna Charta's soul
Inspired its fragile form.

So, where within my garden-plat
I sow the choicest seed,
Amid my favorite shrubs I placed
The plant from Runnimede,
And know not why it may not draw
Sweet nutriment, the same
As when within that noble clime
From whence our fathers came.

Here 's liberty enough for all,
If they but use it well,
And Magna Charta's spirit lives
In even the lowliest cell,
And the simplest daisy may unfold,
From scorn and danger freed : —
So make yourself at home, my friend,
My flower of Runnimede.

The daisy of this poem, transplanted from the spot where Magna Charta was signed, accompanied me home. In my lonely state-room, amid the surging of the angry ocean, at the first dawn of every morning, it looked upon me with its honest face. It was of their happy genus who mind no trifles, and make the best of every thing. So it surmounted the voyage, when rarer plants perished. I gave it a good place in my garden, and it never seemed to know but what it was at home. There it flourished vigorously, for two years,

and as its reputation extended, slips were taken from it for antiquarian friends. But then, through the mistake of a man employed about the grounds, this cradling from the birthplace of English liberty, was uprooted and trundled away among noteless weeds.

Runnimede, as a locality, owes its interest to the past. A graceful cottage has been erected there by the proprietor of that consecrated ground, who bears the name of Harcourt. Relics of the olden time are garnered therein, and the walls of one of the apartments are decorated by the coats of arms of all those barons who awed King John into the signature so sacred in the annals of English history.

Visited, about the same time, the ancient and beautiful church of St. Saviour, in the borough of Southwark, formerly called St. Mary Overy. It has recently been repaired at great expense, — the older portions bearing the date of 1106. Laid our hands on the coarse table in the vaulted council chamber, the celebrated Lady-Chapel of old, where Bonner sate in state, sentencing the martyr-victims. Among the numerous tombs, where it was pleasant to pause and meditate, was that of Bishop Launcelot Andrews. There is, also, an imposing monument to the poet Gower, erected in 1400, overloaded with quaint emblematic sculpture, and kept in good preservation by Earl Gower, a descendant of the bard, who shares with Chaucer the honored epithet of “father of English verse.”

Saw the immense docks, and thronging shipping in the Thames, and passed through White-Chapel and

some of those notorious parts of London, where one shrinks at the vices by which poor human nature is held in bondage. Admired, anew, the symmetry of the Monument ; the adaptation of the Bank of England to its tenacious purposes, and the splendid mansion of my Lord Mayor. Stopped at St. Mary's, Woolwich, — the church where the voice of the devout John Newton invited sinners to repentance, and heard the weekly morning lecture, delivered there by the Rev. Mr. Dale, whose appearance and elocution were exceedingly pleasing, and who has given evidence of poetical genius, as well as of a spirit of piety.

Indebted for an exploration of most of the last-named places, to the politeness of Mrs. Oldfield, at whose house, at Champion Hill, I saw one of the most interesting pictures, a family of twelve beautiful and highly educated children, the youngest of whom had surpassed early childhood, surrounding happy and dignified parents, all fondly attached to each other, and mingling their voices in perfect harmony with the music of the harp and piano.

In the rearing of large and healthful families, methought old Albion far excelled her ambitious daughter in the West. Climate may have something to do with their physical vigor, but habit still more. The little ones breathe daily the open air. Their muscles are educated. They are simply fed on "food convenient for them." Their own dinner is usually at twelve, and their appetites not excited by exposure to a table of varied viands, or rich condiments, which enervate adult

strength. Subordination, the privilege of childhood, is better secured to them. Their little minds are not fevered with doubt whether they are to rule or be ruled.

The sentiment of respect, constantly cherished within them, is a sedative principle, and contributes to serenity.

The parents, on the other side of the water, seem less exhausted than we; better able to meet the trials involved in their position, and not too busy to enjoy that domestic happiness which is their natural solace.

The industrial schools of England are on a rational plan, very thoroughly carried out. The useful and nice performances of the needle, to which those girls are gradually inured, who at first knew not on which finger to place the thimble, are truly surprising. At the Borough-Road School, four hundred female pupils exhibited specimens of needlework, of different grades of excellence, some of which, arranged in cases, we purchased, to amaze the little ones at home. They also read with propriety, and sustained several recitations.

In another portion of the building, six hundred boys, from five to thirteen, were examined in arithmetic, and some of the more distinguished, solved mathematical problems. They all executed calisthenic evolutions in a very rapid and systematic manner; sang in unison scientifically, and exhibited drawings of architectural designs, done with great accuracy. Precision and obedience strongly characterized their movements, as if all those one thousand minds were formed on the same model.

One thousand minds ! thus rescued from ignorance, thus protected from vice. What a noble investment. Could any national bank yield a richer dividend ?

Such institutions cheat the prisons and the hangman. They throw a better guard round the liberties of a people than the pomp of armies.

Establishments of the same nature, though varied by our different forms of government, are springing up in my own land. I bless God for them. Especially do the Free Schools of Boston illustrate a system both simple and sublime, diffusing a high degree of intelligence among the lower classes, without being confined to them, and unfolding the secret of that predominance of the "Athens of New England," and the "Old Bay State," which they have so long and so nobly sustained.

CLIFTON.

FAREWELL to London ! Mournfully would these words be spoken, were there no hope of revisiting it. On the time-worn turrets of that Abbey where sleep the mighty dead ; on the broad and breezy parks ; on the fair mansions of friends, I looked, and said, mentally, — not for the last time : no, if it please God, *not for the last time.*

Smiles and tears were contending on the face of an April morning, as we took our departure. Much fine scenery was admired during our journey of more than a hundred miles, through a variegated country. Bath, with its noble buildings, drawn from its own rich quarry of cream-colored stone, made an elegant appearance.

Bristol, and its lofty cathedral, pointing back to monastic times and to the usurper Stephen, and, also, the beautiful Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, attracted our admiration. Yet neither these imposing objects, nor its resemblance to ancient Rome, by being seated on seven hills, so strongly impressed us as the recollec-

tion that it had given birth to him who "wove of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song."

Still more strongly were we impressed, at Clifton, by the sight of the mansion where Hannah More closed her venerable years. Almost as a pioneer for her sex, she entered the field of intellectual labor, warning them to forsake frivolity of pursuit, and exert, in their own proper sphere, their latent power to improve and elevate society. With a versatility equalled only by her persevering industry, she adapted the rudiments of moral truth to the comprehension of the collier, the farmer's boy, and the orange-girl; marked out the map of life for a princess; or depicted in the heights of his sublime piety, the "very chiefest of the apostles." An "upright and clarified common sense" guided her through daily and difficult duties, and in the words of her biographer, "having wings upon her shoulders, wherewith she might have soared, had it pleased her, she yet chose to combat on the same ground with ignorance, and prejudice, and folly." Her writings, at their earliest issue from the press, were welcomed and circulated in America, and she testified for its inhabitants a kindness which increased with her advancing years. Indeed, friendly feelings towards our country seemed prevalent among all with whom we associated in Great Britain. Symptoms of disaffection or hostility between the nations were deprecated by the wisest and best, as unnatural, inexpedient, and unchristian. It was freely acknowledged that whatever promoted amity between two nations,

united by the ties of an active commerce, common language, and kindred origin, was highly desirable. And to us, while strangers and sojourners in that foreign land, it was cheering to find such numbers ready to respond to the words of that remarkable writer, Carlyle, "rejoicing greatly in the bridging of oceans, and in the near and nearer approach, which effectuates itself in these years, between the Englands, Old and New, — the strapping daughter, and the honest old parent, glad and proud to see such offspring."

The mother and daughter! Ought they not to dwell together in unity, believing, as they do, in "one Lord, one faith, one baptism?" Let every traveller labor to that end; and though the lines that he traces be as slight and soon effaced as the spider's web, let him throw them forth for good, and not for evil.

Clifton, with its bold, rocky scenery, is after my own heart. There, at the base of beetling cliffs, and through overhanging defiles, the Avon, which in so many other places glides with a serene classic flow, rushes in with tides of thirty-five feet. We saw many elegant mansions in commanding situations, and a suspension-bridge in progress, where workmen were crossing by rope and basket at a tremendously dizzy height.

Spot, where the sick recover, and the well
Delighted roam, I bear thee on my heart,
In all thy portraiture of cliff and shade,
And the wild-footed Avon rushing in,

With Ocean's kingly message.

Here we stand,

To take our last farewell of England's shore ; —
And mid the graceful domes that smile serene
Through their embowering shades, recognize one,
Where she, who gave to Barley-Wood its fame,
Breathed her last breath. 'T is meet that she should be
Remembered by that sex, whom long she strove
In their own sheltered sphere to elevate,
And rouse to higher aims than Fashion gives.
Methinks I see her mid yon parlor nook,
In arm-chair seated, calm in reverend age,
While that benevolence, which prompted toils
For high and low, precepts for royal ears,
And horn-book teachings for the cottage child
And shepherd-boy, still brightens in her eye, —
Auspicious image for this parting hour.

I give thee thanks, Old England ! full of years,
Yet passing fair. Thy castles ivy-crowned,
Thy vast cathedrals, where old Time doth pause,
Like an o'erspent destroyer, and lie down,
Feigning to sleep, and let their glory pass, —
Thy mist-encircled hills, thy peaceful lakes,
Opening their bosoms mid the velvet meads,
Thy verdant hedges with their tufted bloom,
Thy cottage children, ruddy as the flowers
That make their thatch-roofed homes so beautiful, —
But more than all, those mighty minds that leave
A lasting footprint on the sands of time, —

These well repay me to have dared the deep,
That I might look upon them.

So farewell !

I give thee thanks for all thy kindly words,
And deeds of hospitality to me,
A simple stranger. Thou art wonderful,
With thy few leagues of billow-beaten rock,
Lifting thy trident o'er the farthest seas,
And making to thyself in every zone
Some tributary. Thou, whose power hath struck
The rusted links from drooping Afric's neck,
And bade thy winged ships in utmost seas
Be strong to rescue all her kidnapped race,
Bend the same eagle eye and lion heart
To mercy's work beneath thine Indian skies,
And in the bowels of thine own dark mines,
And where the thunder of the loom is fed
By childhood's misery, and where the moan
Of him, who fain would labor if he might,
Swell into madness for his famished babes, —
Bow down thy coronet and search for them,
Healing their ailments with an angel's zeal ;
Till all, who own thy sceptre's sway, be known
By the free smile upon their open brow,
And on their fervent lip a Christian's praise.

And now, farewell, Old England,

I should grieve

Much at the thought to see thy face no more,
But that my beckoning home doth seem so near

In vista o'er the wave, that its warm breath
Quickeneth my spirit to a dream of joy.

Peace be within thy walls, Ancestral Clime !
And in thy palaces, and on thy towers,
Prosperity. And may no war-cloud rise
'Tween thee and the young country of my birth,
Vine of thy planting, in the western wild,
Where red men roamed.

Oh ! lift no sword again,
Mother and Daughter ! Shed no more the blood
That from one kindred fountain fills your veins.
Show the poor heathen, in earth's darkest place,
The meaning of our faith by its sweet deeds
Of hope and charity.

So may ye stand,
Each on her pedestal that breasts the surge,
Until the strong archangel, with his foot
On sea and land, shall toll the knell of time.

ICEBERGS.

A SAIL of four hours brought us from Clifton to our steam-ship, The Great Western, which awaited us in the deeper waters. She took us under her protection, during a great rain, and spread for us all the comforts and accommodations which those palaces of the wave know so well how to supply.

High head-winds, and grand, bold, violet-robed surges, now and then tossing up crescent-shaped coronets of green or white, attended the earlier part of our voyage. Forty passengers chose various modes of amusement, or employment, mostly pursued with inertness, or ending in sleep, the chief resource. Four times in twenty-four hours, those who were thus inclined, heeded the summons to a luxuriously furnished board.

I am led to believe that a certain regimen may be pursued to repel, or at least to modify sea-sickness. One of its principal elements must be an energy of will, a determination not to yield to the pitiless monster. Cheerful society, light reading, walking much in the open air upon deck, when the weather permits, and overcoming the repulsion at the sight of food, by brave

and regular appearance at the table, are a part of the prescribed system. If occasionally prostrated, or beaten off the ground, it is well to return to the charge with an invincible courage. I have some confidence in this course. At all events, my own sad experience on the outward voyage was so slightly repeated, that I gained the envied appellation of a "good sailor."

Pleasant society we found among all on board, though my own more immediate circle was composed of Mr. Bates, the celebrated banker from London, with his lady, both natives of New England; Miss Jaudon, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University; Hon. Isaac Davis, of Worcester; and Sir Joseph De Courcey Laffan, a baronet of Irish extraction, who having explored the Eastern Continents, proposed, by visiting America, to "put a girdle round the globe." I mention these names thus particularly, because community in danger was soon to lay the foundation of a more lasting remembrance, and a deeper trust in the One Almighty Friend.

The morning of Sunday, April 18th, was serene and cold. Walking on the deck, before breakfast, I could not but imagine that I detected the latent chill of ice in the atmosphere; but the apprehension was not admitted by those who had more knowledge of those watery regions than myself. Our noble ship, The Great Western, vigorously pursued her way, and the deep, slightly agitated and strongly colored, was intensely beautiful.

We had divine worship in the saloon, and the dead-

lights, which had been in for nearly a week, were removed. The service was read by Captain Hoskins, and the Rev. President Wayland gave an impressive discourse on the right education for eternity, from the passage, "Now see we through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

At seven we went on deck to see a most glorious sunset. The king of day, robed in surpassing splendor, took his farewell of the last Sabbath that we were to spend at sea. While we were gazing with delight, a huge dark mass arose exactly in the brilliant track of the departed orb. It was pronounced by the captain to be an iceberg, three quarters of a mile in length, and its most prominent points one hundred feet high. Of course its entire altitude was four hundred feet, as only one third of the ice mountains appear above the surface. It presented an irregular outline, towering up into sharp and broken crags, and at a distance resembled the black hulks of several enormous men-of-war, lashed together. Three others of smaller dimensions soon came on in its train, like a fleet following the admiral. We were then in north latitude 43° , and in longitude $48^{\circ} 40''$. We literally shivered with cold; for on the approach of these ambassadors from the frigid zone, the thermometer suddenly sank below the freezing point, leaving the temperature of the water 25° , and of the atmosphere 28° .

On this strange and appalling scene the stars looked out, one after another, with their calm, pure eyes. All at once a glare of splendor burst forth, and a magnificent

aurora borealis went streaming up the concave. The phosphorescence in our watery path was unusually brilliant, while over our heads flashed and dazzled this vast arch of scintillating flame. We seemed to be at the same time in a realm of fire and in a realm of frost; our poor, fleshly natures surrounded by contradictions, the very elements themselves bewildered and at conflict. And there they were, dashing and drifting around us, — those terrible kings of the Arctic, — in their mountain-majesty, while, like the tribes in the desert, our mysterious path was between the pillar of cloud, and the pillar of flame.

At nine, from the sentinels stationed at different points of observation, a cry was made of "ice ahead! ice starboard! ice leeward!" and we found ourselves suddenly imbedded in field ice. To turn was impossible; so a path was laboriously cut with the paddles, through which our steamer was propelled, stern foremost, not without peril, changing her course due south, in the teeth of a driving blast.

When we were once more in an open sea, the captain, not concealing from the passengers their danger, advised them to retire. This we did a little before midnight, if not to sleep, at least to seek that rest which might aid in preparing us for future trials. At three we were aroused by harsh grating, and occasional concussions, which caused the strong timbers of the ship to tremble. This was from floating masses of ice, by which, after having skirted an expanse of field ice fifty miles in extent, we were surrounded. It varied from two to

five feet in thickness, rising from eight inches to a foot and a half above the water, and interspersed with icebergs, some of them comparatively small, and others of portentous size and altitude. By the Divine blessing upon nautical skill and presence of mind, we were a second time extricated from these besieging and paralyzing foes; but our path still lay through clusters and hosts of icebergs, which covered the whole sea around us. The captain, who had not left his post of responsibility during the night, reported between three and four hundred distinct ones, visible to the naked eye. There they were, of all forms and sizes, careering in every direction. Their general aspect was vitreous, or of a silvery whiteness, except when a sunbeam pierced the mist; then they loomed up, and radiated with every hue of the rainbow, striking out turrets, and columns, and arches, like solid pearl and diamond, till we were transfixed with wonder at the terribly beautiful architecture of the northern deep.

The engine of The Great Western accommodated itself every moment, like a living and intelligent thing, to the commands of the captain. "Half a stroke!" and its tumultuous action was controlled; "a quarter of a stroke!" and its breath seemed suspended; "stand still!" and our huge hulk lay motionless upon the waters, till two or three of the icy squadron drifted by us; "let her go!" and with the velocity of lightning we darted by another detachment of our deadly foes. It was then that we were made sensible of the advantages of steam, to whose agency, at our embarkation,

many of us had committed ourselves with extreme reluctance. Yet a vessel more under the dominion of the winds, and beleaguered as we were amid walls of ice, in a rough sea, must inevitably have been destroyed.

By nine in the morning of April 19th, it pleased God to set us free from this great danger. Afterwards, when the smallest sails appeared on the distant horizon, our excellent captain caused two guns to be fired, to bespeak attention, and then by flags and signals warned them to avoid the fearful region from which we had with such difficulty escaped. Two tiny barks came struggling through the billows to seek a more intimate conversation with the mighty steam-ship, who, herself not wholly unscathed from the recent contest, willingly dispensed her dear-bought wisdom. There was a kind of sublimity in this gift of advice, and interchange of sympathy between the strong, experienced voyager, and the more frail, white-winged wanderers of the trackless waste of waters. It seemed like some aged Mentor, way-worn in life's weary pilgrimage, counselling him who had newly girded on his harness, "not to be high-minded, but fear."

As we drew near the end of our voyage, we felt how community in danger had endeared those to each other, who, during the sixteen days of their companionship upon the ocean, had been united by the courtesies of kind and friendly intercourse. Collected as the passengers were from various climes and nations, and many of them about to separate without hope of again meeting in this life, amid the joy which animated those

who were approaching native land and home, the truth of the great moralist's axiom was realized, that "there is always some degree of sadness in doing any thing for the last time." Hereafter, with the memory of each other will doubtless blend the terrific sublimity of that Arctic scene, which it was our privilege to witness, and the thrill of heartfelt gratitude to our Almighty Preserver.

There was a glorious sunset on the sea,
Making the meeting-spot of sky and wave
A path of molten gold. Just where the flush
Was brightest, as if Heaven's refulgent gate
One moment gave its portals to our gaze,
Just at that point, uprose an awful form,
Rugged and huge, and freezing with its breath
The pulse of twilight. Even the bravest brow
Was blanched, for in the distance others came,
Sheer on the far horizon's burning disk,
Attendant planets on that mass opaque.

They drifted toward us, like a monster-host,
From Death's dark stream. High o'er old Ocean's
breast,
And deep below, they held their wondrous way,
Troubling the surge. Winter was in their heart,
And stern destruction on their icy crown.
So, in their fearful company the night
Closed in upon us.

The astonished ship,
Watched by its sleepless master, held her breath,
As they approached, and found her furrowing feet
Sealed to the curdling brine.

It was a time
Of bitter dread, and many a prayer went up
To Him, who moves the iceberg and the storm
To go their way and spare the voyager.

Slow sped the night-watch, and when morn came up
Timid and pale, there stood that frowning host,
In horrible array, all multiplied,
Until the deep was hoary. Every bay,
And frost-bound inlet of the Arctic zone,
Had stirred itself, methought, and launched amain
Its quota of thick ribbed ice, to swell
The bristling squadron.

Through those awful ranks
It was our lot to pass. Each one had power
To crush our lone bark like a scallop-shell,
And in their stony eyes we read the will
To do such deed. When through the curtaining mist
The sun with transient glimpse that host surveyed,
They flashed and dazzled with a thousand hues,
Like cliffs with diamond spear-points serried o'er, —
Turrets and towers, in rainbow banners wrapped,
Or minarets of pearl, with crest of stars,
So terrible in beauty, that methought,
He stood amazed at what his glance had done.

I said, that through the centre of this host
'T was ours to pass.

Who led us on our way?
Who through that path of horror was our guide?
Sparing us breath to tell our friends at home
A tale of those destroyers, who so oft
With one strong buffet of their icy hands
Have plunged the mightiest ship beneath the deep,
Nor left a lip to syllable her fate.

Oh Thou! who spread us not on Ocean's floor
A sleeping-place unconsecrate with prayer,
But brought us to our blessed homes again,
And to the burial-places of our sires, —
Praise to Thy holy name!

SIGHT OF NATIVE LAND.

HILLS ! — my hills ! — whose outline dear
O'er the morning mist doth peer,
Blessed hills ! whose wings outspread,
Seemed to follow while we fled,
When our parting glance was bent
On our country's battlement,
As with white sails set we sped
Far away, o'er ocean dread,
How our glad return ye greet
With a smile of welcome sweet !
He, who fashioned earth and sea,
Made no hills more fair than ye.

Spires ! that break the rolling tide
Of man's worldliness and pride,
Asking with your Sabbath chime
For his consecrated time,
And with holy chant and prayer
Soothing all his woe and care,
Minster and cathedral high
Ne'er have shut ye from mine eye,

With your churchyard's grassy sod,
Where my musing childhood trod,
With your music on the glade
Which the roving Indian staid,
Who of yore, at twilight dim,
Startling caught the white man's hymn,
Hallowed spires ! that fleck the vale,
Heaven's ambassadors, all hail !

Trees ! with arch of verdure bright,
Gleaming on the gazer's sight,
Have ye met the wintry blast
Bravely, since we saw ye last ?
Was your spring-tide wakening sweet,
With the grass-flower at your feet ?
Nest the birds with breasts of gold
Mid your branches, as of old ?
Pours the thrush his carol fair ?
Glides the crimson oriole there ?
Have ye o'er their callow young
Still your kind protection flung ?
Blessings on ye ! Dews and rain
Fill with sap each healthful vein ;
Blessings on ye ! Wear serene
Nature's coronal of green,
And no woodman's savage blade
Dare your birthright to invade.

Roofs ! that in the vista rise
Rude or towering toward the skies,

Not by wealth or taste alone
Are your inmate treasures shown ;
Though perchance your firesides show
Signs of penury and woe,
Yet where'er with prayerful sigh
Sits the mother patiently,
Plying still her needle's care
For the child that slumbers there,
Whereso'er in cottage low
Rocks the cradle to and fro,
There the eye of God doth turn,
There the lamp of soul doth burn :
Roofs ! that nurse this deathless light,
Precious are ye in His sight.

Throngs ! I see ye on the strand,
As the steamer nears the land,
Some might fortune's favorites seem,
Borne on pride or pleasure's stream ;
Others, marked by weary care,
Labor's rugged livery wear ;
Ye, who humbly dig the soil,
Brow and hand embrowned with toil,
If ye eat my country's bread,
If to work her weal ye tread,
Faithful even in lowliest sphere,
Friends ye are, like kindred dear.

Since I last these scenes surveyed,
Who have in the tomb been laid ?

Who the bitter tear have shed
O'er the bosom of the dead ?
Who beneath the sable pall
Have the poet's lyre let fall ?
Who, that won a nation's trust,
Sleep in silence and in dust ?
While with faint and trembling fires,
Fearfully my heart inquires,
Hears it not an answer swell,
" God hath ordered, — all is well."

Home ! — my home ! — though earth and sky
Veil thee from my longing eye,
Still though envious leagues remain
Ere thy vine-clad porch I gain,
Lightest leaf that wooed the gale,
Frailest plant with petals pale,
That beside thy threshold grew,
Ne'er have faded from my view ;
On my cheek, mid cloud and storm,
Still thy parting kiss was warm ;
O'er my dreams thine accents free
Stole like angel melody ;
Little footsteps, light as wings,
Hands that swept the tuneful strings,
Lips that touched with filial flame,
Syllabled a mother's name,
Watch and ward for thee have kept
Marshalled round me while I slept ;
And when loftier mansions prest
Countless pleasures on their guest,

Held thee in thine armor bright,
Nearest to me day and night.
Home ! by absence made more dear,
Heaven be praised that thou art near ;
Heaven be praised, that o'er the sea
Once more I return to thee.

What has been the traveller's gain ?
Sight of foreign land and main ?
Sight of visioned forms that sweep
O'er the castle's ruined steep ?
Sight of haunts to history dear ?
Sight of palace, king, or peer ?
No ! — the joy that lights the eye,
When the native shore draws nigh,
In the heart a deeper sense
Of its humbling impotence,
On the lip a grateful strain, —
This hath been the traveller's gain.

“ Travelling,” said Lord Bacon, “ is to the younger sort a part of education.” Neither are its advantages confined to the season of youth. They may act strongly upon the ripened character, in higher forms than through the pleasure derived from the works of art, or the excitement of sublime scenery, or the deepened knowledge of the topography of this little planet, or the varied languages and customs of those who inhabit it. They may be made to bear upon the moral sentiments and innate charities, that “ more excellent kind

of knowledge," in which the most advanced pupil may always find something to learn, though the snows of threescore years and ten have gathered upon his temples.

Among the satisfactions of travelling, which are not limited to any particular period of life, are the emotions with which we traverse the spots which antiquity has hallowed. The pyramid, in its sandy vale; the column of Pæstum, with the moonbeam upon its broken capital; the Parthenon, the Acropolis, the Coliseum, the Tiber flowing so quietly, while the decrepit mistress of the world slumbers amid the relics of departed greatness, touch new sources of feeling and of contemplation. This pleasure is doubtless more acute in the bosoms of those who inhabit a land where such vestiges are unknown, whose history points not beyond the roving Indian with his arrow, or the savage court of Powhatan, or the storm-driven sails of The May Flower. To us there is inexpressible interest in the monuments of the Mother Land, a portion of whose fame we are pleased to claim as our own birthright. We are never weary of pursuing the mouldering traces of the wall or aqueduct of the Romans, and collecting the fragments of their hypocausts and altars. We love to muse amid the low-browed arches and ruinous cloisters of the Saxons, the ivy-crowned turrets of the Normans, the cathedrals and baronial halls, which, surviving the lapse of ages, and the shocks of revolution, teem with the traditions of a buried race.

Another unutterable gratification to the enthusiastic

traveller, is the sight of the living, who by their deeds or writings have made mankind wiser and happier. We seek this privilege with the greater zeal, from the consciousness that it must be fleeting, and the apprehension that it may not be accorded to us again. Gray hairs are seen sprinkling the heads of the masters of the lyre, and we feel that another year might have been too late to clasp their hand, or catch the music of their voice. The statesman, the hero, the philanthropist, bend beneath the weight of years, and we thank God that we came before the cold marble should have told us where they slumbered. We find clustering roses blooming in the garden of the man of genius, who so oft led us captive, while time passed unheeded. But where is he? *Where?* No reply, save a sighing sound through the trees that he planted, and we drop the tear of the mourner in his deserted halls.

Among the advantages of travelling, it is common to allow a high place to the knowledge of human nature. A still higher acquisition might be mentioned, the knowledge of ourselves. By remaining always at home, we are involuntarily led to magnify our own importance. Our daily movements may be points of observation to the villagers who surround us; our footsteps be listened for by the ear of love; the casual paleness of our cheek be painfully noted at the hearthstone. Marked attentions and fond observances create a habitude of expecting them, which may become morbid; perhaps a belief that they are fully deserved, and of course a dissatisfaction when they are withheld.

But you, who are thus unconsciously garnering yourself up in exclusiveness and self-esteem, go pitch your tent among a people of strange language, walk solitary along their crowded streets, be sad, be sorrowful, be sick, where "no man careth for your soul." Go forth among the millions, and weigh yourself, and carry the humbling result onward with you through life, atom as you are, in the mighty creation of God.

This increase of self-knowledge often brings an enlargement of mind, and deepening of charity. Dwelling long in one nook, viewing the same classes of objects through the same narrow mediums, trifles assume undue magnitude, prejudices fix, dislikes become permanent, sickly imaginings take unto themselves a body, trains of morbid thought cut their way deep into the heart, and the mental tendencies take a coloring like monomania. A natural antidote for these evils is, to try a broader horizon, and become an interested observer of masses of mankind, as modified by clime, circumstance, and varieties of culture. Perceiving all to be partakers of a common nature, whose springs are touched like our own, by joy or sorrow, by suffering, decay, and death, we enter into more affectionate brotherhood with the great family of man, and live more "tremblingly along the line of human sympathies." We discover goodness where we had least expected it; disinterested kindness in those who were denounced as heartless votaries of fashion; warm attachment and lasting gratitude among menials; and learn, with the heaven-instructed apostle, not to call any one "com-

mon or unclean." Ere we are aware, some polemic or militant feature, which, as an excrescence, had deformed our faith, exfoliates, and we find it possible to love those of differing creeds, and to respect every form in which the Supreme Being is worshipped with sincerity.

Travelling teaches the value of sympathy. The smile of welcome, the caress of affection, are never prized according to their worth, until we feel the need of them in a foreign land. Suffering, and the dependence of sickness, among those who, without any tie of natural or national affinity, serve you but for money, are lessons never to be forgotten. If from the coldly rendered service, meted out by the expectation of reward, you were transferred to the care of those who, though born under a foreign sky, had been taught by the spirit of a Christian's faith to "be pitiful, be courteous," then in those periods of convalescence, when the events of a whole life sweep in vision through the soul, did you not resolve, if the Merciful Healer restored you to your own home, to obey more faithfully his precepts, to "use hospitality without grudging," and to "love the stranger," since you had thus learned to know the heart and the solace of a stranger?

Travelling should incite to a warmer and more enduring patriotism. The depth of the "*amor patriæ*" is never fully disclosed, till we see the misty line of our native hills recede, or, after long absence, thrill with ecstasy, as they again gleam upon the horizon, like the wings of a guardian angel. Then, when every remem-

bered cottage seems to stretch towards us a greeting hand, all the pleasures we have tasted, all the knowledge we have acquired during our wanderings, we long to pour out at the feet of our own blessed land. Every usage of order and beauty, which distinguish other regions, we desire to transplant to her forests, or to see blossoming around her firesides. We feel willing to have borne an exile's pain, if we may bring back, as a proof of our loyalty, one germ of improvement for her children, one leaf of olive for the garland that encircles her brow.

Travelling unfolds to us the love of home, and the length and breadth of the domestic charities. While a sojourner in the tents of strangers, perhaps while gazing on the glowing canvas of some ancient master, the clustered columns of some gorgeous temple, how often has the green vine, that waved over our own door, interposed itself, or the chirping of the callow nest among its branches overpowered for a time the fullest burst of foreign minstrelsy. As these modes of feeling gain ascendancy, we pursue our researches more for the benefit of others than our own; and selfishness yields to the exercise of the disinterested affections. We sustain fatigue with the spirit of a martyr, we adventure ourselves upon the mouldering tower, we thread the mazes of the labyrinth, we explore the mine, we ascend the cloud-crested mountain, not so much for personal enjoyment, as that we may be enabled to enliven our own fireside, to gratify the friend, or to hold spell-bound the wondering and delighted child.

Travelling ought to advance the growth of piety. Especially do those, who, in visiting foreign regions, leave behind the objects of their warmest attachment, find the separation a deep and perpetual discipline. Amid the outward semblance of joy, it acts secretly as a balance-check to all exultation of vanity. There may be gayety through the day, but at night-fall comes the homesickness. Who can say, amid his most earnest and fortunate pursuits, whether the hue of the tomb may not be spread over some face dearer than life itself. Then comes an intensity of prayer before unknown. Risks, perils, uncertainty of their fate, from whom so many leagues of fathomless ocean divide from view, drive to a stronger faith, a deeper humility, a more self-abandoning dependence on the Rock of Ages.

Thus, amid the gains of the reflecting traveller, may be numbered that which is above all price, a more adhesive and tranquil trust in the "God of our salvation, who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of those who are afar off upon the sea."

RETROSPECTION.

THE pleasure derived from recurring to the scenes slightly sketched in this volume, is not impaired by the interval that has elapsed since they were beheld. Still their pictures hang unfaded in Memory's halls, and brighten many a musing hour. Some of their imagery has, indeed, assumed a different aspect, through the progress of man, and the providence of God.

One of the most striking changes has been the pacification of two great realms, for ages at enmity. Of this event, History gave no prediction, save a transient gleam at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or when their mailed hands grasped each other in the Crusades. Now, they seem wisely to have determined no longer to verify the assertion of one of their own poets, that

“Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other.”

May the united strength of these reconciled neighbors again close the temple of Janus, and restore to Europe the olive under which, for nearly forty years, she had found rest.

France, as is her wont, has exhibited more variations than her compeer. Louis Philippe, whom I saw in the plenitude of power, abdicated his throne in the course of seven years, and retiring with his family to England, passed forth from the shades of Claremont, on the morning of September 2d, 1850, to the tomb; having been preceded to the Spirit Land by his eldest son, the hope of his house and heart, and by the sister with whom his affections were so long faithfully garnered. The empire seems both to prosper and rejoice under the strong sway of the third Napoleon, whose early discipline of adverse fortune has matured a singular self-command, and facility for the hazardous science of government.

Victoria still sits securely upon the throne of her ancestors, surrounded by more of domestic happiness than often appertains to so exalted a station. She folded her first nursling to her bosom but a few months after my arrival in England. Now, she is encircled by a group of eight healthful children,—four daughters and four sons,—between the oldest and the youngest of whom less than twelve and a half years intervene; though with a precocity not unparalleled in courts, the Princess Royal is already an object of attraction to a foreign suitor.

Among those who cheered my visit to the pleasant lands beyond the sea, either by courtesies to a stranger, or the welcome of a friend, it would seem that the list of the departed is large, for an interval of twice seven years. Is it no so?

From their high position have been swept the Duke

of Cambridge, the latest survivor of the children of George the Third ; the Duke of Wellington, the pride of the English people ; Count Roy, of the ancient régime of France ; the aged Lady Charleville ; and the amiable Countess of Blessington, who delighted to foster the talents of others, as well as to exercise her own. Of the rulers of the lyre, have fallen, Wordsworth and Southey, Campbell and Montgomery, Talfourd and Joanna Baillie. Of other lights in the firmament of literature, Coleridge and Professor Wilson, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Arnold, and the Rev. Sydney Smith ; Lockhart, and the genial Allan Cunningham ; John Foster, the forcible essayist, and his placid friend, John Shephard, author of the "Autumn Dream ;" Maria Edgeworth, Mary Russell Mitford, and Jane Porter ; Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Hoffland. Of philosophers, the white-haired Arago ; of philanthropists, the serene Joseph John Gurney, and his blessed sister, Mrs. Fry, who has exchanged the sighing of the prisoner for the hymn of angels.

Looking still more closely over the groups that remembrance has embalmed, I miss the classic features of Baron Gurney, one of the twelve judges of England ; the benevolent countenance of his brother, William B. Gurney, long a reporter to Parliament, an earnest Christian and my true friend ; the pale, sublimated features of the Rev. T. Hankinson, so in harmony with his saintly sermons and his sacred lyre ; and of those who exercised sweet, sisterly influences over the sons of song, Dorothy Wordsworth and Mary Lamb.

Does any one ask why the *dead*, for whom we mourn, are thus numbered among "Pleasant Memories?" Why should they not be? Bequeathing to us the melodies of genius, should they not henceforth be among us as a cherished harp? Having enriched earth with benefactions, should not their goodness remain as a perpetual presence?

Yes. We would speak of them for our own comfort, and as an honor to our common nature, until we reach that better land, where the tree of life never casts its leaf, and there is no pause in the realm of song.

Change sweeps o'er all. The ancient columns quiver ;
Through the rent chasm the exulting whirlpool flows ;
The rifted rocks, man's mimic thunders shiver,
And o'er the desert steals the wondering rose.

The buried seed to perfect blossom springeth ;
From its damp bed the lily of the lake ;
The acorn o'er the land broad shadow flingeth,
And song and wing the solemn groves awake.

Where erst the pannier'd mule went slowly creeping,
The plodding wheel its tardy message bore,
The flame-fed steeds o'er hill and dale are sweeping,
And thought electric darts from shore to shore.

His last, sweet lay, the wan musician drinketh ;
The pencil fades, — the artist's eye grows dim ;

The mighty statesman from the senate sinketh,
And eloquence in sackcloth mourns for him.

The lofty Czar who held his millions quaking,
Who woke the nations with a warrior-tread,
On his camp-bed a pulseless sleep is taking,
Pale as the serf that in his battles bled.

Change sweeps o'er all. In home's sweet orb it worketh ;
Clouds, silver-lined, grow dark with gushing rain ;
But, prism'd on tears, the bow of promise lurketh,
The Sun breaks forth, and all is bright again.

Up comes the cradling to his father's stature ;
Down o'er his staff the man of prowess bends ;
Unpitying Winter strips the pomp from nature,
And snows o'er beauty's lustrous locks descend.

To her first babe the joyous mother clingeth ;
Another weepeth in her rifled nest,
And to the grave's cold casket, grudging, bringeth
The little diamond from her yearning breast.

But the redeemed soul hath no declension ;
Tired sense may fail, — the eye forget its fire ;
The nerve be severed in its earthly tension,
The unchain'd spirit soareth toward its Sire ;

Back to the Giver of its life it tendeth,
Up to His glorious throne where angels dwell :
Oh, unknown friend ! that o'er this volume bendeth,
That Home of rest be thine. A sweet farewell !

THE END .

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